

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 393,000 Copies Sold Every Week **FREE NOVEL**

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

APRIL 1, 1939

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

3^d

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
29 MAR 1939
NEW SOUTH WALES



Only another week to go . . . £1000 RECIPE COMPETITION

Such tall, tall STORIES!

Do women tell them
better than men?



Weird tales told in America's annual liars' contest

By Lionel C. Moise

WHEN women set out to tell a tall story they can apparently beat men at it.

That has been shown in America, where a woman is leading the field in the annual race for the title of world's champion liar.

It's a great event. Liars from all parts of America are taking part. Interest is at fever heat as the Grand Final draws near.

And now, for the second time in history, a woman has stepped out ahead of all competitors.

She is Mrs. Lena Clough, 53-year-old housewife, of Peoria, Illinois.

Observers think she must have been inspired by Carole Lombard, Hollywood film star, who got 50,000 dollars (about

£15,000) for lying her way through the film, "True Confession." But Mrs. Clough will receive only three dollars (less than £1) and a medal for her superior imagination.

However, she has the satisfaction of knowing she made up her own tall stories, whereas Miss Lombard was relying on those made up by scenario writers. The difference would appear to be that between amateur and professional.

Mrs. Clough's pre-eminence in the field of prevarication was established when she was officially declared winner of the contest held annually in Hershey, Illinois, to determine the champion liar of the State.

This automatically makes her a favorite to romp away with the title of world's champion, which will be awarded by the internationally famous Liars' Club of Burlington, Wisconsin.

Strange though it may seem, Mrs. Clough is the first woman to win the Illinois contest, though, in 1936, Mrs. Gale Barnhouse, of Fowlerville, Michigan, out-lied 5000 rival Munchausens to become the first official world's champion liar under Burlington rules.

Mrs. Clough's prize-winning whopper, which may very well win her the same distinction, follows:

"My family is crazy about baked apples stuffed with pork sausage. But stuffing them is a lot of bother. So last year it occurred to me to try a little experiment. Obtaining some fresh piglets from a neighbor who kills his own pigs, I carefully grafted them on our apple trees.

"Imagine my delight this autumn when every one of the trees produced hundreds of lovely apples, all neatly stuffed with delicious sausage meat!

"There was one thing I forgot, though—the flavoring. But I am remedying that this year by grafting sage leaves to the trees."

Woo-woo! And for that Mrs. Clough got only three dollars, while—still according to her press agents—Miss Lombard makes so much money every year she has to give nine-tenths of it to the Government for surtaxes.

Nor must it be imagined that Mrs. Clough has an easy task.

The stiffest kind of competition was offered by other expert truth-mongers.

Paul Marth, of Bonfield, Illinois, for example, won second prize with the following:

"For months I tried vainly to hook a certain very large rainbow trout in a stream at the back of my house. Finally, after trying all other lures, I baited my hook with chewing-tobacco.

"My theory was that the trout would have to come up to expectorate, and I would then hit him

over the head. It worked out fine, too, except for one detail. When he came up, he sneered at me, and spat right in my eye! That blinded me, and, before my vision returned, the rascal got away!"

Actually, of course, there are no trout in Illinois, but that just made the story better from the viewpoint of the committee of judges, headed by Hershey's mayor, Maurice Leiser (pronounced Lie-sir, of course).

AN earlier winner of the Illinois contest was Donald Meyer, the town blacksmith, who told of bagging seven turkeys with one bullet. The bullet split the limb on which the turkeys were perched, and their feet dropped through the crack.

All Meyer had to do then was tie the limb shut, and carry the turkeys home.

Mrs. Barnhouse's winning yarn in the previous year's Burlington contest concerned a formidable mosquito which began by eating baby chickens and finally worked up an appetite for whole cows.

One day Mrs. Barnhouse was horrified to see the mosquito swallow a mule. But it was the mosquito's last victim. In its death agony the mule lashed out with its heels—all that remained outside

—and broke the pesky mosquito's neck.

Other champion-making tall stories in the Burlington contest have dealt with the following:

An island in Lake Michigan that turned out to be a whale. It had eaten a barrel of sleeping tablets, and dozed off for a century nap.

A clock so old that the shadow of its pendulum wore a hole in the case.

A wife so lazy that she fed popcorn to her chickens, the idea being that the eggs would turn over by themselves when placed in the frying-pan.

The contest, which attracts from five thousand to six thousand entries annually, is open to anyone who fancies he is a good teller of fanciful tales.

Even pathological liars, such as the one portrayed by Miss Lombard in "True Confession," aren't barred.

However, the president of the club says there's a growing feeling among members that some kind of ban should be put on professionals—that is, people who get paid for concocting harmless and plausible vagaries.

For instance, he thinks there would be a lot of justifiable muttering if one of the entrants this year should turn out to be Miss Lombard's press agent—the one who declared she was "patriotically pleased" to pay £45,000 of her £50,000 income for taxes. No amateur, the president avers, could hope to compete with that!

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Supporting Surf Contest

AMERICAN "Tobacco Queen" Doris Duke Cromwell, who inherited twelve million pounds from her father, James Duke, is supporting the Australian-American surf contest to be held in Honolulu in July. She is a champion surf-board rider.

Married to James Cromwell in 1935, she built a £120,000 home at Honolulu last year.



To Accompany Royalty

THE Earl of Airlee, Baron Ogilvie, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen since 1937, will accompany the King and Queen on their visit to Canada and U.S.A. in May.

A Scottish peer, he is a colonel on reserve of the Territorial Army, and he served with distinction during the War, gaining his M.C. From 1926 to 1929 he was Lord-in-Waiting to King George V.

As Chamberlain he supervises the management of the Royal Household.



Manages Theatres

MISS KATHLEEN ROBINSON.

Australian actress-manager, has bought the rights to "The Mother," last play written by Karel Capek, Czech author, who died last December.

Miss Robinson, who visited Australia last year, has spent eight years in London. In 1937 she was appointed first director of the People's Palace, a gigantic theatre conducted by charitable organisations for people in London's East End slums.

City girl tells beauty secret

WHOEVER IS THAT PRETTY GIRL, JOAN? WHAT A STUNNING COMPLEXION!

THAT'S OUR COUSIN NOLA FROM SYDNEY—SHE'LL BE AT THE CLUB DANCE TO-NIGHT.

GIRL, ANOTHER YOUNG MAN RAVING ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION! WHAT IS YOUR BEAUTY SECRET, NOLA?

EXPENSIVE BEAUTY SALON TREATMENTS! SPOKE YOU CITY GIRLS HAVE ALL THE LUCK!

NO SECRET, MY DEAR—AND CERTAINLY NOT COSTLY—JUST A BOX FOR ERASMIC FACE POWDER.

ERASMIC! SO THAT'S IT! OH LET'S RIDE DOWN TO THE STORE AND GET SOME FOR TO-NIGHT.

"KNOW, I NEVER REALISED BEFORE WHAT KNOCKOUTS JOAN AND DYLA ARE! DON'T THEY LOOK MARVELOUS TO-NIGHT?"

YOU'VE SAID IT—THE CITY COUSIN CERTAINLY HAS NOTHING ON OUR LOCAL GIRLS.

ERASMIC FACE POWDER
Has a special firmness that spells glamour—witchery—for your skin, & thrilling shades.

1/- PER BOX

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM
Tubes 1/6, Jar 2/6—smooth, shining make-up foundation.

We interview the perfect married couple

Yehudi Menuhin and his Australian bride return to London

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

Australian women make perfect wives, according to Yehudi Menuhin, world famous violinist, who married the lovely Nola Nicholas of Melbourne last year after a whirlwind courtship that made headlines in the daily Press of three continents.

She packs and unpacks for her husband, answers all his letters, cooks the evening meal (Yehudi does not eat until after concerts), bakes bread—even teaches him to dance.

MR. AND MRS. MENUHIN returned to London today and are installed at Grosvenor House, where just over a year ago he met his Australian bride.

They are the perfect married couple—sharing youth, wealth, fame, and happiness together.

For all her youth—she is not yet twenty—Mrs. Menuhin has a deep understanding of the genius who is her husband.

His career comes before anything else. Gay, charming yet thoughtful and practical, she is the ideal wife.

And Yehudi, though little older than his youthful wife, knows and appreciates her sterling qualities, knows the sacrifices his strenuous life on the concert platform calls for, knows how she has had to readjust her life to his.

His eyes never leave her when she is talking to other people. She never misses a concert, hurrying home afterwards to cook his supper.

"And it doesn't come out of a tin either," Mrs. Menuhin said.

"I learned to cook at the Methodist Ladies' College in Melbourne, and though I didn't bother much after I left school the knowledge stood me in good stead.

"It isn't always easy to get simple meals at night, and as Yehudi never eats till after his concerts I tried my hand at grills, salads and lightly-cooked meals."

APPARENTLY the first meal was a success, for Yehudi interrupted saying:

"I didn't realise what a perfect genius the Australian girl has for home-making till I married one."

"I certainly didn't expect Nola to display any interest in the kitchen, but when she insisted on getting meals in our apartment in New York I soon realised that what

I'd heard about Australian women in the home was quite true.

"Why, Nola even baked a cake, bread at the ranch at Los Gatos, because it isn't easy to get it fresh in the country."

"It doesn't matter where we are, even if it's only a night in a provincial hotel, Nola has a flair for making it seem like home."

In a pyjama suit of deep purple velvet Nola Menuhin looked lovelier than ever. Her voice has a trace of American accent, but she assured me it wasn't cultivated, and she would soon lose it once she goes to Australia.

"At first the constant moving from one town to another on tour, the packing, correspondence, phone calls, receptions, blaze of publicity and acclamation that greeted Yehudi wherever he went were very tiring," she said.

"I longed for the happy, care-free days before I was married. But I gradually got used to the incessant travelling. We must have done thousands of miles from coast to coast in America."

"Of course, Yehudi's career means I have had to give up golf and tennis, and even dancing, which I love."

"But I am teaching him to dance, which he maintains is very boring. He, however, admits he doesn't mind so much dancing with me."

"No," she said, in answer to my query if it were the swing music he objected to, "he doesn't object to jazz in small doses; in fact, he rather likes it."

THOUGH it isn't easy with invitations, congratulations, Press photographers, and the blaze of publicity wherever they go, Mrs. Menuhin says they try to live as normally as possible.

"For relaxation we swim if there is a pool, and we are both fond of reading. For the rest I don't mind,"



she said. "Yehudi's music makes up for all that."

Mr. and Mrs. Menuhin are looking forward to their trip to Australia next year. Though Yehudi will give a series of concerts, the tour is in the nature of a holiday.

They will stay with Lindsay Nicholas, Mrs. Menuhin's brother, who married Yehudi's brilliant sister Hepzibah, and it is hoped that she will return to the concert platform in Australia.

I asked Nola Menuhin what was the secret of her happiness, for she looked as radiant as the day she was married in the Caxton Hall.

"Plenty to do, not losing your enjoyment of the simpler things in life," she said—"and," with a smile in his direction, "Yehudi."

Judging by her added poise and charm, her simple recipe has something to recommend it.

NOLA AND YEHUDI, when they arrived in London. She packs his bags, cooks his meals, answers his mail—and teaches him to dance. They celebrate their first wedding anniversary on May 25.

Adding machine to count the Chamberlain guests

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

An adding machine was used to count the 600 guests at a big political reception tendered by Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain at No. 10 Downing Street, just before the latest crisis.

The innovation has set a new fashion in smart social circles.

FROM time to time the announcer, as he recorded the number of guests on this tiny machine concealed in the palm of his hand, sent the total down to the kitchen, where Mrs. Chamberlain's chef and butler prepared for the extra guests.

Mrs. Chamberlain, as famous for parties as her husband is for peace, was unable to attend because she was suffering from influenza.

From her room upstairs, however, she could hear the murmur of voices of her six hundred-odd guests, as they chatted in the lovely reception rooms of this historic residence of England's Prime Ministers.

The chateleine of No. 10 was able to relax quietly, happy in the knowledge that her well-thought-out arrangements would continue to run smoothly in her absence.

Though entertaining and catering on so large a scale might tax the most celebrated hostess, so well planned and carefully executed in every detail are Mrs. Chamberlain's receptions that not one hitch occurred.

Very few of the London hostesses when planning parties on as large a scale as those at No. 10 do the catering themselves.

Even at Buckingham Palace the catering for garden parties, Courts, and similar functions is done by an outside firm, but at the Prime Minister's residence everything is

done in the model kitchens by the domestic staff, assisted by extra waiters engaged for the afternoon.

This was the largest reception yet held at No. 10, and Mrs. Chamberlain's daughter, Mrs. Stephen Lloyd, came specially from Birmingham to deputise for her mother.

Socialites Copy

THE Prime Minister assisted his daughter to receive, but affairs of State called him away half-way through. Many of the guests brought flowers for their hostess, keeping Mrs. Chamberlain's very efficient secretary, Miss Leaf, busy.

Hot chocolate, for which Mrs. Chamberlain's parties are famous, was served, as well as tea, with innumerable and delicious sandwiches.

Society took a mental note of every dainty served, for No. 10 has set a standard in entertaining, and smart hostesses, eager for something new and novel, are quick to follow Mrs. Chamberlain's ideas.

The frocking was particularly smart. New spring hats, with dainty flowers, ribbons and veils, were the highlight of every ensemble.

Many of the younger socialites wore lame and velvet cocktail frocks, as the reception was held between four and six o'clock.



Keep your head above water!

It's a comfortable feeling to know you have tucked safely away a little nest egg of savings—when sudden need comes your way. It is easy to acquire the habit, week by week—a few shillings—you will marvel at their growth. Interest helps, and you need never have that "sink or swim" feeling—you need never fear the future—you're safe if you save!

Use a Savings Bank Passbook
for your Household Accounts.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

Over 4,000 Branches and Agencies



MME. LEBRUN, wife of the President.

London's "social fling" in shadow of war

Gay greeting for French leader as anti-Hitler talks proceeded

By Special Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

London took a few days off, in the midst of the grave international crisis last week, to celebrate the visit to England of the President of France (M. Lebrun) and Madame Lebrun.

Although Londoners recognised the political importance of the visit, they concentrated on staging a lavish welcome to their French friends. They wanted to show that the "grey city of fog" can don gala attire.

THE President and his wife arrived amid glorious sunshine.

Thousands lining the streets cried "Vive la France" and waved British and French flags. Buildings were gay with bunting.

One of the prettiest touches at the official reception was provided by Princess Elizabeth, who welcomed the President in an excellent little speech in French.

She thanked M. Lebrun for gifts of dolls sent to her last year by the children of France.

The children of Australia's Governor-General Designate (the Duke of Kent) and the Duchess of Kent were taken specially to Buckingham Palace to view the reception.

They waved delightedly to President Lebrun from the balcony, and the President, who is himself a grandfather and a noted lover of children, made a special point of waving back.

London has not witnessed since the days of Edward VII such brilliant entertaining as that provided at the two State banquets in honor of the visitors. A feature of both functions was the use of the Royal gold plate.

An official reception was followed by a brilliant Foreign Office banquet and a command theatrical performance in the famous courtyard of the India Office, which was converted into a beautiful theatre, brilliantly lit, and specially heated by warm draughts of air.



PRESIDENT LEBRUN, of France, who paid a State visit to London.

The cream of English stage talent presented a colorful variety programme.

Apart from official engagements, social London entertained social Paris with a series of parties, receptions, and balls during a four days' "season within a season," which gave little indication of the gravity of the international crisis.

Gowns for Visit

THIS is the first occasion on which Madame Lebrun has left France, and her visit indicated the increasing part being played by women in political life.

Although simplicity was the keynote of the ten frocks that she brought to London for the four days' visit, they were designed by the exclusive couturier, Worth, and were the last word in French chic.

As a compliment to the Queen, Madame chose her Majesty's favorite colors, blue and grey.

On her arrival she wore pearly-grey flat crepe, embroidered with a bold leaf pattern at the neckline. This was worn with a close-fitting finger-tip coat richly trimmed with blue fox at the neck and hips.

For a luncheon at the Guildhall she wore periwinkle-blue, while her other frocks included a cornflower-blue lace afternoon frock, an evening frock of silver lame, richly ornamented with diamonds, one of silver lace in roses-de-france pattern, and another in mother-of-pearl satin.

Although Madame Lebrun's only jewellery on her arrival consisted of pearl earrings and a diamond dress-clip, she brought with her some of the most gorgeous jewellery in France, which was placed at her disposal by the owners, in view of the importance of the occasion.

The President's wife is known throughout France for her simple domestic tastes, but she was accompanied by some of Paris' smartest social personalities.

TO-DAY . . .
TO-MORROW



at any moment

MAY COME THE
URGENT CALL FOR
DETTOL . . .

Never neglect a cut or scratch, however small . . . The tiniest break in the skin is a wide-open door to the germs of septic infection. Disinfect at once with Dettol.

Dettol the modern antiseptic, is three times more effective than pure carbolic acid. Yet it is not poisonous. It is gentle on human tissues. It does not stain the skin — or fabrics. It is pleasant to smell. The prompt application of Dettol may save untold pain and danger. Keep Dettol handy. Use it freely as directed; it is safe even where there are children about the house.

OTHER USES FOR DETTOL

Dettol is the ideal antiseptic for all cuts, bites, abrasions, insect stings, etc. It is unrivalled for personal hygiene and bathing. In time of epidemics spray rooms, scrub floors, treat linen with Dettol. For midwifery Dettol is particularly suitable; ask your Doctor or Nurse for detailed information about Dettol.

DETTOL
THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

RECKITT'S (OVER SEA) LTD. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney



APPLY DETTOL AT ONCE, no matter how small the wound. Remember the least break in the skin is an open door to infection.



THE BEST PREVENTIVE of disease and infection is absolute cleanliness throughout the home. Disinfect bath brushes, shaving brushes, tooth brushes, combs, basins, baths with Dettol.



MUCH STRONGER THAN PURE CARBOLIC ACID FOR DISINFECTING

You may win £500 by sending in your best recipe

How long would it take you to save £500? It might take ten or twenty years.

But the winner of the grand champion prize in The Australian Women's Weekly £1000 recipe competition will earn £500 in a few minutes—merely by writing out a recipe. Do it now, for entries close soon.

THE big money prizes in the competition can make your dreams come true. A luxury cruise, a motor car, a beautiful fur coat, new furniture for your house, may yet be yours, because the prizes are cash.

SIMPLE RULES

ONLY those entries which are submitted according to the rules are eligible.

All who enter must be regular readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Recipes entered in any other current cooking competition will not be eligible for this competition.

Readers may send in as many recipes as they like, but each must be accompanied by one of the coupons printed on this page. Three coupons will be printed each week until the competition closes at Easter.

There is no objection to readers submitting, for example, two or more cake recipes, but a No. 1 coupon must be attached to each extra entry. The same procedure applies to extra entries in other sections.

Readers may save their coupons and submit all their entries at a later stage in the competition.

Entries submitted now, however, are eligible for consideration in the weekly prize awards.

and the winners can spend the prizes as they like.

All you have to do is write out your recipe, adding your name and address and the correct coupon, and fulfil the other simple conditions.

SIMPLE RULES

Write your recipe clearly on one side of paper only — in ink or typed, not in pencil.

Sign name and address CLEARLY on each recipe.

List ingredients accurately in the order in which they are used. State whether measurements are level or heaped spoonfuls, etc. Give weights exactly.

If recipes are taken from books or current magazines and newspapers please make this clear, giving name of publication.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical, and economical.

Entries are sent at readers' own risk and The Australian Women's Weekly cannot accept responsibility in the event of loss.

The decision of the Editor will be final. No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes.

All recipes submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to print or publish any of them on payment of 2/6 per recipe.

You Must Use These Coupons

1. BEST CAKE RECIPE

Is this your own recipe?
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
1/4/39.

2. DESSERTS, PUDDINGS, SWEETS, PASTRIES

Is this your own recipe?
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
1/4/39.

3. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVED FRUITS

Is this your own recipe?
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
1/4/39.

Remember.—Your full name and address must be written on each recipe. A coupon must be attached to each entry. Address entries: £1000 Recipe Competition, The Australian Women's Weekly. See full address at top of Page 3.

PRIZE LIST

GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE, £500

This prize will be awarded to the best recipe submitted in any of the three sections of the competition.

It can be a recipe for a cake, pudding, or sweets dish, or for jam, jelly or preserves. The recipe which wins this prize is not eligible for any of the other prizes listed below.

1. BEST CAKE RECIPE

First Prize £100

100 Consolation Prizes of £1 Each.

Recipes may be submitted for any type of cake—plain or fancy. Cost of ingredients should not exceed 5/- for a 2lb. cake.

2. DESSERTS — PUDDING, SWEETS DISH OR PASTRIES

First Prize £100

100 Consolation Prizes of £1 each.

The recipe for this dish should be sufficient for a family of four. Any type of pudding, sweets dish or pastry is eligible.

3. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVES

First Prize £50

50 Consolation Prizes of £1 each.

Recipes may be submitted for any type of jam or jelly or preserved fruits.

Kitchenware, Too

The prize list has been augmented by valuable kitchen sets donated by the Strongsville Aluminium Co., as follows: 21 pieces, value £10, to main prize-winner; 17 pieces (£5/10/-), cake section; 17 pieces (£5/10/-), dessert section; 8 pieces (£2/5/-), jam section.

The SAMPLE

Amusing tale of a girl who adopted unusual methods to win recognition

THE general office of Mark Upton & Co. Ltd., manufacturers of the renowned "Dan-Dee" footwear, clattered with activity. It was Saturday morning.

Cleone Darrow, secretary and typist, powdered her nose surreptitiously.

"Expecting someone?" asked Coral Deane, assistant typist.

"Why ask?" Cleone answered.

"That boy is too busy for love," remarked Coral, "he's got a sample of everything but the daily paper."

"When I'm done with him," replied Cleone, "he'll have a sample of something that he won't forget in a hurry."

Derek Matthews, star traveller for the company, entered. He was of medium height, with a fair complexion, deep blue eyes set beneath a broad forehead topped by a mass of waving dark hair. He was sufficiently attractive without the enhancement of a jovial, charming, yet keen business-like personality.

He was recognised as one of the most successful men on the "road." He was not a "ladies' man," and apart from his work he was known to be restless and irritable.

His business manner radiated confidence in his own ability, and an amazing optimism that acted like a magnet upon his customers.

Mr. Upton worshipped at his feet for Derek Matthews had put "Dan-Dee" footwear on the top of the market.

Cleone's heart missed a beat at the sight of him, so immaculate in a well-tailored, navy-blue suit.

"Good-morning, Mr. Matthews," she said pleasantly. "Lovely day, isn't it?"

"Good-morning," he responded absently, with a smile in her direction as he passed on to Mr. Upton's office. Cleone had a fleeting glimpse of little Mr. Upton bowing Derek inside his den.

"Happy landing!" remarked the mischievous Coral.

"I'll make it," Cleone declared exasperatedly. "I'm taking off right now, and what's more, he'll be glad to know me when I've chased him out of the clouds."

"Take my wings, angel, you might need them, and I'll never use them."

"**T**HANKS, Coral," Cleone laughed, "but that would mean a delay."

The two girls exchanged happy, understanding glances. The extension telephone from Mr. Upton's office rang. Cleone answered:

"Hello! Yes, Mr. Upton? Mr. Matthews' statements? Yes, coming now, Mr. Upton."

Cleone hung up, collected the required forms from her desk, and with a hurried glance at her reflection in her mirror crossed to Mr. Upton's office. She was dark, pretty, and blue-eyed, and could be as stubborn as the proverbial mule if she chose.

Knocking gently beforehand, she entered the room.

Mr. Matthews and Mr. Upton were smoking, and Matthews was relating a business anecdote for Mr. Upton's appreciative enjoyment.

Mr. Upton noticed Cleone. "Ah! Miss Darrow, the statements."

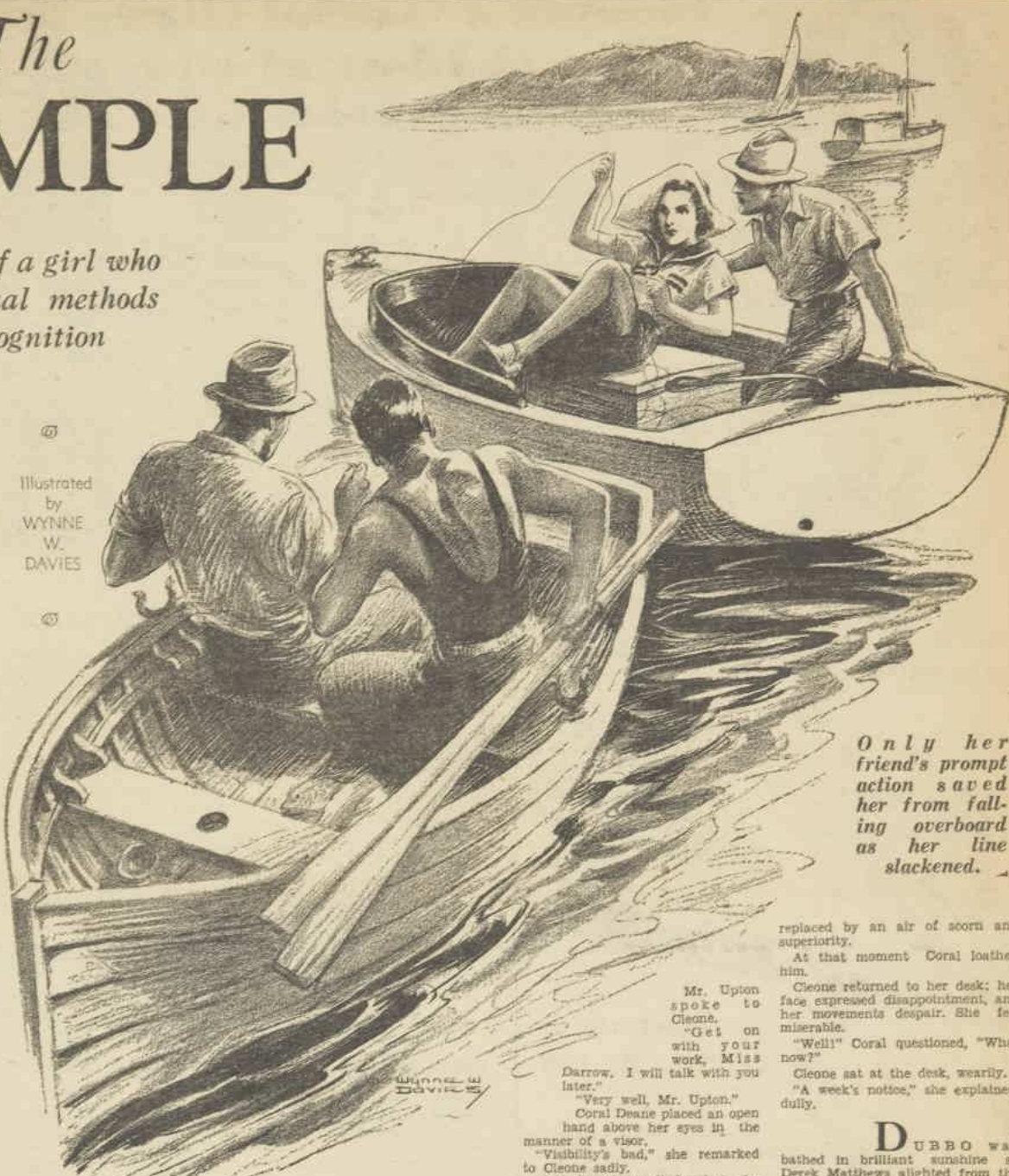
Cleone handed them to him. "Anything else, Mr. Upton?" she inquired.

"No, thank you, that is all. Mr. Matthews will check the entries, and let you have his advice."

Mr. Matthews was studying a black-covered notebook; he seemed oblivious of Cleone's presence.

The steady tapping of typewriter

Illustrated by
WYNNE
W. DAVIES



Only her friend's prompt action saved her from falling overboard as her line slackened.

Mr. Upton spoke to Cleone. "Get on with your work, Miss

Darrow. I will talk with you later."

"Very well, Mr. Upton."

Coral Deane placed an open hand above her eyes in the manner of a visor.

"Visibility's bad," she remarked to Cleone sadly.

"Yes; but if one climbs above the clouds it's heavenly!" Cleone exclaimed.

"Well, dear, it certainly looks to me as though you have struck a storm that's likely to bring you down. Why waste your time on such a prig?"

Cleone's eyes were soft, and full of dreams, as she answered:

"I can't help myself, Coral. I love him, madly."

"As bad as all that, eh? Well, what difference will this make?"

"Not much, I suppose. Only, maybe, he's noticed I exist."

Derek Matthews emerged from Mr. Upton's office, and hesitating beside Coral Deane's desk handed her his advice.

By . . .

E. L. HESLEHURST

Cleone had risen before her boss. "Now, Miss Darrow, what is the trouble?"

"Mr. Matthews accuses me of falsifying his statements," she said clearly.

"Then what explanation can you offer? Did you check over the amounts?"

"Yes; they are correct, Mr. Upton, and I demand an apology from Mr. Matthews."

Cleone glared at Derek, and his eyes were fierce with contempt.

"Utter rot!" he exclaimed. "I want a true statement, and I mean to have it. There is no apology warranted. I'll go over the figures with you, myself, Mr. Upton, if you can spare the time."

"Good! We'll settle the matter right away. Come into the office, Derek."

"Will you please see these advices are mailed without fail, Miss Deane? I want my customers to receive them before I call next week."

He ignored Cleone, who moved in response to a call from Mr. Upton.

Coral rose, and walking towards Cleone's desk placed Matthew's advice flat upon it.

"Miss Darrow will attend to it," she informed him, "it is her work."

"Really!" said Derek. "But sometimes a change is beneficial, don't you think?"

Coral was suspicious.

"What do you mean?" she asked firmly.

"Wait and see," he replied, as he walked out without once looking back.

His jovial personality had been

replaced by an air of scorn and superiority.

At that moment Coral loathed him.

Cleone returned to her desk; her face expressed disappointment, and her movements despair. She felt miserable.

"Well!" Coral questioned, "What now?"

Cleone sat at the desk, wearily.

"A week's notice," she explained, dully.

DUBBO was bathed in brilliant sunshine as Derek Matthews alighted from the train at 8.45 a.m. He felt a little cramped after the night journey from Sydney, and was glad to stretch his legs. He had breakfast at the hotel, then, carrying a large suitcase, started out for "big business." He was justifiably proud of his selling ability, and his wares were among the best on the market.

He decided to see Western Stores, first; old Bentley always gave him a good start.

Robert Bentley was glad to see Derek.

"Well, son, how goes it?" he asked.

"Fine, thanks, Bob. How are you, and how's business?"

"Excellent on both scores. A couple of inches of rain certainly does make a difference, hereabouts."

"Glad to hear it," Derek replied.

"What will we make it, 'Dan-Dee' first? I've a range here that will attract. It's perfect!"

"I know," Bentley admitted. "I fell for it, myself. 'Perfect' is the proper name for it."

Matthews was astounded.

"You don't mean to say you've seen the range, Bob?"

"Sure, I do. Saw it Friday and placed my order. The largest I've ever given, too, so you understand, Derek. I can't take any 'Dan-Dee' stuff. Sorry, old chap, but that's the way it is."

Derek wiped his perspiring forehead with a large handkerchief. He was stunned.

"Of course," went on Bentley, "if you had shown me 'Perfect' stuff before I would have waited for you; as it is, Miss Muls has beaten you to it by a couple of days. Better luck next time, son."

Please turn to Page 40

Heart-Broken Melody

Another instalment of our brilliant new serial of human love, its reverses and its compensations.

HONOR falls in love, almost against her will, with good-looking Paul, rich and living apart from his wife, but Honor is to marry Hugh in June. She realises, in dismay, that she wants both kinds of life, Paul's and Hugh's. Hugh has been appointed superintendent at a mine in the mountains. She is impressed by Hugh's standing when they visit the mine, but Paul upsets her by being there also, at the hotel.

Back in the city, glamor appeals again, and Paul tells her how much he cares. She makes up her mind and tells her startled family that she and Paul will marry when he is free. But Paul's wife proves difficult, and Honor discusses Paul and his money and affairs with Adeline.

Characters outstanding in this story:—

HONOR BROWNELL, fiancée of HUGH BRAINTREE.

ADELIN, Honor's sister.

TOM, brother to Honor and Adeline.

AUNT LUCIE, their guardian.

PAUL CARTWRIGHT, junior member of the firm of which

JUDGE COOPER is Paul's senior, and Honor's employer.

HONOR felt herself surprisingly shaken by this sign of sympathetic weakening on her sister's part. After all, there was no one in the world so close to her as Adeline.

"Just as many poor people as rich ones get divorces," she observed.

"Yes, I know," Adeline conceded. "But when it's a very rich man one has the feeling that he thinks he can buy anything." She developed it doubtfully.

"Not me!" Honor protested quickly.

"No, I suppose not you. And yet—if he does get a divorce, Honor, and you are married, will it mean so much to you? The money, I mean, and having butlers and chauffeurs and everything?"

"Not a thing!" But after the exclamation Honor caught herself up. "But of course it will," she corrected herself, honest in her turn.

"Without Paul it wouldn't mean anything. I'd keep house in two rooms with him; I'd go live on a beach somewhere. But with him! Maybe that's a silly way to talk, but just lately I've felt so—so lifted! So much more at home in beautiful places, the clubs and the hotels, with waiters being tipped, and cars waiting—"

"Oh, but Honor," Adeline said, as Honor's voice dropped on a musing tone, "it'll take you away from me!"

"Not really." Adeline, in this kinder mood than Honor had known from her for long weeks, was like her old self again, and the elder sister eagerly responded to it.

"Darling," she said, "I'll always be near you, or you near me! If we stay in Italy for a while—imagine it, Addy, Italy!—you'll come and visit us. And when we get back, even if it's New York, New York isn't so far!"

"Are you going to live in New York, Honor?"

"Well, Paul wants to. I don't know, and I don't care! But you see, Ad, Honor went on, revelling in this moment of intimacy and understanding, "we can't do anything until she makes up her mind!"

"His wife?"

"Marion, yes. She shilly-shallies,

and she will and she won't, and it drives him almost mad!"

"Where are you dining to-night?" her sister asked with a sigh. "We miss you, Hon," she added wistfully.

"I don't know where we're dining," Honor stooped to lay the fresh sweetness of her cheek for a moment against her sister's. "I miss you, too," she said. "It's an absorbing business, this being in love. But I haven't changed, Addy, not one speck, and some day you'll all know it."

Paul's little double ring sounded at the door, and Honor went to open it, and took him into the sitting-room. Adeline joined them, but Aunt Lucie was nowhere to be seen.

Paul stood tall and handsome and sure of himself in the small room, making a special effort, Honor knew—only with Paul one never saw any sign of effort—to win Adeline, or to confirm rather Adeline's already admiring opinion of him.

They presently went off together, the radiant girl and the proud and attentive man, Paul bending his head a little to listen to her as they walked to the big car. And immediately Honor was whirled away with him into that enchanted world of which he was the only tenant.

To-night they dined in another of his "finds," a little Italian restaurant down the Peninsula where the minestrone was thick and hot, the gnoccoli delicately powdered with Parmesan cheese, the zabaglione a creamy masterpiece as mysterious as a flower. Their talk went on and on at the little table that was covered by a checked blue-and-red cloth and placed at a window which opened upon the spring-scented darkness of a garden. After a while it grew grave.

"She will not give in, Honor."

The girl's bright beautiful eyes met his in fear and pain. In a bitterness of despair Honor could not speak. "Then there's nothing to be done, Paul?" she asked slowly.

"There are several things to be done," Paul said briskly, "but I hate to do them."

There's getting something on her. But there are difficulties. For one thing, she's quite capable of behaving herself—walking a chalked line for a while—if she thought I was having her watched. And that would create a difficulty.

"You mean getting counter evidence? That seems—"

her tone was reluctant—"that seems a horrible thing to do," Honor said, clearing her throat.

"It is a horrible thing to do. But Murray—I had a talk with young Murray at the office about it later, and he says there wouldn't be much trouble in getting all the proof we wanted. She has, as a matter of fact, made a fool of herself over Johnson; everyone knows it. But, as I say," Paul concluded, with a little philosophical shrug, "she's quite smart enough to keep away from him for a while if she realises that she is being shadowed."

"I hate the idea of being forced to get something on her," Honor mused aloud.

"I know. But it's done every day. That doesn't make it decent, of course, or civilised or excusable. Divorce laws are all rotten," Paul said, spreading cheese on a small cracker, putting it on her plate.

"The other way," the girl said, speaking slowly, looking away into

Illustrated
by
VIRGIL



"The other way," Honor said, speaking slowly, looking away into space, "is for me to get out."

space, "is for me to get out. For you and me simply to say good-bye. I'll keep all your letters, and I'll keep some of the lovely things you've given me, and I'll keep every word you've ever said deep in my heart. And every hour and every day, as long as I live, I'll remember them—read the letters over—hold them in my hands. And that'll be the end of it."

Her lips were trembling, her eyes brimming with tears. She stopped, her gaze fixed on distance.

"We couldn't do that," Paul said slowly. Honor made no answer.

After a moment she found her handkerchief and quite openly wiped her eyes, trying to smile as she brought her look to his. "Could we?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Why, but you know we couldn't, Honor."

"I would have to leave the office—oh, I've thought of it," she said resolutely if a little unsteadily. "I'd get a job somewhere else, never see you, try to get interested in everything—anything—just to make the days go by. You're so much of me, Paul," Honor went on, her eyes filling again, "that it isn't easy even to think what would be left in my life without you."

Her voice thickened, and she put her elbows on the table and pressed her handkerchief to her eyes with both hands.

"I suppose we must part, Paul,

until she sees it differently. We can't—we can't go on seeing each other. It's got to be everything or nothing, now."

"Part?" he asked, frowning and looking away. "Can we?"

Honor laughed forlornly.

"How do you mean 'can we'? We must!"

"Not see each other at all," he said, thinking.

"Ah, but Honor, my dearest, that's impossible! That means to take all the glory, all the beauty out of life! It means nothing to hope for, nothing to think about!" Paul stretched a hand towards her, palm upward, and she laid her soft warm fingers in it, and the full beauty of her shadowed blue eyes was turned upon him.

"Isn't it ridiculous," she said slowly. "You and I—loving each other so much, always so happy together! And a person who has nothing to do with us—who doesn't really care, one way or another, can keep us apart. For ever, if she wants to."

"She can't want to for ever."

"She might. It might just suit her to have you always in the background, Paul. She may want to go on indefinitely with her love-affairs, with you as a safeguard. Only—only

couldn't you sue her, then?" Honor asked.

"But she'll be very careful—Marion. She's affectionate and vain when these new infatuations start up. But she never loses her head. She never has lost her head over anyone or anything. She calculates. She suspects now where my brother's sapphires lie. Twice she's asked me if it's in the safe-deposit box. She cares about that."

Honor, exquisite in the soft light, leaned towards him, her eyes themselves glowing like dark sapphires. "Paul, if it would make any difference, let her have it! I don't want it!"

"I don't believe you do," he said, smiling. "But it wouldn't make any difference except to make her feel even more sure of her position."

"So we drag on this way," Honor summarised it slowly, "or we stop short."

"There's a third way, of course," he said suddenly. Her eyes came to meet his, rounded into a question. "Honolulu and Tahiti and Peking and Cannes, all the beautiful places and ports in the world. Years of it—years of holiday! We could have a yacht—"

Please turn to Page 43



Illustrated by WEP

She danced that night with an abandon which puzzled Ashden.

The ESCAPE

A Complete Short Story

By ...

HOLLOWAY HORN

THE manager of the Java branch of his father's firm met Peter Warley as he came ashore at Batavia. The company's headquarters were fifty miles away—a couple of hours in John Ashden's car—and by the time they got there he felt he was going to like the boy. "He's just down from Oxford," Sir John Warley had written. "He's accumulated more clotted nonsense there in the guise of 'ideas' than I thought possible. But contact with reality will probably knock most of them out of him. I shall be extremely glad if you will keep an eye on him for me."

"It's a new world," Mr. Ashden, Peter Warley said as they turned into the compound. "The colors are wonderful!"

"Good! I hope you like it. Anyway, here we are. I'm a bachelor but you'll be fairly comfortable here for a while. The office opens at eight o'clock in the morning, by the way."

"How grisly!" Warley smiled. "It's too hot to work in the afternoon," the manager explained.

"I shall adjust myself, I hope. When are my books likely to be here?"

"To-morrow, some time. Your father told me you were a poet. Very interesting."

Peter Warley smiled. "I've never heard of described as 'interesting' before."

"You'd better just blow around this afternoon. Later on I'll introduce you at the club. Meantime, there are one or two jobs I must attend to. Make yourself at home!"

The club to which Ashden took him that evening was disappointing. The men and women he met there seemed to him to be devitalised. Particularly the women, among whom was not a single unattached one. He received several invitations and became involved in a game of

bridge which was played without either enthusiasm or skill. Still, they meant well and had done their best to welcome his father's son.

Ashden had several members of his staff to dinner at his bungalow in order to meet Warley. The future head of the firm was an important person and they were, naturally, anxious to create a good impression.

"Quite a nice babe!" was the general verdict.

Within a week he had grown accustomed to the routine of the business. He was conscientious and curiously precise in all his dealings, but some of his opinions startled his colleagues. It was difficult to place him. He drank and smoked in moderation but the ordinary after-dinner story current in a place like Surinbaya merely irritated him.

"He has a virginal mind," old Sear, the best mining-engineer in Java when he was sober, said of him. "Ashden's taking him to Gullio's Cafe this evening, I hear. I'd like to see his reaction."

Ashden himself, conscious of his responsibility to Sir John, was doubtful about the whole affair. "I don't think you'll like the place, Warley," he had said when the youngster suggested it.

"Why not?"

The manager shrugged his shoulder.

ders. "It's like many other such places up and down the Seven Seas. Amusing if you're in the mood for it, but not a place you'd choose for a Sunday-school outing."

"Still, I'd like to see it."

"Very well, we'll go."

Gullio himself, an Italian of the greasy type, conducted them to the table which Ashden had reserved in the alcove near the stage.

"THE show starts at eleven o'clock," Ashden explained. "Usually fourth-rate cabaret turns, I'm afraid. Still, we needn't stay if we're bored."

"Who's that girl?" Warley asked.

"The one sitting with those three sailors."

"Oh, that's Sadie Lorrimer. She's one of the artists."

"A singer?"

"And a dancer. I fancy she's been used to better places than this. She's very good still ... at times."

"She has a very lovely face."

Ashden smiled. "She's supposed

to be an American; goodness knows what she really is. May be a touch of the tar brush! Anyway, she's clever."

He had had a quiet chat with Gullio and as a result—for he was an important man in Surinbaya—Sadie's performance that evening was rather more restrained than usual.

"She's very charming," Warley said as he walked back to the bungalow with his host. "How long is she likely to be in Surinbaya?"

"A week or more, I suppose. Depends on how she goes and what Gullio thinks of her and what bookings she has."

"What a life for a woman! From one place like Gullio's to another!"

"She probably gets quite a lot of fun out of it. And I don't suppose she does too badly."

"But in places like Gullio's ... and with those men!"

"She can look after herself. She's not as young as she appears—in many ways. You found the place amusing?"

"I did, indeed."

The following evening Ashden had to attend the meeting of his lodge in Batavia and after an ineffective game of billiards at the club Warley turned into Gullio's

on his way home. The Italian beamed on him as he entered and led him to a table near the stage. Sadie Lorrimer was sitting with another girl at an adjoining table. It was early for Gullio's and the place was not full.

"You know Miss Lorrimer, yes?" Gullio said.

Sadie smiled at Peter and without further formality crossed to his table.

"I saw you here last night."

"Rather!" said Peter. "I liked your dancing. Er ... will you have a drink?"

"Sure!"

"You staying here long?" he asked.

"Another two weeks. Then I go on to the new cabaret in Batavia."

"You know, Miss Lorrimer, this kind of thing is a new world to me. Four months ago I was still at Oxford."

"But you seem quite grown up," she smiled.

"You've been all your life in these places?" he asked.

"I've been on the stage since I was ten. But not usually in holes like this, though."

The cafe gradually filled up and she had to leave him in order to change for her turn.

Her dancing was clever and, if one liked tap-dancing at all, one liked it. In her second dance she was dressed as a gipsy and wore a red flower in her dark hair. Her lips were vivid but apparently she wore no other make-up. Her turn ended with a song—a bright, slick American song—which she half spoke, half sang, in her pleasantly husky voice.

Afterwards, still in her gipsy dress, she came back to Peter Warley's table.

Please turn to Page 16



"Tired?" Larry asked, as they stopped before the Fleming House.

FAMILY FRIEND

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

By Clara Wallace
OVERTON

*Elizabeth
was not strong
until someone
convinced her—
then she knew she
was...*

THE Fleming family had long accepted the fact that Elizabeth would never be quite strong enough to look out for herself. Once after Jim Fleming became engaged to Mary Leahy, he told his mother that she was never to worry about Elizabeth; he and Mary would always take care of her.

Since his father's death Jim had looked after all his younger sisters and brothers, but Elizabeth was his favorite and therefore his special concern. The heart ailment which had afflicted her in childhood had been almost overcome, but at nineteen, she was still a delicate girl, easily tired and accustomed to spending many hours on the old couch in the dining-room.

Often just before her sister Anne's wedding she would bend, bending with graceful patience over the tiny stitches, her fragile, heart-shaped face reflecting thoughts of the things that made up her special life: Anne's approaching marriage to Bob Carpenter, which had made them all happy; that mill-white peony in the back yard whose soft petals were just brushed with carmine like the lips of a girl; the twin rippling little branches off the cherry tree and Patricia cheerfully

handing over the best of the cherries to Mike (an arrangement which, for reasons unknown to the rest of the world, was always fair between them); the sudden surprised sound of thunder in the late afternoon.

Best of all the thoughts in Elizabeth's mind was the comfortable cheerful end of each day, when they all came home to supper: Anne, Jim, the twins, and Kathleen in a high-school sort of flurry. Most always there was company, too. Mary Leahy was there when she had time off from the hospital. Bob Carpenter came often these days just before his marriage, school friends of Joey and Kathleen stopped by, and usually on Sunday nights Larry Douglas dropped in.

Larry had once lived across the street and had played with Jim and Anne when they all were children. He was still very fond of Mrs. Fleming, who had given him many cookies and thick slices of buttered bread sprinkled with sugar after school. Even after Larry's grandmother died and he and his father moved away from the neighborhood, Larry had remained a family friend. When he stopped in he sat and talked a while with anyone who happened to be at home. He liked to visit with people, Larry did. Elizabeth thought it was because he was alone so much. Larry had no family at all now, and he had taken a room over the men's clothing store in which he worked. He even got his own breakfast there.

"Do you have enough to eat, Larry?" Mrs. Fleming asked when she heard about that. "What could you make on a little gas thing like you're telling about?"

"Anything," Larry answered, "coffee, bacon, eggs, toast."

"A dish of hot cereal would do you good," Mrs. Fleming suggested, looking at him. Larry had always been thin—thin and wiry and tanned in the summer. He got the tan on Sundays, which he spent outdoors. Usually he went fishing.

"What do you do with the fish?" Elizabeth wanted to know.

"Cook them," Larry told her, "right alongside of the lake."

"I'd love that," Elizabeth approved, her blue eyes wide. "Do you always have fish to cook, Larry?"

"No. But you can cook lots of things outdoors—steak, chicken, anything you want." He added with a laugh, "Margaret never wants anything but a hot dog."

MARGARET WILSON was a lively, pretty, dark-haired girl who worked in Anne's office. She was going to be one of Anne's bridesmaids. Margaret stopped in frequently these days to talk wedding plans and amused them all with her imitation of Bob and Anne trying to be circumspect and conventional in the office. Anne had said that Larry was taking Margaret around quite a lot lately.

"It must be fun," Elizabeth mused, still thinking of Larry's fishing trips.

"Tell you what," Larry offered, "I'll take you along some time."

"I guess it would be too much of a trip for her," Jim interposed. "If you want a hot dog I'll bring some home to-morrow," he promised indulgently.

Elizabeth smiled and thanked him. That wouldn't be the same thing.

leaves on the maple tree in front of the house. Elizabeth helped her dress. While she was looking for something old for the bride to wear, Elizabeth came upon a snapshot of Bradford Adams, Anne's one-time beau.

"Better tear that up," Anne suggested, smiling.

Ever since that awful day when Bradford Adams and his father and mother had paid the Flemings a surprise visit and found the place in casual disorder, Elizabeth had wondered and worried. But now she saw, her sister's youthful misery over the dashing Brad was obliterated and Anne was completely happy—happy and beautiful to-day as she had never been. Anne would never be lonely again nor weep her heart out in the night. All during the service Elizabeth's thoughts were a prayer for her. They had been close, these two.

In a sense Anne's life had been Elizabeth's, vicariously, an outer, livelier circle which the older girl shared with her frail sister. Now Anne wouldn't be coming in at night bringing her day home to Elizabeth—she and Bob had rented a house over in the new section of town. Of course, Anne would come often.

It was Elizabeth whom Anne ran back to embrace after she had said good-bye to the rest of the family.

That afternoon the yellow house was quiet—too quiet for Mrs. Fleming. Joey and the twins had quickly resumed their normal occupations. Joey had gone to play baseball; the twins had stuffed their pockets with little frosted cakes left over from the wedding refreshments and departed for the school playground, there to engage in a project that had met with

Mike's approval. Mrs. Fleming moved about the kitchen, which had been restored to neat order by Aunt Kate Leahy and some of the other neighbors. Mrs. Fleming was happy for Anne, but the quiet peace of the house weighed heavily on her. She looked in at the couch in the dining-room where Elizabeth was resting, her face turned to the wall.

"The child must be tired after the excitement of the wedding. She would need a good soup to strengthen her; there were all those chicken bones in the ice-box, and some celery. Mrs. Fleming tied on her apron.

The warm, green, flowery days went by in a serene orderly procession, one very like another. Jim was busy at the lumber yard; Kathleen had her first job helping in the office of the town's department store; Joey went for an annual summer stay with his grandmother in Albany; and the twins, suddenly developing social consciousness, spent all their waking hours on the playground. Only Elizabeth was not herself. She did not sit in her favorite wicker chair under the cherry tree. She did not sew or read. Most of the day she spent on the couch resting. She was listless about eating, listless about everything. Even the letter from Anne did no more than rouse her from lethargy for a little while. Jim, ever watchful of her, was worried.

"Better get the doctor," he told his mother one day and he asked Mary Leahy to find out exactly what the doctor thought. A nurse could do things like that, and Mary would tell him the truth. She did that evening when they were walking to the movies.

The doctor could find nothing specific the matter with Elizabeth, and there was no reason for her not doing anything she would enjoy doing. Certainly she was well enough to be out in the air.

Please turn to Page 18

FASHION PORTFOLIO

April 1, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

Evening AT HOME



● YOUTHFULLY demure jersey in plum-mauve, with a tiny yoke of pale blue, and broad cummerbund to match

● THE INCREDIBLE new San Tropez-red in a dramatic gown of Oriental origin. The wide corselet waist is swathed with emerald velvet

● A FREE-SWINGING skirt of violet-blue woollen sheer with an adorable shirred Russian blouse in deepest emerald-green

FOUR of Autumn's Little Girl Models



● PARIS surrenders to the lure of schoolgirl frocks—apparently artless, yet for all that soft smocking, their box pleats and high necklines, a pretty sophisticated turn to wardrobe autumn. The debutante at the top left wears Lindo Lawrence's pleated frock of smudge-grey with the unexpected shock of phlox-purple accessories.

● READY for the cocktail hour, the lass at the top right rescues Dorville's black model from sobriety with a softly full bodice and swirling skirt gathered into a smocked corselette waistline.

● AN intense of a wool frock to tap a tender vein even in a tomboy. In soft teal-blue, with fashion importance in the sweater top and box-pleated skirt.



● ALIX'S answer to the "little girl" trend is this appealing dove-blue frock that believes in the charm of body fullness and a demure neckline. Climaxed with a twist of mauve and cyclamen at the waist. (Right.)



PARIS SNAPSHOTS

By Air Mail from
MARY ST. CLAIRE.

SKETCHED BY PETROV



1 THE SLIM SILHOUETTE of the Directoire period is noticeable in the popular high-waisted evening gowns with trailing chiffon scarves.

For daywear the bolero has been adapted to this silhouette, being worn with a very full lace jabot and tiny bonnet lined with lace.

2 A REVIVAL of the mushroom shape in both small and large hats is indicated by Agnes, Legroux and others.

Worn quite straight, it achieves height with a tall, narrow crown and windmill bow.

3 GLOVES in white or colored suede, with all the seams in fagot-stitch, and with broderie Anglaise inset on the backs of the hands, are worn with the new spotted and patterned net frocks over their full broderie Anglaise petticoats of the Victorian era.

Parisian gantiers advise their clients to put the tiniest fragment of

cotton wool in each glove finger-tip to prevent the nails from making holes.

4 AMAZING DEVELOPMENTS in glass have made a fairy tale come true. Enzel has used flexible glass for these modern "Cinderella" slippers, shown in Maggy Rouff's collection. Clear and colored glass are combined with strappings of gold kid in these fantastic evening sandals. Centre: Enzel's beach sandal, with corrugated platform sole and suede straps.

"NOW DON'T
TELL ME
YOU'RE
WORRYING
ABOUT HIS
WEIGHT"

says Mrs. MOTHERWELL



"Of course I know it's worrying if baby's weight increases at an unsatisfactory rate—especially at the weaning stage. But there's a simple remedy for that. Just put him on a diet of Robinson's "Patent" Groats and milk and see the difference. It's a cereal food containing the elements which help to build bone and muscle, and is suited to baby's delicate digestion.

Incidentally, its economical price is another argument in its favour."

G2-128



ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS



GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE of Robinson's "Patent" Groats will be sent to you if you write to Colman-Keen (A/asia.) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 1503MM, Sydney, N.S.W. Please enclose 2d. stamp for return postage.

GRAVOX
salts
seasons
thickens
browns
ALL DINNERS

Lesson in
DOMESTIC
ECONOMY

When you learn
this "GRAVOX"
lesson, you'll have
rich, brown gravies
for all dinners
INSTANTLY.

GRAVOX
The Ideal
GRAVY MAKER

MADE BY
KLEMBRO PTY. LTD.
RICHMOND, VICTORIA

Send 1d Stamp Postage for
FREE SAMPLE

Catarrhal Deafness May be Overcome

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or head and ear noises or are growing hard of hearing, go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmitin (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Closed nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

THESE HATS . . . flatter YOUR FACE

Sketched
by
ROBB

By Air Mail from
MARY ST. CLAIRE

1. A large, wide-brimmed hat with a high crown and a large feather.

2. A hat with a high crown and a large feather.

3. A hat with a high crown and a large feather.

4. A hat with a high crown and a large feather.

5. A hat with a high crown and a large feather.

6. A hat with a high crown and a large feather.

SILHOUETTES may be simple and details discreet in your clothes this winter, but at least you need not hesitate to let yourself go with your hat.

- **FEATHERS** take first place—and ostrich feathers at that. They are not only dyed now to every range and tinge of shade, but curled, too, within an inch of their lives.
- **THEY** appear waved and frilly like the ones on hats Nos. 1 and 5, or tightly curled and bunched as on No. 6.
- **CHOOSE** between small feathers matching your hat, bright ones contrasting with it, and shaded pastel feathers. But, whatever you choose, pile them high and show them off all you can.
- **AND THEN**, too, there's a veritable flock of mink or beaver pillboxes, silver fox halos, and beaver glengarrys.

● **TWO**, three, and four of the hats you see here are in fur. 2: A plumed length of silver fox circling your face like a halo, built on to a thick chenille net. 3: A glengarry in close-clipped beaver, with black ribbon streamers down the back and a crimson cockade. 4: A dashing pillbox of mink, held on by a velvet band at the back and trimmed with an emerald-green quill.

FREE



MALVERN STAR
BICYCLE
WORTH
£7 : 19 : 6

HUBERT OPPERMAN, the record breaking, world famed, cycling ace writes—

"Give me Breakfast D-Light every time. Ever since I first tasted it, long before I ever rode a bicycle, I have reckoned it to be the best breakfast food."

In Autumn and Winter this hot cereal breakfast provides a grand start for the day, and every boy and girl who wants a wholesome nourishing food for health and stamina could not do better than select Breakfast D-Light."

SEND THIS CUT-OUT
SEE
CONDITION 2



45 BOYS' AND GIRLS' MALVERN STAR BICYCLES To be given away free!

To Winners of the BREAKFAST D-LIGHT 25 Word COMPETITION

EASY TO ENTER . . . THIS IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO.

Write to us and explain in not more than 25 words, why you like BREAKFAST D-LIGHT. The judges will choose explanations which are, in their opinion, the best, and award to the successful competitors 45 "Malvern Star" boys and girls' bicycles during the term of the Competition—(i.e., 12th March to 31st August, 1939). Winners' names will be published in the "Women's Weekly" on the following dates—April 29, May 27, June 24, July 29, August 26, September 2.

Read these facts about Breakfast D-Light, which will assist you: Breakfast D-Light is delicious in flavour, easily digested, non-heating and is the ideal "all year round breakfast." Breakfast D-Light builds bone and muscle yet it is served to babies and invalids in all leading hospitals.

Breakfast D-Light can be quickly prepared for breakfast in five minutes. It also makes lovely scones and can be used in many delightful ways other than as a breakfast cereal (see recipes on packet).

Typical Competitor's Entry (Not to be used in Competition).

"Breakfast D-Light is our favourite breakfast. Baby enjoys it as well as Grandpa. Mother uses it to make delicious Scones and Custards."

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS.

1. Write your 25 words clearly on a sheet of paper, giving your full name and address. Pin it to a cut-out from the side of a packet (see condition No. 2).
2. Cut from the side panel of a packet of Breakfast D-Light the printed words "How to Prepare," and attach to each entry. You may make as many attempts as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by a cut-out from the packet as mentioned above.
3. This competition will close on the 31st August, 1939, and the prizes will be awarded by the judges at various periods during the term of the competition. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into regarding the competition.
4. Employees of Messrs. W. C. Douglas Pty. Limited, Manufacturers of Breakfast D-Light, and J. B. Perceval Pty. Limited, advertising agency, are not permitted to enter the competition.
5. The envelope containing each entry must be marked "COMPETITION" and addressed to—

BREAKFAST D-LIGHT,
Box 12, Haymarket P.O.
SYDNEY.

Breakfast D-Light

OUR PATTERN SERVICE



Special Concession Pattern

Interesting styles for the new season. Sizes, 32, 34, and 36 bust.

No. 1 requires 5½ yds. 36 ins. wide.

No. 2 requires 4 yds. 36 ins. wide.

No. 3 requires 4 yds. 36 ins. wide, and ¼ yd. contrast.

Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4299YV, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may call for patterns at offices addresses appearing on Page 3.

Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4299YV, G.P.O., Sydney. Use money orders only.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
STREET
TOWN
STATE
SIZE Pattern Coupon, 1/4 3d



WW2824.—Autumn suit. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 3½ yds., 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2825.—Charming ensemble. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 3½ yds. for coat, 3½ yds. for frock, and 5-8 yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2826.—Evening mode. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 6½ yds., and 2½ yds. for jacket, 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2827.—Pleated frock. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4½ yds. for frock, and ¼ yd. contrast, 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2828.—New two-piecer. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 3½ yds. for jacket and skirt, and 2½ yds. for blouse. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2829.—Nightgown and bolero, 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 5½ yds., 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2830.—Bolero frock for girl 2-8 years. Material required: 1½ yds., and 1 yd. for blouse, 36 in. wide. Pattern, 10d.

PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should
* Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes.
* State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.
* For concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

An Editorial This new wonder-TELEVISION

APRIL 1, 1939

IT DOES MATTER TO US!



WHILE many women display an interest in what is happening overseas there are others who, because of our isolation, say, "Why should I worry about a crisis in Europe, and a spot on the map 12,000 miles away?"

The answer to that is—a shot in the little Serbian village of Sarajevo (a spot on the map to all of us in 1914) precipitated the Great War and sent 300,000 Australians to fight overseas.

This policy of isolation, of separating ourselves from the rest of the world, is an inheritance from the British policy of isolation which was aimed at keeping her out of trouble in Europe.

From her "tight little island" in the North Sea she could control the balance of power in Europe—while keeping her own domains free of conflict.

But to-day all that has changed; there is no edge of the world any more—there is only the heart of it and dictators in Europe are giving it high blood pressure.

Physical isolation has gone with the wind of modern aerial transport, and this age of progress.

Our spiritual isolation has gone too, under the stress of the Empire facing up to the crisis in Europe.

Australians can no longer live under the assumption that we can be isolated from the rest of the world forever.

In any case we wouldn't want to be. The Statute of Westminster which conferred nationhood on the Dominions (including Australia) demanded that they attend also to their own welfare and defence within the Empire.

Australia has grown up, and the price we must pay for nationhood is an intelligent interest in what is happening in the world and how it affects our future.

—THE EDITOR.

By OSWALD ANDERSON,
in an interview

A NEW form of picture entertainment will come into the life of the housewife when every home has its television set—an era that does not seem so far away now.

We will all become "lookers-in," as well as listeners-in.

From her lounge or kitchen a woman will be able to "look-in" on the happenings of the world—news and social functions, weddings, cookery demonstrations and mannequin parades, Vice-Regal garden parties, race meetings, theatrical first nights.

In commercial television she will actually SEE clothing and household supplies that are advertised on the air.

Television's inventor, J. L. Baird, has been experimenting for 13 years, since the first public demonstration he made with a machine constructed from junk and old bicycle parts, costing 8/6.

Now, within only the last two years, the experiment has become a working commercial undertaking.

Already hundreds of people in England are watching and hearing regular television programmes daily.

Five hundred receiving sets are sold weekly, and it is estimated that in a few months there will be 250,000 in use in England.

The price for a receiving set has come down from 100 guineas to £21, and sets can be bought on terms at 4/- a week.

England is the first country in the world to be provided with a daily television programme. Commercial television will be launched in New York next month to synchronise with the opening of the World Fair.

Recently a boxing championship was televised in a London picture theatre and 3000 people were turned away. The reception was so perfect that sporting and other entertainment circles fear a complete revolution in the entertainment world.

Not many people will want to pay 25 for a ringside seat when they can see the same programme actually taking place at a picture theatre for a few shillings, or in their own homes on their own television sets.

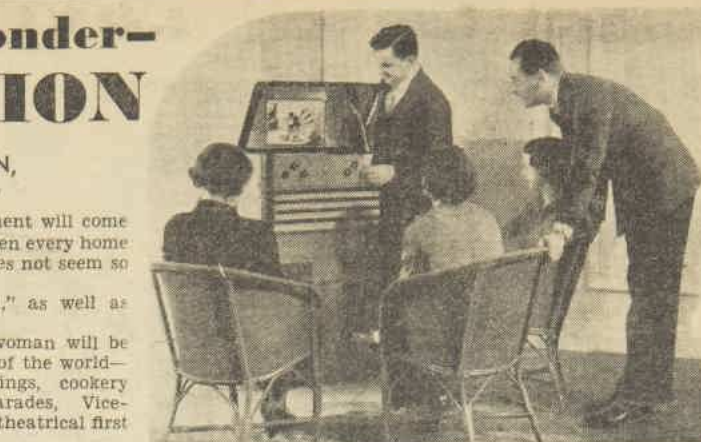
Like Film Studio

THE British Broadcasting Corporation has spent £1,000,000 on the equipment necessary for television over a radius of 30 miles. Many more thousands will be spent on substations to provide television programmes all over the British Isles to 20,000,000 people.

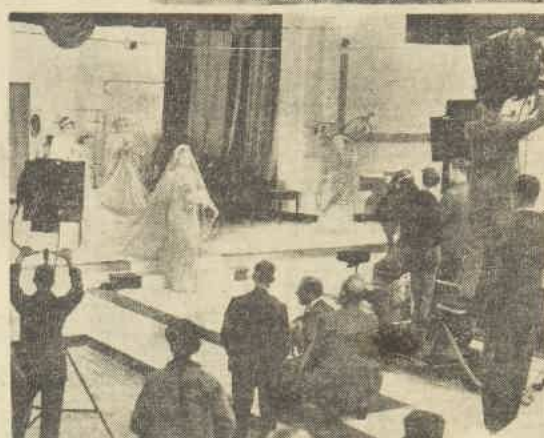
The corporation has to find £500,000 a year for television programmes, which have taken more and more money from ordinary broadcasting programmes.

A new arrangement with picture theatres, however, will help to meet these heavy costs.

Already the directors of 350 cinemas in England are planning to



"LOOKING-IN" on Mickey the Mouse on a television set.



At left: Testing out equipment to take bridal scenes for television.

equip their theatres to receive television programmes, and will pay the B.B.C. handsomely for the service.

The television programmes are seen as moving pictures from 5 by 4 inches to 22 by 20 inches on home television sets, and 15 by 12 feet in cinema theatres. Sound synchronises perfectly with movement.

At present reception of television programmes is guaranteed over a radius of 30 miles, but there has been splendid reception at distances of 70 and 100 miles.

There has even been "freak" reception of the ordinary television service in America and South Africa, 3300 miles from England.

Headquarters of the British Broadcasting Corporation's television service are at Alexandra Palace—which is called "Ally Pally" by all the people who work there.

"Ally Pally" has many of the elements of a film studio. There are make-up rooms for the artists, wardrobe rooms, and stage property rooms. Huge lights play on the "sets" and the producer blows a whistle when "shooting" begins.

Television has a language of its own.

"Telecast" is the equivalent of broadcast. The audience are "lookers-in." A "dead show" is made up of material recorded on a film; a "live show" one in which performers appear in the flesh.

Blondes are described as "blizzard heads" because they reflect the light and acquire a sort of halo. The icon-

oscope, an essential part of the sending set, is known as the "ike."

A "ghost" is a double image. "Noise" is the visual equivalent of static—spots on the picture. "Bloom," caused by too much light on the picture, and "in the mud," caused by too little, are other television words that seem to come from the beauty parlor.

Jobs for Women

COMMERCIAL television will lead to increased employment of women. It is more personal than ordinary broadcasting, as the announcer's face is as important as her voice.

English broadcasting officials have been amazed by the success of Australian and New Zealand women announcers.

The first appointments for the English television service in 1936 were two women. Two television hostesses were chosen from 5000 applicants. They are Miss Jasmin Bligh and Miss Elizabeth Cowell.

Television demands more qualifications from women announcers than broadcasting. Besides a pleasant voice they need photogenic faces and a good memory, as they are unable to read notes before the television microphone.

After months of experiment with make-up in all colors of the rainbow from yellow to purple, it has been found that ordinary film make-up is the most successful for television.

Experiments to televise color have already been made, and shortly color as well as sight and sound will be transmitted.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



GOING! GOING!! GONE!!! ... It's fun to be an auctioneer ...

How to dodge getting "under the hammer"—and why

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by
EMILE MERCIER

If ever you need confirmation of the idea that you're going a bit ratty you should attend the wool sales.

The master of ceremonies stands on a platform attended by his clerks and facing him is a gallery with all the seats marked with names like Bezenhous, De Lavelle, Wackamitsui, Glopfrau and Zpitzki and Johnson.

AFTER the auctioneer has said: "Number five-eight-three," there is a rustling of catalogues and some Albanian says "Erp!"

That starts them all off. Somebody else says: "Oll!" followed up and outbid by a buyer who shouts "Ping!" and the clip is ultimately knocked down to a man who yells "Quack!"

That's what it sounds like to me, anyhow. If you don't believe me, go and listen for yourself.

Things were different when I was an auctioneer. I wasn't in the wool business. Just general stuff. Much more refined.

I remember once I was offering a genuine cast-iron double bedstead with one of the brass knobs missing off the end but otherwise in perfect condition except that I had to get one of my assistants to keep

a firm grip on it in case it fell to pieces before being sold.

I was in good form that day, and I got so eloquent about that bedstead that I nearly bought it myself.

Anyhow, there were two lady boarding-house keepers present on this occasion, and one said "Faise shillings."

The other one looked at her as if she was some kind of tomato blight, and said, in an icy voice, "Six shillings."

Well, of course, that started it. When they were weakening, around about nine pounds eleven, I said to one of them, "It seems that the lady on your left has extremely good taste as well as an eye for a bargain, madam. I'm afraid you are unfortunate, madam!"

"Nine pounds fifteen!" she yelled, gritting her teeth.

When the bidding got up to thirty-five pounds and sixpence, the assistant who was holding the bedstead together complained that he was



"Things were different when I was an auctioneer," says L. W. Lower. "I wasn't in the wool business. Just general stuff. Much more refined."

getting cramps, so I said, "All done at thirty-five pounds and sixpence!" and belted the rostrum with my hammer.

The assistant let go his hold of the bed, the bed fell to pieces. I explained to the buyer that it was a collapsible bed, and the other woman sniggered out loud. But the bed was sold.

Mind you, I rose from the ranks. Once, when I was in love and going to get married, I bought one of those flash-looking cases of cutlery at a Dutch auction. I bent back one of the knives just to show my fiancée the springy quality of the stuff, and it just stayed bent. We parted shortly after that.

Bitter Experience

IN case you don't know what a Dutch auction is, I'll explain. And also warn you. Never have anything to do with a Dutch auction.

"And now we come to this magnificent, gorgeous, luxurious, unbeatable cake-stand! We will start at three pounds. Throwing money away, I know, but we want you people to come here again."

You work backwards at a Dutch auction. All you've got to do is wait until the bidding gets down to about fifteen bob and then whang down the hammer. Then you show about thirteen shillings profit.

You can't tell me anything about auction sales. I once paid heavily for "the extensive library of a well-known deceased" and got a lot of ancient railway time-tables, telephone books, and "Pilgrim's Progresses" and things like that.

One gets very tired of reading telephone books after the first twenty or thirty pages. Anyhow, they're too deep for me. They're not practical, either.

You read the book, dial the number, and say, "Ho, there! Is that B four seven nine ten?" And they say, "No. This is XQ three five six eight."

Am I right? Of course I am.

If it wasn't for a girl in this office who seems to have an uncanny sense of getting on to the correct number I would be cut off from the world.

A Final Warning

GETTING back to auctions, the best auction I attended was at a butcher's shop.

It was on a Saturday morning, and I couldn't go to our usual butcher's shop because I owed him something for bets the previous week.

If I remember rightly, I had to buy a pound and a half of fillet steak and a leg of lamb (and, mind, don't let them give you dog's-meat).

I went to this strange butcher's because I thought I might be able to save a few pence without—well, you know how it is.

They were auctioneering meat. The butcher stood up with a tray with two sausages, half a pig's cheek, one chop, and a bit of liver on it, and said, "If this isn't worth

eightpence at least you can slay me with my own chopper."

You girls know that you can't get a decent leg of lamb under two and eleven, and fillet steak is about two and threepence a pound. Yet, when I got home with my bargain

and the profit tucked away in the inside vest pocket, my wife said, "Indeed, and what is this all?"

As one who knows, I advise you. Never go to an auction unless you're an auctioneer or incapable of speaking or even making signs.

How does she keep her Youth and Beauty

SHE'S got what everyone admires—a slim, graceful figure, a lovely complexion and the beauty of radiant health. If you asked her she'd tell you her secret is just "a couple of Bile Beans nightly."

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system, purify the blood and ensure that internal health which keeps you young, slim, and attractive.

So start taking Bile Beans nightly if you want to be youthful, slender and beautiful.



"The nightly doses of Bile Beans keep me in radiant health, brimful of energy, and enable me to look my very best. In the 'Miss England' competition I was the chosen representative for the City of Sheffield."—Miss L. Mackenzie, Sheffield, Eng.

"For my attractive figure, clear complexion and bright spirits I give all credit to Bile Beans. Nobody takes me for a day older than 21 and even my doctor is surprised at my youthful appearance."—Miss L. Leckie.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU HAPPY, HEALTHY AND SLIM

Introducing
SAND-GLO
the radiant
new golden
color by
GOSSARD



Gossard Foundations are obtainable at most of the leading stores throughout the Commonwealth.

BE glorified by Gossard in this one piece Sand-Glo foundation of Goss-Amour (Gossard's marvellous elastic net) and rayon satin... its exquisite new golden tone flatters your skin... its streamlined satin panel nips in your waist... its lace and satin bra top gives a smart uplift to your bosom. Model 7236. Step-ins and brassieres also obtainable in Sand-Glo.

the GOSSARD Line of Beauty

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"I hear your daughter-in-law came from a fine old family, Colonel."
"Came? Why, she brought it with her!"



WIFE (to husband): Don't be selfish, John. Let the child help you with his homework if he wants to.



"You shouldn't fight me, I'm smaller than you are!"
"I'm hitting myself every third time to make it even."



PARKING ATTENDANT: A shilling for the car, Sir!
SECOND-HAND CAR DEALER: Good, it's yours.



She's delighted
She can wear
Women's Size
frocks again

You can reduce easily and simply as this lady did. She lost 39lb. in two months and feels better than she has for years—just by taking an occasional capsule of Youth-o-form with a wineglassful of water.

Husband Used to call her "FATTY"

Mid yourself of the thing overweight which destroys energy and happiness. Read this letter from Mrs. E.T., of Rushcutters Bay.

This letter is to tell you the amazing difference Youth-o-form has made to me. I was 13 stone 11b. three months ago, and I looked terrible. My husband used to call me "Fatty." Now I am down to 9 stone 11b. and feel so well—better than I have for years. I am delighted that now I can wear Women's size frocks again. The way I have reduced amazes my friends, who all remark on my improved appearance. Please accept my thanks for Youth-o-form, and you can make use of this letter if you like. Yrs. sincerely, E.T.

Safe, Effective, Permanent

Youth-o-form is Safe, Effective, Permanent and when the desired result has been obtained can be discontinued. Youth-o-form is freely recommended to patients by Doctors and Nurses.

You can get Youth-o-form from all chemists. 10-day carton—5/6, full 4 weeks' treatment—9/6. Be sure to get genuine Youth-o-form.

If you are far from a chemist, pin stamps or postal note in this page, and mail it to: BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, 43 Clarence Street, Sydney, and your Youth-o-form will reach you by return mail, plastic wrapped, and with full directions for use.

YOUTH-O-FORM

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

WHEN Mrs. Newlywed alighted from the train she smiled shyly at her tall, handsome husband.

"Darling," she whispered, "let's try to make everyone think we have been married a long time."

Newlywed nodded. "All right, dear," he whispered back. Then in a louder voice: "Come on, missus, you take the suitcase!"

MARION: Weren't you embarrassed when Doctor Jones asked you for your hand?

Maude: Indeed I was. I didn't know whether he wanted to take me or my pulse.

HUSBAND: What made you choose lemon for your new dress?

Wife: I had such a job squeezing it out of you.

"YOU say you never quarrel with your wife?"

"Never. She goes her way and I go here."

"I BOUGHT an engagement ring here three days ago," said the young man to the jeweller, "and I want to change it."

"Yes—for what?"

"A revolver and one bullet, please."

"PLEASE, madam," asked a tramp, "have you any dinner for a hungry man?"

"Yes," snapped the woman, "and he will be home at twelve to eat it."

Still more quality

GIFTS

for

SIREN

SOAP users!



How to get your Free Gift

Take your crosses to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET, (TOWN HALL END), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in the particulars and enclose with crosses addressed to LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, BOX 4287 V, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

LIST OF OTHER GIFTS AVAILABLE FROM LINTAS DEPOT

3-PINT KETTLE



"Strong-lite" 99% pure aluminium; heat-proof knob and handle. Save 152 Siren Crosses. Postal applicants send 5d. to cover postage and packing.

DO NOT SEND A LETTER BUT USE PRINTED FORM

Name (IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Address

Enclosed Crosses

Parcels & Packing (State which gift you require)

L. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.



GEORGE III COPPER POT, 1770

Gilding the Lily

Lovely Silver can be made lovelier still if it is cleaned with Silvo. Free from mercury and acids, Silvo brings a new glamour and charm to your Silver, its quick, easy polish giving the gleaming lustre that gladdens the heart of the connoisseur.



A RECKITT'S PRODUCT
MADE IN AUSTRALIA

Came the DAWN!

Welcome after a sleepless night, finding you still awake, still tired, dispirited. Get BROMURAL Tablets today and sleep tonight... refreshingly, deeply.

BROMURAL (KNOX)
ASK YOUR CHEMIST. (E.K. 15)

3-fold RELIEF for INDIGESTION SUFFERERS

If you have indigestion you can obtain complete and lasting relief with DeWitt's Antacid Powder! This extremely effective remedy acts at once and does everything necessary to conquer your indigestion.

1. It quickly neutralizes excess acid, rendering it harmless to the inflamed stomach, and so relieves flatulence and imparts an immediate feeling of well-being.
2. Through its valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient, De Witt's Antacid Powder coats your stomach walls, protects them from burning acids and at the same time allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.
3. Another ingredient actually digests a certain part of your food, taking a further load off your weak stomach.

These are the reasons why De Witt's Antacid Powder brings instant relief to your indigestion. More than that, it will, after a short time restore your digestion to its normal healthy state, so that you can digest your food easily without the help of medicine.

Remember, the day you start to take De Witt's Antacid Powder is the day you start to lose your indigestion for good. Get a canister to-day.

DeWITT'S Antacid Powder

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in sky-blue canister, 2/6.

Family Friend

Continued from Page 8

"BUT what's the matter, then?" asked Jim, a little bewildered. "She's been like this ever since Anne's wedding."

"She's lonely," Mary Leahy spoke quietly.

"Lonely!" echoed Jim. He didn't know any answer to that.

It happened that she was alone on the porch one evening when Larry Douglas drove up in his small neat car. "Hello, where's everybody?" He came across the narrow lawn.

"The Yates baby is sick, and Mamma went over there for a few minutes," Elizabeth explained. "Everybody else is out."

Larry nodded. "Want to go for a little ride?" he asked.

"Yes, I'll leave a note for Mamma."

"Where to?" asked Larry when they were on their way. It had all happened so easily, thought Elizabeth with surprise. Larry had written the note to her mother, had got her coat and hat.

"Is it too far to the creek?" she wanted to know. They had gone there on picnics when they were young, the Fleming children and Larry Douglas. It had seemed a great distance then.

"Like it?" asked Larry as he eased the car off the road to a grassy bank near the water. It was wider here—a wading place for children.

"I love it," Elizabeth whispered softly.

Larry's kind blue eyes travelled around and came back to the pale, pretty girl beside him. He had not missed the wistful implication in her voice. "We ought to come up here on a picnic again," he decided.

"Oh, that would be grand," cried Elizabeth.

"With Jim's car and mine, we could bring everybody—your mother, the twins, Kathleen, and Margaret Wilson."

"Margaret is so pretty," Elizabeth remembered the look of the dark-haired girl in her yellow organdie the day of Anne's wedding.

"She's lots of fun," Larry admitted. "You ought to see her imitate old Mr.

Carpenter dictating a letter. It's a classic."

Larry made a good story of that scene, so good that Elizabeth laughed.

She was not afraid now, or lonely, nor was she disturbed by the rain that had begun to fall out of nowhere. Larry closed windows. "It won't last long," he assured her. "We might as well wait."

"It's only a little singing shower," Elizabeth sighed happily, listening to the drops pattering a tune on the leaves.

Larry turned towards her. "You're a funny kid."

"Am I, Larry?" She was interested—no one else had ever called her a funny kid.

"Well, you're different. But you ought to go out more, have a good time. You're well enough now; you look fine to-night." She was pretty—prettier really than Anne, he thought. It was a shame Elizabeth never went anywhere. Of course she had never been strong, but surely it wouldn't hurt her to go out and see things even if she didn't take an active part in them. She could go to the movies and for rides. All she needed was someone with her who understood the limitations of her strength.

The rain ended as Larry drove home. "Tired?" he asked as they stopped before the Fleming house.

"Oh, no, not at all," Elizabeth replied. Her eyes were shining.

"How about going to a movie with me to-morrow night?" Larry proposed.

"Oh, I would love to, Larry. I'll ask Mother." Elizabeth had never gone anywhere without family consultation.

"Oh, she'll let you go," Larry was confident. "I'll be around for you at seven-thirty."

MRS. FLEMING was surprised to see Elizabeth almost running up the porch steps. "Larry took me for a ride," she explained happily, "and he found the loveliest place and he's planning to have a picnic there for all of us." She was burning with excitement. Mrs. Fleming saw; but the trip seemed to do her no harm.

In the next few weeks they grew accustomed to seeing Elizabeth, prettily dressed for supper. At least once a week she went to the movies with Larry, and they went out auto riding too. Her mother and brother were contented that she was stronger and happier these days. Jim thought it pretty nice of Larry to bother with a kid like Elizabeth; but then, Larry was big-hearted, better than most, always doing things for someone.

"Where's Elizabeth?" asked Mary Leahy when she stopped on her way home from the hospital one evening.

"She's gone to the band concert with Larry," Mrs. Fleming answered.

"What, again?" Mary laughed.

"He's getting to be quite a beau of hers, isn't he?"

"What do you mean—beau?" Jim spoke tersely. "She's only a kid."

"What do you mean—kid?" returned Mary good-naturedly. "She's nineteen."

Jim was almost asleep that night when he heard Elizabeth and Kathleen talking. "And Larry said I caught on easier than anyone he ever saw," Elizabeth's voice rose excitedly. "Of course, he only showed me a simple step. I've always dreamed about dancing."

"Did it like you?" Kathleen asked.

"We only danced once. Larry thought that was enough for me—but it was wonderful."

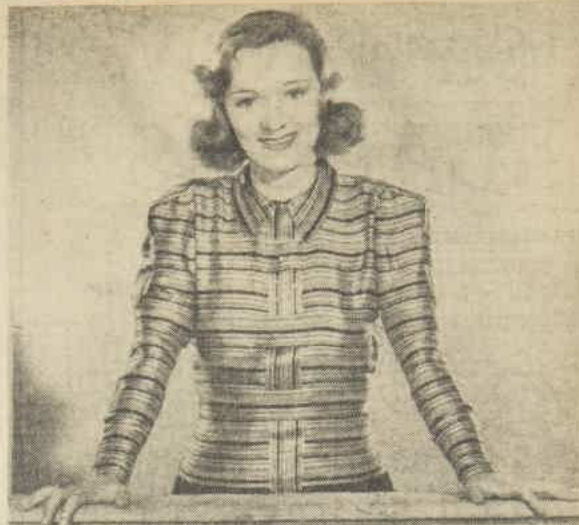
After a minute Kathleen's voice came blunt but not unkind: "Say, you're not falling in love with Larry are you? He's crazy about Margaret Wilson, you know."

The picnic had finally materialized on a Sunday afternoon. Larry had arranged it all. They were going to cook steak and coffee over an open grate. "I'll bring everything," Larry told Mrs. Fleming. "You can take a rest."

Larry had the fire going. At the brook's edge Margaret Wilson scooped a handful of water and sprinkled Ed Kane, a friend Larry had brought along. Ed, threatening reprisal, ran after Margaret across the flat stones of the brook. The twins tumbled into a pool between the rocks to freshen their appetites, and Mrs. Fleming followed them to the bank admiringly. Only Elizabeth stayed near the fire, watching Larry with interest and admiration.

"Can I do something, Larry?"

"Just sit there and look beautiful," Larry ordered. "Margaret is going to butter the rolls for the steak."



FLORENCE DESMOND, a GBD player, favors this bright satin blouse for late afternoon wear. The circular stripes are relieved by an interlacing strip down the centre. The blouse is worn with a plain skirt of black.

"I can do that," Elizabeth insisted. Margaret was nowhere in sight, but the sound of her laughter came from around the bend.

"All right, honey," Larry gave her the bag of rolls and butter and spread a clean brown paper for Elizabeth to work on. She set about it happily.

"Well, look at the little house-keeper!" Mary Leahy spoke affectionately.

Larry looked at her with approval. "She's good help, too," Elizabeth flushed at his praise.

After lunch Elizabeth left the others playing ball and with shoes and stockings off made her way around the bend in the creek. The water was cool and soft to her feet, the old flat stones were smooth, and she went on farther than she had intended. Larry packed up after the picnic, and when the fire was out and everything neat he looked about for Elizabeth. She was not in sight. He lighted a cigarette and strolled along the path above the brook. Around the bend he saw Elizabeth sitting on a rock below.

"Hello, there, did you get tired?"

She turned at the sound of his voice; she was glad it was Larry who had come for her. "I twisted my ankle a little... the stones were so slippery—"

"Here, let me see it." He knelt down by her side. "It hasn't begun to swell, but it probably will. I'd better carry you back." He picked her up and carried her up the bank.

"I think I can walk all right."

"But you're not going to. Put your arm around my neck."

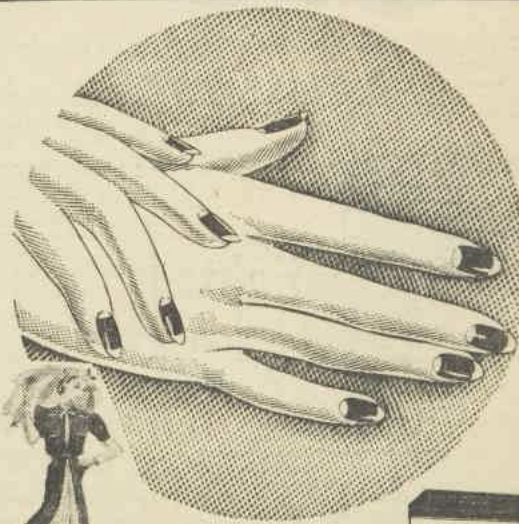
For an instant Larry Douglas looked down at her strangely. Then he smiled and kissed her young lips gently. "You're a darling," he breathed.

"They heard Jim calling them. Where's Elizabeth?"

"Here," answered Larry from the road. "She's all right."

For the moment she was much more than all right. She was a jewel brought to light. Larry had kissed her. But she had kissed him first; she remembered that when the night had settled down over her bed. It had begun to rain, slowly, gently, organdie draped like a blue haze.

Please turn to Page 20



Lelong Sponsors Cutex Laurel!

Lelong, the famous Paris designer, says:

"Wear Cutex Laurel with blue, rose, grey, green." The exciting new Cutex fingertip shades will add subtle dashes of colour to your favourite costume.

And there's a shade among them that will accent your own colouring too! Create character in your hands by selecting one of these new shades for your very own!

CUTEX
Nail Polish



3 NEW SHADES
CLOVER
TULIP
THISTLE
LAUREL
HEATHER

Prizes for Letters

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address will be found at top of Page 3.



Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Pen-names are not permitted. Readers made this rule for themselves by ballot.

SPORT FOR GIRLS

IT is strange these days to hear, as I have heard so often lately, exercise decried as harmful to girls. One has only to look back a generation to realise what sport and exercise have actually done for our girls.

Anaemia, fainting fits and hysterics were once quite common among young women.

Now, together with round shoulders and under-development, they are almost unheard of.

I believe this bodily improvement has brought about a corresponding mental development and vigor, resulting in the independent and adventurous types of girls who are making history today in many fields.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. E. Hagarty, 10 Claremont Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.

TAKE FIRM STAND

IT is amazing the number of women who never think of changing their tradesmen, no matter how poor the goods they offer. Meekly protesting, they continue to deal from them.

Wake up, housewives, and refuse to take inferior articles. Then we shall get better service, and the good food to which we are entitled.

Mrs. J. W. Love, Peterborough West, S.A.

NEW STANDARDS

AS a member of an older generation, I am annoyed by the way my contemporaries decri modern youth.

We should remember our own youth, how "old-fashioned," unreasonable, and prejudiced we often thought our parents, when they condemned anything we thought new and exciting.

If we accept the changes this generation has brought as understanding as we wished our parents to accept the new standards of our own youth, our reward will be the gay and loving comradeship of our children—a very high reward indeed.

Mrs. M. Ellis, 60 Anglesea St., Bondi, N.S.W.

DIGNIFIED ADDRESS

I THINK that the use of the Christian names of girl employees in offices is most unbusinesslike.

Generally this habit begins when the girl is first employed as a junior, and being uncertain of her ground allows everybody to use her first name.

But when she is a senior the habit persists, and if she endeavors to live up to the dignity of a respectable position by insisting on the title of "miss," she is accused of affectation. Other girls who join the staff as seniors are accorded the title without dispute.

The situation could be avoided if executives in offices insisted that all girls, irrespective of their positions, were given their full title. The girls themselves should also avoid the use of Christian names among themselves, except when away from the office.

P. Fitzgerald, William St., Gladstone, Qld.

HURTFUL TRUTHS

ONE hears so many complaints regarding the lack of sincerity on the part of the average woman towards her fellows.

I resent these lamentations. After all, if one were compelled to air one's real feelings towards many of one's acquaintances, what an unhappy world it would be. It is better to hear a few charming insincerities than discourteous and hurtful truths.

Miss Kay Carmody, 4 Denison Rd., Lewisham, N.S.W.

Are Australians Lacking In Camaraderie?

E. PRATT says that Australians, as a race, are self-conscious and lacking in that camaraderie which distinguishes European peoples (11/3/39).

I would not like to see frequent repetition of the café incident he mentioned when diners spontaneously joined in singing with the band. Most people, even in Europe, would resent such an interruption during meal time.

But I agree that Australians are restrained and self-conscious. British in origin, we are fearful of showing emotion or of doing anything unconventional, and so miss a great deal of fun in life.

Miss I. Freeman, Giblin St., New Town, Tas.

City Restraint

CITY people are restrained, and lack true camaraderie. One may live in a street for years without speaking to one's next-door neighbor. One may dine in a restaurant surrounded by people without being addressed except by the waiter.

But in the country a much friendlier atmosphere prevails. Attend a country dance, and you will see people, entirely forgetful of self giving themselves up to the enjoyment of the moment. And no newcomer can remain a stranger for long.

Peg Carter, Ferguson St., Myrtle Bank, S.A.

Community Singing

E. PRATT has evidently never attended a community singing concert, or she would not say that camaraderie is lacking among Australians.

There is a time and place for everything, and most people go to a café to dine quietly, not to sing. Mrs. R. Fletcher, 23 Wade St., Campsie, N.S.W.

Too Shy?

YES, E. Pratt, if we dropped some of our reserve the world would be a happier place. In trains, trams at work, when dining, many an opportunity to make friends is lost because we are too shy to make overtures.

In this respect we are behind other cities of the world, where every person seems to be a potential friend. Mrs. H. Goodair, 34 Cornwall St., West Moreland N12, Vic.

Too Self-Conscious

YES, E. Pratt, it would be well if we Australians could lose some of our reserve and self-consciousness and become more spontaneous.

Most of us are fearful lest we "make fools of ourselves" and so the atmosphere at most gatherings is one of reserve instead of joyousness.

Edith Bury, 29 Asling St., Preston N18, Vic.

Bar Noise!

IS it really so desirable, as E. Pratt suggests, that diners in restaurants should join in singing? Many



Restaurant no place for singing.

of us prefer our meals in a more peaceful environment, and, personally, I can imagine few things more distasteful than having to eat while surrounded by strangers chorusing the songs of the moment. If people want to sing in company let them join in community singing, and leave the restaurants alone.

M. Taylor, 18 Sweet St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Woman's Mental Equality With Man

I AGREE with J. Keonigh (11/3/39) that the few women who have displayed exceptional talent do not prove that women as a class are the equals of men in intellect and ability.

The average woman is not so keen-witted, so easily able to grasp essentials, as the average man.

I endorse also the charge of pettiness made against women by J. Keonigh. Attendance at many women's gatherings has shown me just how intolerant and prejudiced they can be.

E. Kellie, 18 Caulfield Ave., Hollywood, Adelaide.

No Real Competition

THE average woman does not compare favorably with the average man in business, Parliament or the professions, J. Keonigh, because she does not try to compete with him for such positions.

We women have our own job to do—that of looking after our homes and families. Surely the fact that women who have chosen careers are successful goes to prove that women are intellectually equal to men?

Mrs. J. Haigh, 7 Spring St., Preston, Vic.

Care of Household

THE average woman is no less clear-thinking than the average man.

The mother's task of caring for her home, the welfare of her husband and children, of budgeting for

Excluding Women?

WHILE women really prefer men's company to that of their own sex, especially in their hours of recreation, men like to be together.

They love a day at cricket, a men's golf four-ball, a men's set of tennis—or to congregate and laugh heartily over each other's jokes.

Is this an instinctive banding together, to counteract the encroachment of women on spheres that men once thought entirely their own?

I would like to hear men's opinion on this subject.

Miss D. J. Miller, Box 259D, G.P.O., Brisbane.

household expenses, is one that demands concentration and a keen brain. And most women acquit themselves well at such tasks.

If women are given the same opportunity as men in business, they would do as well.

Mrs. M. Lister, Binalong St., Young, N.S.W.

More Conscientious

IN spite of your argument, J. Keonigh, I still think that women are intellectually equal to men. They have common sense and courage, combined with a conscientiousness that is often lacking in men.

Men are too impatient to worry over details.

Mrs. Ivy F. Vaudin, Norman Tee, Enoggera, Qld.

Talents Latent

WOMEN, I believe, are intellectually equal to men, but their talents are latent.

The average woman concentrates on making herself attractive in order to "have a good time," and to marry. Because there is still a stigma attached to the woman who does not marry, every girl feels she must acquire a husband.

But a man naturally is more interested in earning his living and gives practically his whole attention to it. A girl does not have to be a man's intellectual equal to achieve her life's ambition; therefore she doesn't try.

Heleen Patterson, Bayview Tee, Claremont, W.A.

Men Who Make Mother Their Confidant

MRS. FRANK MEADOWS wonders why girls despise a man who goes to his mother for advice (11/3/39).

Nobody thinks any the less of a man who values his mother's opinion,



Tied to his mother's apron strings.

but if he requires her to make his decisions for him, then he would indeed be an unhappy choice for a husband.

But in general a man who respects his mother's opinion enough to ask her advice will show respect to all womankind.

Mrs. Gerald Smith, Winthrop Ave., Mt. Lawley, W.A.

Won't Break Habit

I MUST differ from Mrs. Frank Meadows who considers that a man who is "tied to his mother's apron strings" will make a good husband.

Certainly one who shows respect and affection for his mother is to be admired. But a man who is in the habit of going to his mother for advice on all subjects will not break that habit when he marries, and his wife will find her mother-in-law running her home.

E. O. Cornell, c/o Mrs. B. Marten, Sarruiah, Wentworth Falls, N.S.W.

Man's Best Friend

TO whom is a man to go for comfort and advice if not to his mother, the person who knows and understands him best?

A good mother understands, however, that she must take second place in her son's affections when he marries.

Ida Levy, Royal Pde., Alderley, Brisbane.

GET RID OF YOUR CORNS

Painlessly With

Zam-Buk

WHY let those obstinate corns continue to pain and cripple you? Just follow this easy Zam-Buk treatment and you will soon go about your daily work with happy, care-free feet.

Night and morning give your feet a thorough soaking in hot water. Then, after drying, rub Zam-Buk well in, especially round the edges and on the tops of the corns. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed and immediately start.

Loosening Corns At The Roots

In a few days you will find that you can ease your corns out from their roots without any pain, and you will again know the joy of easy comfortable feet.

Zam-Buk also relieves pain, swelling and foot soreness, grows new skin and wonderfully strengthens ankles, joints, toes, and feet. Don't suffer another day—get a box of Zam-Buk—there's nothing like it.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All Chemists & Stores



"I had a painful corn on my toe and was glad to take my shoe off for relief when I got home from work. Soaking my foot in hot water and rubbing in Zam-Buk enabled the corn to be removed."—Mr. M. Wall.

"Having such trouble with my feet I had to stop in and rest them. Zam-Buk gave wonderful relief, and friends were astonished to see me about again."—Mrs. G. Hutchings.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy
to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous, and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlax Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey-haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

DURING

the week that followed the Flemings did not see Larry Douglas, and to Elizabeth's amazement, no one seemed to think that strange. No one mentioned his absence. Apparently they had all forgotten Larry Douglas in the excitement of Anne's return. How could they forget him and go on as if nothing was wrong, as they sat, talking about Anne's new house, her curtains, the rug for the hall upstairs?

"Wonder where Larry is," Mrs. Fleming pondered at last, in the brooding Sunday evening quiet. "We haven't seen him for quite a while now."

Anne unwittingly brought that news the next evening. Her Bob had told her at lunch that Margaret Wilson was wearing an engagement ring. He had just noticed it that day in the office. "So I guess that's the reason we haven't seen much of

Family Friend

Continued from Page 18

Larry lately," she added serenely, "and I think it is a splendid thing for him. He's been very lonely since his people died, and he'll appreciate a home so much."

"Yes, I'm sure he will," Mrs. Fleming agreed. "He's a fine boy." She noticed that Elizabeth, who had been at the door ready to join them, had gone back into the house. Elizabeth didn't seem as well these days, she thought worriedly.

Presently Anne went to look for her sister. She was not on her couch, so Anne went up the shabby stairs to the room she and Elizabeth had once shared. It was dark in the room, but she could see her sister flung along the bed. She thought at first that Elizabeth was asleep and she started away, but a small broken sob stopped her.

Swiftly she knelt by the bed. "Elizabeth—what's wrong, darling? Don't you feel well?"

"No... please go away."

"But darling—" Anne was distressed and puzzled. "This wasn't like Elizabeth. What's the matter? You can tell me."

Between sobs Elizabeth said something that sounded like Larry. "What about Larry?" Anne wanted to know gently.

"I love him," Elizabeth sobbed and then became suddenly quiet.

"You—you love Larry Douglas?"

"Yes," Elizabeth spoke in a monotone. "All the time you were away, Anne, he came and took me for rides and to movies, and once we danced. And we had a picnic and I sprained my ankle and he kissed me."

"But Elizabeth, dear, don't you see he was only fond of you? You were like a younger sister to him. Love is something very different," she added out of her new wisdom.

"I know what love is," Elizabeth sat up stiffly. "I'm not a child. You may think that, and Larry may think that, but I'm not. I've been treated like one all my life, but Larry didn't treat me that way. He thought I could do things and he made me do things; he let me help him. And I love him," she ended slowly. "I don't want to live as I've lived all my life, with Mamma and Jim fussing over me all the time. I liked doing things—with Larry."

"But, Elizabeth—" Anne felt helpless.

"And I wanted to marry him," Elizabeth confided simply, "and keep house for him. And I could have done that."

"Of course you could, darling," soothed Anne. "I'm sorry, I didn't know about it. Listen, how would you like to come and stay with Bob and me for a few days? You could help me, you know. There are lots of things we could do."

ELIZABETH shook her head. "No; it won't help, Anne. Nothing will."

A few days later Jim came home with the news that Larry Douglas had a new job. The clothing concern he worked for had opened a branch store in a nearby town, and Larry had been made manager.

"Funny he didn't tell us about it," Mrs. Fleming remarked.

"Well, I don't think he knew about it himself," Jim defended. "He only went over there to help open up the store, and they offered him the job as manager."

"That's wonderful," Mrs. Fleming was pleased for Larry. "He'll be making enough to get married on."

That was exactly what Larry Douglas was thinking as he drove towards the Fleming house the next Sunday afternoon. If he hadn't been so busy he would have written, he thought, without much concern that he hadn't done so.

Mrs. Fleming was on the porch alone when he drove in front of the familiar house. "Why, Larry," she greeted him cordially. "It's good to see you. We've been hearing about you quite a lot, your new job and your engagement."

"What engagement?" asked Larry, looking surprised.

It was Mrs. Fleming's turn to be surprised. "Why, that is we heard—at least Bob told Anne that Margaret Wilson was wearing an engagement ring, and you two have been going together for quite a while—" Mrs. Fleming came to a confused pause.

Larry laughed. "I didn't give her any ring. It must have been Ed Kane. He's been crazy about her for a long time."

"Why, you don't say—" began Mrs. Fleming. She would have liked to hear more, but Larry's thoughts seemed to be elsewhere.

"Where's Elizabeth?" he asked.

"Elizabeth isn't so well, Larry," Mrs. Fleming's brows drew together with a sudden worry. "She's been in bed almost all the week. Anne's upstairs with her now."

"I'd like to see her," Larry said. "Well, do—I think you would cheer her up, Larry."

Anne opened the bedroom door. Larry! Elizabeth, sitting by the window in her blue bathrobe, had caught sight of him. She started from her chair. "Larry—" She ran towards him.

BEGINNING

I think that I shall never learn

*The art of turning rhyme,
With subtle fancies that I yearn*

To weave in spoken time.

*To make my puppet trip
and dance*

*Or pout in mood perverse,
And woo in whirls of gay romance*

The fickle heart of verse.

—Yvonne Webb.

"Elizabeth, darling!"

After a while Anne tiptoed downstairs. It didn't seem that Elizabeth was going to need her any more to-day.

Jim Fleming finally calmed down enough to essay a patient explanation to the strangely obtuse young man who sat opposite him in the Fleming kitchen. "Listen, Larry," he argued, spacing his words as if he were talking to a child. "Elizabeth couldn't marry anybody; she isn't well enough. She's never been away from home, and she has to be looked after. You don't understand—it's just out of the question. She can't get married. Neither Mom nor I would ever hear of such a thing—going to a strange town all by herself—"

"Well, not exactly by herself," Larry Douglas managed to insert. "I'll be with her and I love her."

Jim stared. "Well, anyway, she can't get married," he asserted flatly.

"Oh, yes, I can," Both young men looked up, astonished. Elizabeth, dressed in her blue skirt and sweater, was standing in the doorway smiling. "I can, and I'm going to." Still smiling, she walked over and put her hand in Larry's.

"She'll be all right, Jim," Mary assured him.

"Well, maybe so," Jim was resigned. "But with Anne married and Elizabeth going to be married, there won't be anybody left but Mom and Kathleen and Joey and the twins. It's going to be lonesome around here." The sympathy he saw in Mary Leahy's eyes was sweet, healing. "Look, Mary," he urged persuasively, "why couldn't we get married soon? There's only five of them left to take care of—"

"Well, that's what I'm thinking," said Mary smiling. "It will be easy."

(Copyright.)

YOU CAN feel YOUR GUMS tingle

The morning and evening practice of mouth Euthymolisation is more than a cleanly habit or a traditional rite—it is a scientific necessity.

It would be easy to provide a tooth paste which would tickle the palate like some rare confection. The function of Euthymol Tooth Paste is to seek out the deadly dental decay germs and destroy them. The tiny Euthymol bubbles penetrate the most minute crevices in and between the teeth—and actually KILL dental decay germs in thirty seconds contact.

Try a tube of Euthymol—you will feel your gums tingle as this scientific product does its work. You will be thrilled with the glistening cleanliness and sense of mouth well-being when you use Euthymol.

Obtainable at chemists
and stores everywhere.
1/3 per tube.

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE

A PARKE DAVIS PRODUCT

It's Impossible 'B.O.'
I CAN'T have 'B.O.'
-I bath regularly

BUT—

... no matter how particular you are about bathing regularly, you may still be offending. Ordinary soap and water are not a sure protection. To be certain you must use Lifebuoy because it is specially made to prevent "B.O." Lifebuoy's rich lather is extra-cleansing—it contains a special purifying ingredient not in other toilet soap. Lifebuoy rids the pores of all impurities... leaves them free-to-breathe, fresh and sweet.

AND LIFEBOUY IS Milder... HERE IS PROOF!

6,000 scientific tests by a famous Australian skin specialist proved beyond doubt that Lifebuoy is actually milder than many toilet soaps specially recommended for babies and women. Millions of people, who first bought Lifebuoy for protection from "B.O.", have discovered this wonderful mildness for themselves. They find that Lifebuoy is not only gloriously refreshing, but soothing and kind to the skin, too. Let Lifebuoy keep your skin in clear, healthy condition. Start to-day and use it regularly. Lifebuoy's clean scent vanishes as you rinse, but its protection remains.



LIFEBOUY SOAP

PREVENTS "B.O." (BODY ODOR)

2,490.15

LIFEBOUY'S
MILD LATHER
HAS WORKED
WONDERS ON MY
SKIN AND KEPT
ME FREE FROM
"B.O."



Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

LEFT STANDING

SHORTLY after having learned to ride my motor cycle I had to take my brother three miles into Murrumbidgee to the doctor.

He rode pillion and when he ceased to talk to me I put it down to his being ill and did not worry. But when, on approaching town, I asked him how he was feeling and received no answer, I looked behind. The pillion seat was empty.

Imagine my fears as I turned round and raced back. But I had not gone far when I met him walking towards me.

He had distrusted my driving, and as the bike turned a corner he thought it was going to turn over. Consequently he put his feet to the ground and, being 6ft. tall, the machine went from under him without even throwing him off his balance.

10/6 to C. B. Andersen, Keith Hall, via Ballina, Richmond River, N.S.W.

FALSE ALARM

WHILE serving as a naval rating on a cruiser on the north coast of Queensland a number of us were given shore leave to enjoy a swim.

As the pinnace neared shore some of the men leapt overboard, and one of them had gone only a few yards when he screamed for help. At the same time blood discoloured the water, which he beat frantically with his arms.

The men on the launch grabbed oars and boathooks to drive the shark away, but almost simultaneously the "victim" stood up.

He had swum onto submerged coral and received severe gashes on his chest and abdomen. But feeling the sharp coral bite into him he was certain, like ourselves, that a shark had attacked him.

2/6 to Mr. E. Cox, Chaucer St. St. Kilda S.E., Vic.

OVER-HASTY

ABOUT two o'clock one morning my two little nephews, aged two and three years respectively, wandered into our place, clad only in pyjamas. They had walked about a mile from their home, and greeted us with, "Mum's cleared out."

Startled, we hurried to my sister's home, and found her bedroom door locked. But in response to our knocking she soon emerged.

Being nervous during her husband's absence, she had kept her door locked, and the little boys, on knocking on the door and receiving no answer, thought she had left them.

2/6 to Miss Mary Wilson, Napier Tce., Westbourne Park, S.A.

WHO GOT THE SCARE?

A COUNTRY friend was startled by a large silver-grey snake gliding close to her feet. Snatching up a tomahawk, she called to her landlady, who seized an axe and joined the chase.

Alarmed, the serpent vanished down a hole in a nearby shed from which a second later a huge rat emerged, and raced in the opposite direction.

Helpless with laughter, the two Dianas gave up the chase.

2/6 to Miss E. A. Thompson, Fisher St., Malvern, S.A.

STRANGE SANDWICH

HOUSEKEEPING in New Guinea, I had engaged a new native houseboy. First of his duties was to prepare and deliver sandwiches for my husband's lunch.

When my husband returned from work that night he told me that the boy had omitted to put in any cake. I immediately told the boy not to forget to include it the following day.

He didn't. When my husband opened his lunch he was amazed to find a neat little pile of sandwiches, made with anchovy paste, and a slice of fruit cake in every one!

2/6 to Mrs. C. S. Timewell, Spring St., West End, Brisbane.

Good Samaritan imprisoned under water

WHILE enjoying a swim at the North Sydney Olympic Pool I saw an attendant vainly trying to close one of the portholes.

These holes are closed on the same principle as the top of a talcum powder tin, only instead of turning from the outside they are closed from the inside by means of a cubic hammer-head at the end of a pole that fits into a square cavity in the centre of the porthole. By moving this pole from side to side the porthole is closed.

When I asked the attendant if I could be of any assistance, he replied "Yes. I can't turn this confounded thing. Could you dive down and see what's wrong?"

I dived down about 6ft. to where the hole was situated and, to keep myself down, I put my index and second fingers into one of the holes, while with the other hand I put the spanner into place. As soon as the man felt it in position he pulled the lever.

A sharp jab of pain ran up my arm from my two fingers, then another, and another. My fingers were nearly cut through. Then it dawned on me that the man on top did not know what had hap-

pened, and I, being unable to withdraw my fingers, would stay there and drown.

I struggled desperately to get away, but only tore my fingers in the attempt. My lungs were nearly bursting. I was growing weak and dizzy, my head was aching, and my fingers were causing me to suffer severe pain. If I could only get to the surface for breath . . . but I was a good 6ft. below the surface.

As a last desperate effort I seized the pole and tried to wrench it out of the man's hand. I pulled on it with all my remaining strength, and was relieved to feel my fingers freed.

When I reached the top I was helped out of the water to the first aid man, who doctored my fingers and, after giving me a rest, sent me straight home.

All that now remains to remind me of my scare are four small scars on my two fingers.

11/1/- to Frank Dunne, Junr., Kellyville, via Parramatta, N.S.W.

As a last desperate effort I seized the pole and tried to wrench it out of the man's hand. I pulled on it with all my remaining strength, and was relieved to feel my fingers freed.

When I reached the top I was helped out of the water to the first aid man, who doctored my fingers and, after giving me a rest, sent me straight home.

All that now remains to remind me of my scare are four small scars on my two fingers.

11/1/- to Frank Dunne, Junr., Kellyville, via Parramatta, N.S.W.

As a last desperate effort I seized the pole and tried to wrench it out of the man's hand. I pulled on it with all my remaining strength, and was relieved to feel my fingers freed.

When I reached the top I was helped out of the water to the first aid man, who doctored my fingers and, after giving me a rest, sent me straight home.

All that now remains to remind me of my scare are four small scars on my two fingers.

11/1/- to Frank Dunne, Junr., Kellyville, via Parramatta, N.S.W.



"I struggled desperately to get away, but only tore my fingers in the attempt."

pened, and I, being unable to withdraw my fingers, would stay there and drown.

I struggled desperately to get away, but only tore my fingers in the attempt. My lungs were nearly bursting. I was growing weak and dizzy, my head was aching, and my fingers were causing me to suffer severe pain. If I could only get to the surface for breath . . . but I was a good 6ft. below the surface.

As a last desperate effort I seized the pole and tried to wrench it out of the man's hand. I pulled on it with all my remaining strength, and was relieved to feel my fingers freed.

When I reached the top I was helped out of the water to the first aid man, who doctored my fingers and, after giving me a rest, sent me straight home.

All that now remains to remind me of my scare are four small scars on my two fingers.

11/1/- to Frank Dunne, Junr., Kellyville, via Parramatta, N.S.W.

As a last desperate effort I seized the pole and tried to wrench it out of the man's hand. I pulled on it with all my remaining strength, and was relieved to feel my fingers freed.

When I reached the top I was helped out of the water to the first aid man, who doctored my fingers and, after giving me a rest, sent me straight home.

All that now remains to remind me of my scare are four small scars on my two fingers.

11/1/- to Frank Dunne, Junr., Kellyville, via Parramatta, N.S.W.

As a last desperate effort I seized the pole and tried to wrench it out of the man's hand. I pulled on it with all my remaining strength, and was relieved to feel my fingers freed.

When I reached the top I was helped out of the water to the first aid man, who doctored my fingers and, after giving me a rest, sent me straight home.

All that now remains to remind me of my scare are four small scars on my two fingers.

11/1/- to Frank Dunne, Junr., Kellyville, via Parramatta, N.S.W.

As a last desperate effort I seized the pole and tried to wrench it out of the man's hand. I pulled on it with all my remaining strength, and was relieved to feel my fingers freed.

When I reached the top I was helped out of the water to the first aid man, who doctored my fingers and, after giving me a rest, sent me straight home.

All that now remains to remind me of my scare are four small scars on my two fingers.

11/1/- to Frank Dunne, Junr., Kellyville, via Parramatta, N.S.W.

As a last desperate effort I seized the pole and tried to wrench it out of the man's hand. I pulled on it with all my remaining strength, and was relieved to feel my fingers freed.

When I reached the top I was helped out of the water to the first aid man, who doctored my fingers and, after giving me a rest, sent me straight home.

All that now remains to remind me of my scare are four small scars on my two fingers.

11/1/- to Frank Dunne, Junr., Kellyville, via Parramatta, N.S.W.

As a last desperate effort I seized the pole and tried to wrench it out of the man's hand. I pulled on it with all my remaining strength, and was relieved to feel my fingers freed.

When I reached the top I was helped out of the water to the first aid man, who doctored my fingers and, after giving me a rest, sent me straight home.

All that now remains to remind me of my scare are four small scars on my two fingers.

11/1/- to Frank Dunne, Junr., Kellyville, via Parramatta, N.S.W.

As a last desperate effort I seized the pole and tried to wrench it out of the man's hand. I pulled on it with all my remaining strength, and was relieved to feel my fingers freed.

When I reached the top I was helped out of the water to the first aid man, who doctored my fingers and, after giving me a rest, sent me straight home.

All that now remains to remind me of my scare are four small scars on my two fingers.

Headed for Rapids

THERE had been heavy rain and the Shoalhaven River (N.S.W.) was in flood and a raging torrent.

Nevertheless, with a friend, I set out to paddle a canoe from Tallong to Nowra.

The speed attained in the swirling flood waters was glorious, but suddenly, on rounding a bend, we found ourselves almost on top of a roaring rapid. Disaster seemed inevitable. We tried to back-paddle, but our efforts were in vain, and we were slowly carried towards that seething mass of water that tore its way through huge ugly black rocks.

Then we saw a niche in the precipitous wall beside us. This offered temporary safety. But now we had to paddle back upstream to reach the shallow water on the opposite bank.

Pushing the canoe out into the current we paddled furiously. At first we made no headway, then slowly we crawled away from the rocks and, after what seemed hours, succeeded in reaching shallow water—and safety.

2/6 to H. Carruthers, Waratah St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

Lightning Shock

IT was a Saturday night during the January heat-wave, and the family sought relief on the front verandah.

My daughter was lying face down on a stretcher, with her bare feet reaching below the end of the bed. The earth wire of the telephone was about two feet away, and between the bed and the wire a lily, growing in a petrol drum, stood close to her feet.

There had been lightning, and suddenly a bough in a nearby gum tree crashed and a rustling noise came along the wires.

At that moment my daughter leapt from the bed calling "I've had a shock," and fell down half-conscious.

An examination revealed that the limb and the wires had been struck by lightning, and when the damp earth around the plant had attracted the current from the earth wire it had entered the girl's body through her feet.

2/6 to Mrs. T. A. Sanderson, Pin-naroo, S.A.

Hay Load Slipped

CARTING hay in the Riverina (N.S.W.) I was driving from the top of the load when the front portion slipped and I went with it.

The horses bolted, and amid a shower of sheaves I fell on to the rear shafter, still clutching the reins, and from there to the ground.

The reins became hooked round my leg and I was dragged by the leg only a few inches from the front wheel, expecting every moment to be swung into its path. After being dragged for about fifty yards the reins broke and the back wheel missed me by inches.

The horses continued their flight past the stack, up the bank of a five-thousand yard tank, where, but for the prompt action of the manager, who cut across in front of them, horses, wagon and hay would have been immersed in fifteen feet of water.

2/6 to A. Redman, Mt. Parry, Wil-low Tree, N.S.W.

As a last desperate effort I seized the pole and tried to wrench it out of the man's hand. I pulled on it with all my remaining strength, and was relieved to feel my fingers freed.

When I reached the top I was helped out of the water to the first aid man, who doctored my fingers and, after giving me a rest, sent me straight home.

All that now remains to remind me of my scare are four small scars on my two fingers.

11/1/- to Frank Dunne, Junr., Kellyville, via Parramatta, N.S.W.

As a last desperate effort I seized the pole and tried to wrench it out of the man's hand. I pulled on it with all my remaining strength, and was relieved to feel my fingers freed.

When I reached the top I was helped out of the water to the first aid man, who doctored my fingers and, after giving me a rest, sent me straight home.

All that now remains to remind me of my scare are four small scars on my two fingers.

11/1/- to Frank Dunne, Junr., Kellyville, via Parramatta, N.S.W.

As a last desperate effort I seized the pole and tried to wrench it out of the man's hand. I pulled on it with all my remaining strength, and was relieved to feel my fingers freed.

When I reached the top I was helped out of the water to the first aid man, who doctored my fingers and, after giving me a rest, sent me straight home.

All that now remains to remind me of my scare are four small scars on my two fingers.

11/1/- to Frank Dunne, Junr., Kellyville, via Parramatta, N.S.W.

As a last desperate effort I seized the pole and tried to wrench it out of the man's hand. I pulled on it with all my remaining strength, and was relieved to feel my fingers freed.

When I reached the top I was helped out of the water to the first aid man, who doctored my fingers and, after giving me a rest, sent me straight home.

All that now remains to remind me of my scare are four small scars on my two fingers.

11/1/- to Frank Dunne, Junr., Kellyville, via Parramatta, N.S.W.

As a last desperate effort I seized the pole and tried to wrench it out of the man's hand. I pulled on it with all my remaining strength, and was relieved to feel my fingers freed.

When I reached the top I was helped out of the water to the first aid man, who doctored my fingers and, after giving me a rest, sent me straight home.

All that now remains to remind me of my scare are four small scars on my two fingers.

11/1/- to Frank Dunne, Junr., Kellyville, via Parramatta, N.S.W.

As a last desperate effort I seized the pole and tried to wrench it out of the man's hand. I pulled on it with all my remaining strength, and was relieved to feel my fingers freed.

When I reached the top I was helped out of the water to the first aid man, who doctored my fingers and, after giving me a rest, sent me straight home.

All that now remains to remind me of my scare are four small scars on my two fingers.

give 'NUGGET'

TURN

It means
NEW LIFE
for your Shoes

It means a BRIGHTER shine.
It means GREATER protection
for the leather against all
kinds of weather. It means
LONGER life for the shoes.

There is a "Nugget" shade
for every shoe made.

"Sun-Kist"



...AND AS
FRESH AS
THE DAWN!



There is summer witchery for jaded appetites in every tin of "Sun-Kist" Asparagus. The tender goodness in these specially selected "Sun-Kist" California Asparagus tips is carefully preserved and retained—they come to you as invitingly fresh as the dewy morning on which they were cut. Keep a few tins of "Sun-Kist" handy in your pantry for unexpected guests, impromptu suppers and all occasions that call for a light, appetising repast.

SUN-KIST

CALIFORNIA ASPARAGUS TIPS

HK-1-24

KEEP A FEW TINS IN YOUR PANTRY

Wise Folk Plan Well Ahead

IMMEDIATE application should be made for FULL PARTICULARS regarding our wonderful

XMAS PARTIES

SOUTH SEAS 3 WEEKS' UNUSUAL CRUISE. ADELAIDE AND THE 3 WEEKS' GULF TRIP. TASMANIA FOR 13 GLORIOUS DAYS. CRUISES, COLOMBO, ETC., ETC.

Write Now—

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney. MA4496.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Constant headaches, poor circulation, falling sight, dizziness, flushes and kidney and bladder weaknesses are caused by High Blood Pressure. If you suffer this way start a 3 months' course of DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure—to banish aches and pains, improve circulation, rejuvenate your arteries, give you new vitality.

Month's Plask 6/6. Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS
12 Days Plask 3/6.
At your chemist.

Dangerous Varicose Veins Can be Reduced

People who want to reduce swollen or varicose veins should get a bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil at once. Applying night and morning as directed, they will quickly notice an improvement, which will continue until the veins and bunches are reduced to normal. The leading chemists sell lots.

May Holman's triumph at hour of death

Moving drama of woman who was elected six times to Parliament

This is the simple, moving story of May Alice Holman, the girl from Broken Hill, elected to the West Australian Parliament for the sixth time last week—one hour before she died.

HER tragic death, which was the result of a car accident while travelling to address an election meeting, has robbed Australian politics of a unique personality, and women of one of their most inspiring leaders.

May Holman made political history when she became a Member of Parliament at the early age of 31. She was the second woman elected to an Australian Parliament—and the first to represent the Labor Party. She held the seat till the day of her death.

It is a poignant fact that as her supporters were voting for her on election day her life was slowly ebbing away.

She was not a frequent speaker in the House, but when she did rise her words were listened to with the closest attention. She invariably spoke upon subjects of which she had a thorough knowledge, particularly the development of the South-West, the timber industry, and questions related to women's interests.

Less than a year after she entered Parliament she successfully sponsored the Timber Industry Regulation Bill, and she surprised many Members with the knowledge she showed of the industry and the calm and clear way in which she presented the facts.

Deeply Sincere

HER sincerity earned her the respect and esteem of her fellow Members on both sides of the House.

Not only was she an efficient politician who knew her job. She was also a domesticated family woman whose courage and gallantry appealed to the traditional chivalry of the West Australian country men, who voted her back to office at every election.

Born at Broken Hill in 1893, she was the eldest of nine children.

She went to West Australia with her parents when she was two years old.

When her father died in 1925, his will made her guardian of the family.

When her mother died a few years ago most of her brothers were launched in their own careers, and some of her sisters married, but there were still three schoolgirl sisters in her family.

Educated at a convent in Cue, and later at the Sacred Heart High School, Perth, Miss Holman became a typist at Perth Trades Hall.

In her leisure hours she continued her musical studies, attaining degrees for singing and piano which entitled her to place 26 letters after her name.

Her musical ability was quickly recognised and she was greatly in demand at concerts for her impersonations at the piano and her singing.

During the war she used her talents freely both to entertain invalid soldiers and in raising money to relieve war distress.

Music remained her chief hobby all her life. Recently she was conductor of the Labor Choir and brought the standard to a high level.

In the last few months she had set many Labor songs to music, and they had just been published.

Always Helped

IN 1918 May Holman was appointed assistant secretary to the then State branch of the Australian Timber Workers' Union. It was her ability in this position, coupled with her popularity, which paved the way for her entry into Parliament.

Her father, whose name will always be remembered as one of the outstanding men of the early days of the Labor Party in W.A., had long

been prominent in the Timber Workers' organisation.

He was a member of Parliament for various terms between 1901 and his death in 1925.

It was a remarkable tribute to the esteem in which Miss Holman was held that on her father's death the timber workers should elect her for Forrest as his successor.

No member of Parliament has ever been more closely identified with the life of an electorate.

Did a timber man's daughter go to Perth to work, Miss Holman kept a sly eye on her. Did his wife want to match a pattern or shade in Perth, May would gladly undertake the task. If a timber man wanted advice about improved conditions, more pay, or a new job, he never hesitated to go along to her.

She sang at their concerts, spoke at their gatherings, and went right into their lives and hearts.

She had an amazing grasp of industrial problems, yet she could discuss recipes, babies, and housework with the housewives in her electorate.

Once in an interview she said that the woman Member of Parliament has an advantage over the man Member.

"A woman Member can walk straight into the kitchen to see her constituents," she said, "but the man has to sit in the front room."

May Holman was very domesticated and always proud of the fact that she was a good cook, and made jams for the family as well as sewing frocks and keeping the house linen in order.

On one occasion she worked for three months on a big farm doing all the cooking, including the bread-baking.



MISS MAY HOLMAN

The Holman home was famed for being open at all times to members of the Labor Party from any part of the world.

She did not look like the feminist of tradition. She dressed well, in attractive clothes, and wore her hair softly waved, and she had a fresh, vivid complexion.

She addressed meetings with a simplicity and directness that was very effective, but still very womanly.

She had planned to attend the Inter-Dominion Conference of Labor in London in 1940 with other Labor women from Australia.

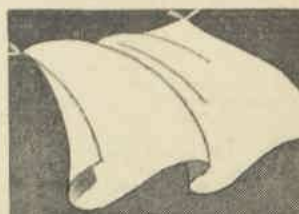
Miss Holman had suffered ill-health over a period of years, and spent almost a year in bed. Her friends refer with emotion to her marvellous courage in fighting sickness.

Now an empty place in the Holman home and an empty place in the lobbies of Parliament are two sad reminders of a woman whose life and work are an inspiration to all.

To stop your clothes turning YELLOW



To preserve their sparkling fresh WHITENESS



Give them the last rinse in BLUE water



Reckitt's BLUE
Blue keeps Linen a good Colour!

800 women want to go on trip under ice



NEAR THE POLE—but Sir H. Wilkins plans to go UNDER the ice.

Seek jobs on submarine with Polar expedition

Eight hundred women have applied to join the crew of Sir Hubert Wilkins' submarine when he goes to the North Pole next year.

In spite of permanent waves and lacquered finger-nails, the spirit of adventure is as strong in women as it is in men.

They are prepared to share with men the hardships and dangers of exploration in the most remote regions of the earth, leaving behind all the comforts of civilisation.

"THE submarine trip has appealed to the imagination of women all over the world," said Sir Hubert Wilkins in a special interview.

"I have had applications from women in Russia, Spain, Italy, England, America and a number in Australia.

"Some of them have scientific qualifications and want to take part in the scientific side of the expedition.

"Others want to make the journey purely as an adventure.

"Then there are many, probably girls, working in shops and offices, who say they are tired of the monotony of their lives and long for a complete change.

"Some of them are so keen to join the crew that they have been writing to me ever since my plans were announced several years ago.

"Many of them send photographs of themselves—and very pretty girls some of them are, too.

Could Do the Work

"QUITE a few, especially in Australia, have descended on me in person to ask for a job aboard the submarine. Two or three have even offered to help finance the expedition.

"Their ages vary from early teens to thirty and thirty-five.

"It would not be impossible to make the expedition with a crew composed entirely of women.

"From the point of view of handling the submarine it would not require great physical strength or endurance. And from the scientific point of view there are women and girls all over the world, especially in Spain and Russia, already doing



SIR HUBERT WILKINS with his wife. Lady Wilkins wants to go on the submarine, but her husband says "No."

similar work to the surveys and observations we shall make.

"The work we shall do requires qualities that most women have—patience, tenacity of purpose, resourcefulness, and a lively interest in the journey.

"But there will not be even one woman member of my crew. The presence of women on the submarine would cause too much public censure.

"We would be accused of exposing women to what are believed to be hazardous conditions.

"Actually, the expedition on the submarine will be much less hazardous than many journeys that have been undertaken by women.

"We will travel under water most of the time, coming up for exercise on the ice at intervals. We will not be exposed to weather conditions, and as we will be surrounded by water we will not be subjected to very cold temperatures."

Women's interest in this submarine venture is but another

I have always longed for adventure and travel and I am wondering if I could be a member of the crew. Though I have no scientific knowledge I am a trained office worker, I can cook, and I have learned first-aid, so perhaps I could be useful on the expedition. I am twenty-two years old, my health is good, and I am prepared to take any hardships to escape from the monotony of my present job.

SEEK ADVENTURE. Hundreds of girls want to join the expedition.

instance of their readiness to engage in any activity to-day—no matter how daring.

For many, such adventures offer relief from the boredom of their routine lives.

Some of the most intrepid air feats in recent years have been performed by women. Women have signed on as crew or passengers on sailing ships, and in several Utopian schemes for colonies on tropic islands there have been plenty of women volunteers.

Six rules for learning things at college

By Air Mail from New York

SIX basic elements to be sought in college education have been outlined by Dr. Gino A. Ratti, dean of the college of liberal arts at Butler University.

He lists them as follows:—

1. Training in the general symbolic representation of human experience. This training comprises studies in language, literature, music, fine arts, and certain aspects of mathematics.

2. Training in the scientific method of procedure in the acquisition of knowledge. The essence of the scientific method is accurate observation, faithful and systematic recording of facts and the formulating of inferences concerning them.

3. Training in the art of exact and systematic thinking. The ultimate aim of this type of training

is to unify and consequently to give meaning to the factual knowledge that the student has acquired.

4. Training in the moral and ethical evaluation of human activity. This training helps the student build for himself a hierarchy of values, a philosophy of life that will bring him into harmonious relationship with the best and highest aspirations of mankind.

5. The acquisition of broad factual knowledge of the world. A student's factual knowledge must be broad in scope, extend back into the past, and have a focal point of interest in the life of the individual student.

6. Opportunity for the creative effort. Courses of a student's programme should offer opportunities for such effort.

Since when have
YOU been using
GIBBS?



Smiling lips look nicer when they reveal gleaming, pearly-white teeth—cleaned with Gibbs. So care for your mouth and teeth the sure, safe Gibbs way. Its refreshing, antiseptic foam penetrates into every crevice of the mouth, neutralising acids, killing germs, leaving teeth polished, safely clean—gums toned up and refreshed. Gibbs lasts twice as long as ordinary tooth-cleaning preparations.

**CHANGE
TO GIBBS
TO-DAY**

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES—DEFEND THEM WITH

Gibbs Dentifrice

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
Small Tins 1/- Large Tins 1/6
Large Refills . . 1/3



Write your
name on your
own tin!

87.87.26



Tested and proved

Fleasop is the outcome of years of research. For destroying fleas and lice, and as a healer of skin disease, it stands as the best dog soap obtainable anywhere.

At all chemists.

Prepared by John Stewart & Son

THE BIOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF AUSTRALASIA LIMITED,
Rushcutters Bay and Randwick, Sydney.

SCIENTIFIC READING OF THE HANDS

Consultations arranged by letter and phone only to:—

JOHN CLAYTON, M.F.S., F.C.T., F.C.S.
Chirological Society of London (Diploma).
KYLE HOUSE (4th Floor),
31 Macquarie Place, Sydney Tel. B4110.

ROLEX WHIST WATCHES

31 WORLD RECORDS



The world's most precise
Wrist Watch, officially at-
tested by Kew Observatory.

9-ct. Gold, £8.15/-
9-ct. White Gold,
£9.10/-

9-ct. White
Gold, £9.10/-

ROLEX WATCH CO. LTD.

H. Wilsdorf, Managing Director

GENEVA - LONDON - PARIS

Demand "Captain" Rich Red Sockeye Salmon

The choicest juiciest rich red steak from the famous Sockeye salmon fills every CAPTAIN tin

BECAUSE of the four main grades of salmon, Sockeye, Coho, Pink, Chum—Sockeye stands supreme for choiceness, tastiness and food value. Buy the best—Buy Captain—It's Sockeye!



Obtainable in 1lb., 1lb., and 1lb. tins at all Grocers and Stores.

Try Captain Sardines. All Captain Products are Delicious.

Captain

Rich Red Sockeye SALMON STEAK

MAKE FRIENDS WITH CAPTAIN CRAB TOO!

2GB

announces

A New Sunday Night Timetable

bringing to you

The Greatest Five Hours' Entertainment in the history of Australian radio

- 6.00-6.30 p.m. "THE CONCERT MASTER"
- 6.30-6.45 p.m. GUEST SPEAKER
By courtesy of the Theosophical Society.
- 6.45-7.00 p.m. "SHOWS OF THE PAST"
Presented by John Dease.
- 7.00-7.15 p.m. "I WANT A DIVORCE"
Presented by Australian General Electric Ltd.
- 7.15-7.30 p.m. "MELODY TOUR"
Presented by the Victorian Govt. Tourist Bureau.
- 7.30-7.45 p.m. "FAMOUS AUSTRALIANS"
Presented by the manufacturers of Nyal Family Medicines.
- 7.45-7.57 p.m. SPECIAL MUSICAL SESSION
Presented by A. Hall & Co. Pty. Ltd.
- 8.00-9.00 p.m. "THE LUX RADIO THEATRE"
Presented by Lever Bros. Pty. Ltd.
- 9.00-9.30 p.m. "WORLD FAMOUS TENORS"
Presented by De Reszke Cigarettes.
- 9.30-9.45 p.m. "THE GRAND PARADE"
Presented by the Rural Bank of N.S.W.
- 9.45-10.00 p.m. "THE IMPERIAL SINGERS"
By John Dease.
- 10.00-10.15 p.m. "THE 2GB NEWS REVIEW"
- 10.15-10.30 p.m. "ORGAN HARMONIES"
- 10.30-11.00 p.m. "EVENSONG"

"THE GAME OF LIFE," featuring Ellis Price, previously broadcast on Sunday at 8.15 p.m., will be heard now on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8.30 p.m.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society.

Being extremely self-willed and resentful of authority and regulations, many Arians earn (and deserve) a name for being undisciplined and "difficult."

ARIANS-BORN people—those individuals born between March 21 and April 21—have the urge to do; the aims to play with; the courage to win high and fight hard; and, if they think they can benefit themselves, the faculty for "barging in" without caring whether they are wanted or not.

As a result, they usually go a long way toward achieving the goals they set for themselves. Not always, however. And in that case, the fault is usually entirely their own.

They are inclined to feel that no man is good enough to be their boss. Which is silly. They need a boss, and, in a way, more than do people of weaker nature, for they are inclined to run wild, to be too impetuous, optimistic and enthusiastic.

The silver linings to their clouds are the only things they seem to see. This is all very well when they are on the cloudy side of things. But they should try to get down to the serious business of life. They can afford to do this, for if they discard 50 per cent of their superabundance of optimism and restless energy they will still have too much left for safety.

A hot-headed lot they are—always crying for the moon. Full of ideas as to what life owes them; making demands; and inclined to brush aside obstacles (human or

otherwise) with but scant worry about their reactions.

This is unwise. They will get out of life just what they deserve and really work for. But if they don't watch out they will miss many opportunities because of their brusqueness, impatience and lack of self-control.

Fighters Always

ARIANS make enemies quickly, and have a fine disregard for their ill-will. But when they cut their wisdom teeth (spiritually) they will find that enemies and a "fighting ego" frighten off those who can grant them favors or place them in responsible positions.

Thus they retard their own progress. They may be inclined to blame other people for this, but a little thought will show every Arian that wisdom and forethought are better than all their arguments.

All Arians would do well to adopt for themselves the famous old Chinese proverb, "Luck admires courage, and is apt to bring good things to those who take bad things well." Add to this proverb a determination to learn self-control and patience and the world can be theirs.

If there is one thing Arians possess, it's courage. And if there is one thing they don't lack, it's self-confidence. The former is an asset;

Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Your clouds have silver linings at this time, so get busy and busy busy. Plan surely and boldly for future gains, and set the ball rolling as much as possible on April 1 (morning) and 8.

TACRUS (April 21 to May 22): Un-spectacular. April 1 (p.m.), 2 and 3 just fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): April 3 (after 4 p.m.), 4 and 5 can produce fair results for hardworking Geminians.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Count ten before you do or say anything important as this time, for indiscretion will be the order of your days. Be particularly cautious on April 3, 4, and 5. Take no risks then.

LEO (July 23 to August 23): Put your feet foremost, and chase your opportunities till you catch them. Your enterprises can get the benefit of a good start now, especially on April 1 (morning) and 8.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Let important matters wait over. Meanwhile make plans. April 1, 2 and 3 (day-light) just fair.

LIVE (September 23 to October 23): Live quietly and avoid all arguments, parties, or opposition or losses, particularly on April 3, 4 and 5. Avoid all risks then.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Get important matters which cannot wait on the move. April 3 (evening), 4 and 5 just fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Don't let the grass grow under your feet at this time. Sagittarians with ambition and forethought can give new or improved enterprises a good start off on April 1 (before noon) or on April 8. Be diligent and ask favors of superiors.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): All wise Capricornians will step lively to keep out of trouble this week, particularly on April 3 (after noon), 4 and 5.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): April 3 (after 4 p.m.), 5, and 6 (to dusk only), can be quite fair for diligent Aquarians.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): This is just a waiting time for you, so keep busy with routine tasks and planning for the future. April 5 (after 4 p.m.), 6 and 7 can be fair enough.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

the latter can, if unwisely utilised, become a liability.

Even the very small percentage who seem to have less self-confidence and more real timidity will usually find that they are only timid when they have nothing important to fight about, or for.

But let something rouse them properly and they will fight to the finish. They will strive to win by fair means rather than foul—but they'll fight to win at all costs.

The Escape

Continued from Page 16

like most of the men there, watched them.

"Hold me tightly, Peter!" she whispered.

As they passed the door leading to the deserted verandah in front of the cafe he swung her through it.

"No!" she cried. "I want to dance."

"Let's stay here, a while. It's cooler. Sit here," he went on. "Now tell me what the devil you mean by it all."

She laughed.

"Don't do that," he said quietly. "You've been trying to make me angry. Why?"

She was silent.

"Tell me, Sadie," he said gently. "Peter, I'm not going to marry you," she said, desperately.

"I shall come to Batavia with you on Sunday morning. We'll be married there."

"No . . . let's dance, Peter. I can't sit still to-night."

"I shall come for you to-morrow and take you down to the harbor. I shan't stay here any longer to-night. I loathe the place!"

"Peter!" she cried. "I love you!"

"Why don't you go home as well?"

"I can't. I must stop until it closes."

"Cut it out! Let's go to Batavia in the morning!" he urged.

"No. I must go back. But take me to the harbor to-morrow, Peter!"

A Portuguese who owned a motor boat took them the next afternoon to the rock known as Bouru Island, just outside the harbor. He was to return for them at six o'clock.

Sadie had been there before and took Peter over the rocks to a tiny beach. It was high-water and a small patch of silver sand alone remained, but it was in the shade of the island. The green sea almost licked their shoes as they sat there.

"What a marvellous spot," Peter said.

She nodded as she lit a cigarette. "Don't talk!" she said. "Put your arm round me."

They were utterly alone on that barren islet. The tide was turning; gradually the patch of sand where they sat grew larger. As the shadow of the rock lengthened he became drowsy and for a while he sat up by his side watching him.

He opened his eyes as she bent down to kiss him.

"Peter!" she said. The word was a whisper and instinctively he took her in his arms.

Six o'clock and the chugging motor boat came. Neither spoke as it worried its way back into harbor.

"You'll come to see me to-night?" she asked. "I want you to."

"I hate the place, but if you want me to I will," he said.

"Smile, Peter!" she said as they parted. "Don't be so serious. It isn't worth it. I'm not worth it."

She left him standing on the steps of her hotel.

Ashten, nervous and fussy, was with him at the cafe. Sadie was much quieter than she had been the previous evening.

"I'm not on to-night until later," she said. "I want to dance with you, Peter."

Ashten watched them. He had noticed that she was drinking soda-water.

"I asked them to play that," she said as the orchestra started up an old-fashioned waltz. "Come on, Peter."

She emptied her glass as she rose from the table.

"Hold me tighter, Peter," she said a moment later and Ashten wondered at the startled look on Warley's face.

Suddenly she stumbled and would have fallen if Warley had not grasped her.

"She's fainted," Peter said, as he reached his table.

"No. She's ill. Better get her to the hospital," Ashten insisted.

Once she opened her eyes and something in them told Peter the truth. She smiled as a little shiver passed through her—a shiver, perhaps—and she was dead.

Warley carried her into a room behind the bar and presently one of the doctors from the Dutch hospital arrived.

"Syncope," he announced, after a casual examination. Only Ashten had noticed her glass on the table.

The dregs of soda-water it still contained had turned a dull brownish color. He squirmed a little more soda into it and pitched it under the table.

"Syncope," the doctor had diagnosed and Ashten was prepared to leave it at that.

(Copyright.)

It's your Secret

And here are maternity fashions to help you in keeping it all your own



The modern mother-to-be is no recluse. She can lead a happy, normal life nowadays, right through those difficult months before baby comes, because clever designers have created maternity fashions that hide the great secret with cunning styling and patterning . . . so gay and charming.

Above: Maternity two-piece smock-set in medium-weight, woollen suede cloth. Navy, bottle, rust. SW, W, OS. 45/-

Usually 21/- (Left): Maternity smock in fancy suede crepe. Broken colour-range, mainly navys. SW, W, OS. 10/6

Maternity Section, Fourth Floor

FARMER'S

Mail orders to P.O. Box 497 AA. Phone M 2405



Flight of fancy

for evening hair-do's

A. Curled twin feathers on comb, 2 colours, 4/11

B. Feathered bird in full flight. With comb, 4/11

C. Mounted butterfly, six delicate shadings, 4/11

There'll be a provocative flicker in your eyes, a touch of hauteur in the toss of your head, as these floating fronds, birds and butterflies come to rest on your curls. They nestle in evening coiffures, in cyclamen, white, blue, pink, black, turquoise, lime and fuchsia. Three illustrated at, each, 4/11

Department, Ground Floor

MAN-TAILORING

brings classic styling
to women's suits

Because it relies so much on perfection of fit, no other outfit you have deserves such special attention as your tailored suit. Farmer's is proud of the fact that its highly-trained staff of men tailors can give to women's suits the inimitable, masculine precision that hallmarks smartness in tailor-mades. £6/6/-

Coats, skirts to your measure, 17 gns. to

TAILORING DEPARTMENT, FIRST FLOOR



For card parties in the lounge on winter evenings—gold edged playing cards from overseas. Guests will admire the handsome designs, smooth finish. In handy double packs, usually 4/11, now 3/6

Stationery, Ground Floor

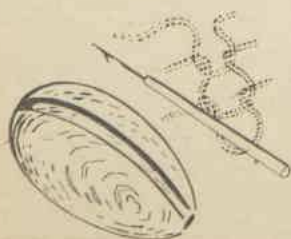
Household scales to give you faithful service for years . . . and you'll find you need them surprisingly often. Scientifically made in England to give accurate weight. With set of weights, at 12/6

Lower Ground Floor



Ladder-mending made easy by "Pic-Quic" ladder-mending outfit. Makes repairing easy for even a beginner. It will save you loads of money . . . yet it's lower-priced than one pair of stockings, 1/-

Haberdashery, Ground Floor



AT 21/-, your pick of these three newly minted silver kids. Latticed softly over your toes, in foot-sure Louis or Cuban heel styles. 1's, 24-7 1/2. Stocks for mail orders.

New section open!

Revel Salon

brings you glamorous new styles

Intriguing satins! Gold and silver kids! Flowery fabrics! We've gathered them all . . . rank upon rank . . . to make the "Revel" Salon the most exciting collection of evening shoes in Sydney. In "Revel" shoes you'll find footwear inspiration a plenty for all winter do's. 16/9 to 35/-

Evening Shoe Salon, Third Floor

"Every Winter had Terrible Colds"

Nurse's Grateful Letter

"I want to thank you for the wonderful cough and cold medicine, BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL Mixture. I bought the first bottle last winter, for the old gentleman whom I am taking care of, for he has had terrible colds every winter. The first dose helped, and after the third dose cold was gone—it does such quick work." Mrs. C. Davis.

Don't take chances. For even the most stubborn, racking cough swiftly yields to the powerful influence of BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting), the largest selling medicine for coughs, colds, and bronchitis in bitterly cold Canada. Get a 2/3 bottle, any chemist or store.

Betty's "racey" narratives

How could I pick the winners when even Ajax lost his race?

I suppose nobody could complain about being unable to pick winners when even Ajax can't win HIS races.

He was beaten for his 19th successive win at Rosehill on Saturday, and I saw a man lay £900 to £30 on and £250 to £5 on, and that's £1150 worse off he is for thinking Ajax invincible.

Don't men do silly things? You could never imagine a woman who had £1150 putting it on a horse to win a measly £35.

I SUPPOSE it would be no use dropped the cheese to seize the reading that man the reflection of the moon which parable about the dog who seemed so much bigger.

I suppose a person with common-sense shouldn't have gone to Rosehill upon such a day, even with cellophane coat, overboots, and broily for protection.

It blew and it rained so hard all morning that people had their ears glued apprehensively to the broadcast for word that they might be put off.

But they were on. So off we went to make the best of a bad job.

Wasn't it unfortunate my two horses drawing the first division of the Three-Year-Old, Mosaic and Adios? I took the precaution of leaving 10/- each way for Adios in town before my storm-bound departure, knowing he would be the longer odds.

Mosaic I got £5 to £1 about on the course.

Adios was beaten only half a head by Creditor, but, at 8 to 1, I didn't do badly out of that; and Mosaic ran third, but will doubtless improve as time goes on, so I shall follow him this autumn.

I heard Mr. Richard Wootton strongly tip York to a friend for the first division of the Nursery, and followed it with £4 to £1, and had the satisfaction of seeing him start at 5 to 2, but he came only third, and serves me right for earwigging into other persons' affairs.

Mrs. Stanley Crick gave me the tip to back Penthides for the second division, and I bravely took £3/10 to £1, and it was never in much doubt.

But why didn't I put more on a two-year-old so good that he could win easily, even after interference in the straight?

I stuck to Hamurah, my Melbourne autumn downfall.

One should never stick to a downfall. Oh, confessedly, she ran well enough for my £12 to £2 this time with her close second to Bramol, but it seems that once these great ladies of the Turf are on the down grade, the skids get swifter.



Buttons says High Caste for Warwick Farm.

and swifter, and they can't come back.

Just think. She won the Doncaster last year. Now she can't just quite win anything.

Bourbon was taken out of the Autumn Handicap, so I had to fall back on Respirator.

I had £4 to £2, but you can scratch me for anything in future to do with iron lungs. He ran third. He's got the minor place complex.

I had missed Darby all day, so in desperation I had £3 to £1 about his mount, Lamulet, in the last race, and it won all right.

The tips for Kensington on Wednesday are Adonis and John Laird, both straight from the horses' mouths.

The Autumn carnival begins with Warwick Farm races on Saturday, and you'll see all the champions there, including the crack galloper Defaulter, from New Zealand.

Buttons says High Caste is unbeatable in the colts' Fairfield.

There's a Fairfield race for the two-year-old fillies, too, and for this I am given Gilt Vell, Sir Samuel Hordern's smart she galloper.

Miss Philippa Stephen believes that her horses, Caesar and Sai Volatile, will win the double, the Liverpool and the Autumn Cup.

You can be on Defaulter for the Chipping Norton, my Ice Man says, and the Bank Teller with a flat near ours, who seems to handle all the money of the big winners, says Austral for the Farm Novice.

Special sessions for radio favorites

2GB plan will appeal to listeners

Every outstanding radio announcer has his or her own special following of listeners.

Recognising this, 2GB is realigning the whole of its night programmes so that each of the featured announcers will have individual sessions.

THIS will provide an even closer link between the personalities behind the microphone and their audiences.

"Because of the requirements of programme schedules," the general manager of the station (Mr. H. G. Horner) said, "it has not been possible until now for listeners to know when their favorite announcers were on the air."

"The schedules are now being changed, however, so that an admirer of, say, Jack Davey or Charles Cousins will always know when he is on the air."

"As well as this new development, 2GB has rearranged its night programmes to provide four distinct sessions, covering music, drama, humor and novelty—truly-balanced entertainment which will appeal to all listeners."

Jack Davey will be the star in several new humorous sessions. At 6.15, and again at 7 o'clock each week night, he will be heard for a quarter of an hour. At 7.50 p.m. on Fridays he will provide an additional hilarious ten minutes.

Two new sessions have been provided for this popular radio personality. On Thursdays, at 9.30 p.m., he will present "tongue twister" jackpots, and on Tuesdays at 9.15 p.m. the comic feature, "radio's worst programme."

Charles Cousins will present special musical sessions each week night—in addition, of course, to his current presentations at 7.30, 9 and 9.45. At 10.45 he will be heard in "Nocturnal Nonsense."

Jack Lamadaine is to be featured in the new programmes. He will be heard at the piano at 9.30 p.m. on Mondays, 6.30 and 9.30 p.m. on Wednesdays, and at 9.15 p.m. on Fridays.

At 8.30 p.m. on Fridays he will produce and take part in a big half-hour live-artist show.



MISS JESSICA NOAD, one of the stars of "Houses In Our Street," heard from 2GB at 11 a.m. on Wednesdays.

John Dease will add to his "Concert Master" (6 p.m. Sundays) and "World-famous Tenors" (9 p.m. Sundays) sessions a special nightly musical presentation at 8 o'clock, and a big half-hour of outstanding recordings at 10.15 on Fridays.

Harry Dearth will have his big night on Saturdays, when he will broadcast "Melody and Mirth" at 7.30, "Milestones of Melody" at 9.30, and his "Man About Town" sessions at 10.30 and 11.15. He will have also a special half-hour from Monday to Thursday for the presentation of an individual musical programme called "Harmony Hall."

"These changes," said Mr. Horner, "have been planned to give the greatest freedom of expression to the personalities who comprise the 2GB evening announcing staff."

Lengthens & Shortens

AS YOU BEND AND STRETCH

Away with "Foundations" that climb up over your hips every time you stoop to straighten your hose. Away, too, with Corsetry that has to be yanked down into place every time you depart from the straight and narrow posture.

Put yourself in a Nu-Back—the "Foundation" that will not ride up or slip with your changing movements.

For every occasion—from active sports to passive lounging—there's a Nu-Back to add to your joy of living. At all stores.

4 STAR NU-BACK FEATURES

- ★ No Riding up
- ★ Less Slipping of Shoulder Straps
- ★ Relieves Strain on Hose
- ★ Prevents undue pressure on the Diaphragm

NuBack

Foundations will not "ride up"

Trade Enquiries:

ROBERT REID & CO. LTD.

32-34 York Street, Sydney

R. & W. H. SYMINGTON (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

Cr. Howard and Rosslyn Sts., W. Melb.

H.R. 2-28-38.

The Movie World

April 1, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1 JOAN BENNETT, happy before being accused of murder.

2 FREDRIC MARCH, detective, with Ann Sothorn.

3 RALPH BELLAMY, as a comically earnest detective in charge on the scene of the murder.

4 JOAN DRIVES her car into the harbor.



5 FREDRIC MARCH, in the hunt for Joan, makes love to ladies of many lands.

6 IN HONOLULU, March catches up with Joan, and falls in love.

Moviedom News

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER
New York and Hollywood.

Tables Turned

IN Fred MacMurray's latest picture, "Invitation to Happiness," he gets a stiff sock on the jaw from the efficient little fist of Irene Dunne.

The idea of avenging her sex appealed to Irene's sense of humor, and she sent formal invitations to Gladys Swarthout, Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, and all the others Fred has slapped in films to attend the filming of the scene where she delivers her blow.

The exhibition was attended with enthusiasm and glee.

Elegance Itself

YOU'D never guess the name of the actor who dresses most theatrically, rides about in the most ostentatious imported limousine, and affects the grand mannerisms of an operatic tenor. He is none other than skinny John Carradine, who has played so many mean, poisonous characters on the screen.

Carradine is seen at previews dressed in opera cape, top hat and diamond studs. He affects a long cigarette-holder which he carries gracefully. Younger and handsomer men in dinner-jackets and black ties look quite crude in comparison.

Tactful

MARY PICKFORD'S graciousness and tact ease up what would otherwise be an embarrassing situation. Lady Sylvia and Douglas Fairbanks are staying in Hollywood and they are apt to meet up with Mary and Buddy Rogers very often.

Mary took the initiative when she and Buddy gave their party to the Grand Duchess Marie and invited Lady Sylvia and Doug. Then Sylvia responded by inviting the Rogers' to one of her parties. Mary sent Sylvia white orchids, and Sylvia graciously wore them all the evening.

First Party Dress

AFTER fighting for months for a long party dress, Jane Withers was finally decked out like a grown-up and she wore the dress to a charity ball. Everything was grand until Jane spilled a great blob of ink on it while handing out an autograph.

Anxious to repair the damage, she tried to take out the spot with her chemical set. The result was that she removed not only the spot but the material as well.

It will be a while before she gets another "grown-up" party dress.

Whose Crime is This?

"TRADE WINDS" is a murder story with a decorative fugitive from justice. Joan Bennett, pursued by a susceptible detective, Fredric March. Joan, hearing her sister's tale of woe against a young man, goes to this villain's apartment on her sister's behalf. She takes a revolver, fires a shot and flees into the night, believing herself a candidate for the electric chair. March trails her round the world with comic aid from Ralph Bellamy. "Trade Winds" is a Walter Wanger production, released by United Artists.

Loretta to Lip Read

LORETTA YOUNG will portray a woman who is totally deaf when she appears in "The Life of Alexander Graham Bell." Throughout the picture she will appear to carry on conversations with the other characters by lip reading.

All this is quite unusual for it's strictly contrary to Hollywood tradition to let a star known for her glamor portray a character suffering from a serious physical defect.

You'll need a new dress for the Ball,
You'll need new Undies and all,
The secret of form,
Close fitting and warm,
Is 'Kay-Tites' by Kayser—that's all!

"I'm a
ONE Brand
woman now

Day in, night out, you'll
bless Kayser's new
KAY-TITES. A glorious
pantee that gives you a
S-M-O-O-T-H wrinkle-
less line and keeps you
snug and warm. Be-
witchery in wool 3/11
by Kayser, only 3/11

I insist on
KAYSER
Woolies"

W.I.9.

Smartest girl grows up....

*She's sweeter
than ever at
sweet sixteen*

IN THREE YEARS DEANNA
CONQUERED THE WORLD
WITH THE JOY OF YOUTH

DEANNA DURBIN is growing up, but so far—at sixteen—she hasn't outgrown the secret of her fame. That secret is not in her voice nor in her face. It's in her youth, and maybe she's going to be young for a long, long time. Let's hope so.

Deanna came out of a fairy tale. She's too joyously, unbelievably, intoxicatingly young and happy to be real. She makes you think of the fizz in champagne, the sparkle in spring sunshine, the bubble of song that bursts in a bird's heart.

And because she can give you a share in such incredibly happy youth she has conquered the world.

It is hard to believe that less than three years ago her name was unknown outside her own studio. Her first film, "Three Smart Girls," had not then been released.

It had been made on a slim budget without fuss or fanfare, and Deanna

• Deanna, sixteen and no longer a little girl. This picture suggests that Deanna will carry her exhilarating aura of joyous youth into her adult years.



was just a girl who could sing and had been given a part in it.

And less than three years later, when that same girl made the sequel, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," the start of production was one of the big events of the year.

Writers spent six months on the scenario, 30,000 feet of film was used up in wardrobe and make-up tests, and 56 costumes were designed from which Deanna's twelve were chosen.

The picture will cost a million dollars and take ten or twelve weeks to shoot.

They don't mind spending money on Deanna—she has made four record-breaking pictures in a row, and that's a record in itself.

What she doesn't owe to her secret fountain of youth she owes to her sister, Edith, and a cinema agent, Jack Sherrill.

She was born in Canada in 1922. Her parents had emigrated from England to that country. Later they came to Los Angeles. With them were two daughters—Edith, then ten, and Deanna, one year old. There was no particular musical talent in the family.

Deanna sang when a small child, but her voice did not attract attention until she was ten years old. Left at home with her sister, she began to sing, "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes."

Deanna was long in bed when her parents returned.

"Father," said Edith, "I think Deanna has a great future as an opera singer."

She saw his expression. Such a career was far away. Money was scarce. Lessons were expensive.

"I'll do it," said Edith, who was soon to teach her first term of school.

When Deanna was twelve, she accompanied Edith to a neighborhood school recital and sang there.

A studio had decided to film the life of Madame Schumann-Heink. A girl was required to play the role of the great

• Deanna Durbin with her dog, bought for two dollars because he would eat peanuts.

singer when she was young. It had been suggested by the studio that cinema-agent Jack Sherrill locate such a girl.

A note came to him from a woman in the neighborhood who had read of his quest, suggesting that he go to the concert.

Sherrill was astonished. The next day he called at the Durbin home and took Deanna to the studio for a test.

The studio gave her an optional contract, to be renewed or dropped every three months for a year. The salary mentioned was larger than the combined earnings of the family. The future beckoned; and their hearts were light. But their happiness was not destined to continue long.

Within two months Madame Schumann-Heink died, and the all-important contract was not renewed.

DEANNA'S sister taught school with a heavy heart that day. Returning home in the evening she found Jack Sherrill consoling her sister. Willing to spend money and time on his faith in Deanna, he said: "Why, this is just a beginning, kid—we're going to put your name in electric lights yet."

Leaving the house, Sherrill had a big idea. Andre de Seguro, twelve years a baritone with the Metropolitan Opera Company, was a teacher of voice production in Hollywood.

"Of course," thought Sherrill, "he doesn't teach for pennies."

Undaunted by this thought, he took Deanna to the great teacher. "She's very young," said de Seguro.

In defence, Sherrill said, "She has a voice in a hundred million. Besides, Patti sang in opera at eleven—Lucresia Bori at fourteen. She has poise, charm, and beauty."

De Seguro had a better method. "Let us hear you sing, child." The song ended. "You have a future," he said.

STILL poor, the Durbin family had the wealth of dreams again. After months of coaching by de Seguro Deanna accompanied Sherrill to a studio where a film called "Three Smart Girls" was in preparation.

This was a trying time for the company. It had just been reorganised, and a highly successful picture—

both artistically and financially successful—was badly needed.

Charles Rogers, the chief executive, was busy with many matters—but at last consented to hear the young girl in the cheap cotton dress.

Not knowing that she was worth more to his company than all of Wall Street, he gave her a contract.

The role called for more acting than singing, and Deanna failed in the acting test. It seemed for a moment as though she would be replaced.

Then a new and influential friend came to the rescue—Henry Koster, director of the film.

He went to Mr. Rogers. "I will teach her to act," he said. "She will save the picture if we save her." His opinion carried weight and he gave her his entire attention and replaced, as far as possible, acting with singing.

The film became the box-office success of the year, earning 1,500,000 dollars and creating for the company a new and valuable star—Deanna Durbin.

By
JIM TULLY

Noted
Hollywood Film
Writer

Are you a disappointed COPY-CAT?



YOU CAN'T HAVE
DRESS PERFECTION
WITHOUT SCREEN
WARDROBE TESTS

By
ORRY KELLY
Famous Hollywood
Dress Designer.

THERE wouldn't be a dowdy woman in the world if studio wardrobe tests were available to all.

But since they are not, you girls shouldn't make your young lives miserable by trying to look just like the alluring ladies you see in celluloid.

A good half of that fashion perfection you crave is the direct result of wardrobe tests.

These tests alone make for the sure-fire success of screen clothes. You may pick the actress nearest your type, copy a frock, hat, accessories, hair-style, exactly, and still find the results maddeningly short of the glamour you expected.

Well, the star you have copied was probably equally short of perfection when she first put on those clothes.

Then she was submitted to the wardrobe test, which is made before any picture goes into production.

All the clothes designed for the film are screen tested.

● Gail Patrick, Paramount player, looks over some autumn hats. Wardrobe tests have given her an uncannily accurate dress sense.

Because the camera magnifies everything over a hundred times, a minor imperfection is shown up like a glaring fault. Sometimes an accessory is changed, sometimes a hat brim narrowed, or a small tuck hem or seam altered to make the line exactly right.

The actresses are allowed to see their own wardrobe tests on the screen, and through these they develop an uncanny sense of what clothes are right for their personal wardrobes, too.

Test shots first showed Ann Sheridan the importance of wearing high heels with street clothes. She insisted upon the low ones because her first leading man was dangerously near her height.

When she saw her wardrobe pictures she nearly swooned because flat-heeled shoes had given an alluring feminine outfit almost a boyish look.

Eye Sparkle

AFTER reviewing wardrobe pictures Marie Wilson came to the apt conclusion that girls under thirty should not wear sparkling jewels in the hair, at the ears, or at the throat. She wore tiny diamond earrings with a coronet coiffure. The stones caught all the lights and attracted all the attention away from her otherwise sparkling eyes.

Young Marie Wrixon, making her screen debut in Warners' "Dark Victory," said she never realized the close connection between neckline, hat, and coiffure until she viewed her first production tests.

If coiffure is high, hat must be small and neckline high. If coiffure is a shoulder-length bob, hat should be severely tailored and neckline should not be built up.

Several girls have informed me that they never buy dark gloves in contrast to the rest of an ensemble since they saw themselves as "all hands" in wardrobe tests.

One especially tall girl told me that she had never realized the length of her arms before seeing herself in preliminary scenes. Now she insists upon breaking up the arm-line with contrasting cuffs on sleeves or with bracelets.

The tests, you see, have given these players an infallible guide to their faults and how to hide them.

Copy the stars by all means—their clothes are new, right, lovely.

But don't cry for the moon—again.

High cost of screen blondes

BLONDES are more expensive to photograph for the screen than are brunettes.

This statement was made by one of Hollywood's ace cameramen, Gree Toland, recently, and it is a new angle on the gradual eclipse of screen blondes.

Toland, who is chief photographer for Goldwyn, estimated that blondes in a picture raise the cost by \$4000.

The fair-haired, he said, absorb 50 per cent. more side lights and take 30 per cent. more time in preparation than brunettes.

Perhaps that explains something of the current preference for the dark-haired beauties. Even Hollywood knows how to look twice at \$4000.

Someone has been busy working out statistics on the decline of blondes on the screen; they are fewer to-day than ever before.

From **JOAN McLEOD**
in Hollywood

The peak time for blondes was in 1925, when 83 per cent. of actresses were either natural blondes or had taken to a little harmless deceit from the peroxide bottle.

Mostly, it was deceit!

Within five years the preference had so waned in strength that the fair-heads were a mere 67 per cent. and the figure now stands at under 50.

AS a sidelight on the extra difficulties of photographing blondes there's the real-life Pygmalion story of Gloria Dickson. Gloria arrived at the Warner studios some months ago under contract, and her first film test caused much shaking of heads among studio executives. These gentlemen found themselves

committed to an actress who "didn't photograph as well as expected."

In despair Gloria went to Perc Westmore, the studio make-up wizard, and asked him to help her.

Westmore did. He devoted hours to her, studying the contours of her face, experimenting with their possibilities. He drew sketches of her, scores of sketches.

He tried out a new type of lip rouge and different curves of mouth and eyebrows. He even invented a new kind of powder for her which provided more light and shadow and thus made her face more interesting—photographically.

Patiently he created an entirely new personality. Gloria got increasingly important parts.

And in the process the Pygmalion and Galatea legend came true. Gloria Dickson and Perc Westmore married not long after that.



Typist?



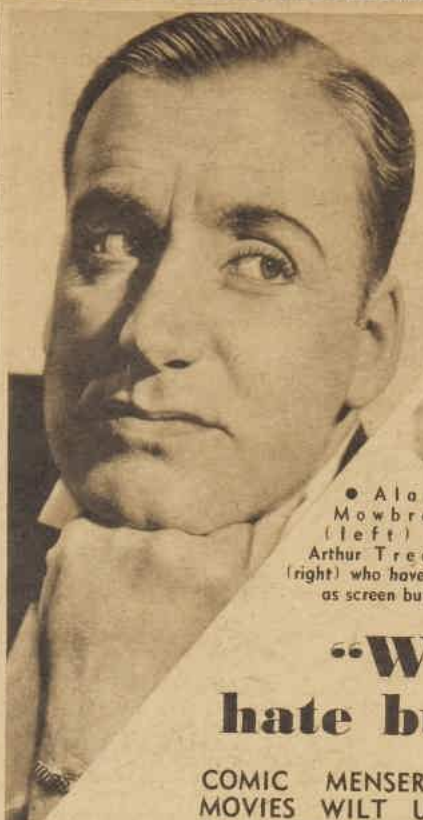
Your Hands Can Be
As Lovely as These!

Keep your hands soft, smooth, alluring... with Pond's Hand Lotion containing the "skin-vitamin," vitamin A which is essential to skin health and beauty... the same vitamin as in Pond's two famous creams. Sun and wind, washing, housework and typing are constantly drying the supply of "skin-vitamin" from your hands. Now you can restore it with Pond's Hand Lotion, 1 - a bottle at all stores and chemists.

POND'S HAND LOTION

Containing Active
"Skin-Vitamin"

USE POND'S
EVERY TIME
YOU WASH
YOUR HANDS



• Alan Mowbray (left) and Arthur Treacher (right) who have won fame as screen butlers.



"We hate butlers"

COMIC MENSERVANTS OF THE MOVIES WILT UNDER THE COLD EYES OF GENUINE FACTOTUMS

THE men who play butler roles on the movies wouldn't have a butler within a mile of their own front door. Nor a gentleman's gentleman, either.

"We hate butlers" is the anguished cry that goes up from their hearts.

"Imagine how I feel," said Arthur Treacher, "when a door is opened to me by a butler or the gentleman's gentleman of one of my friends! I wilt. I shrivel."

"In the cold, efficient eye of the factorum I discern a sneer, a discreetly overt sneer, but, I fear, a well-deserved one."

"In the veiled contempt of that glance I read a list of my butling or valeting enormities."

"So can you imagine how I'd feel with a butler of my own? He'd attend the movies on his night off and come back to laugh himself sick at me. I just can't take it."

Eric Blore expressed the same sentiments. He imagines with horror owning a serious butler who would shake his head more in sorrow than in anger over the master's antics. Mr. Blore would expect to hear something like this:

"I think Mr. Blore's manner as a butler leaves much to be desired. He looms, positively looms. A butler should be so self-effacing as to be part of the furniture. With Mr. Blore there is far too much whe-cracking—quite, quite improper!"

Alan Mowbray is already beginning to feel the same way. He has recently graduated to the ranks of screen butlers, his best



• Eric Blore, fine character actor, who finds himself serving more often than being served in films.

effort being the long-suffering door-opener of "Merrily We Live." A butler with a special line of his own is Barnett Parker—remember his rich little part in "Mr. Deeds Comes to Town?"

Barnett's great stunt is to be almost inarticulate, to wave his hands and open his mouth, to gobble and splutter, but rarely to achieve a full and coherent sentence.

E. E. Clive, most familiar as Bulldog Drummond's faithful aide, and Ernest Cossart, whom you may remember best as Herbert Marshall's man in "Accent on Youth," are two more character actors who have cashed in on the time-honored tradition that butlers should be either vaguely or very definitely comic.

No wonder they haven't the courage to employ menservants!

created by
LUCAS

Spectator

SPORTSWEAR

SOLD BY FINE SHOPS THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

The Perfect LIPSTICK

Ardent Colour
Heavy Freshness

Coty's

GITANE

In modern platinum case
Five shades
Price 5/6. Refills 2/3.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer.

★ TRADE WINDS

(Week's Best Release.)

Joan Bennett, Fredric March, Ralph Bellamy, Ann Southern. (United Artists.)

HERE is a murder mystery that really sets out to be different. The beautiful heroine, Joan Bennett, shoots the victim right before your eyes in the second scene of the piece, and the rest of the action is concerned with her escape and pursuit around the world by the flirtatious detective, Fredric March.

At the end of the film, or perhaps the day after, you may feel that the script writer was not entirely honest with you, but since you'll probably enjoy the mystification, to complain is ungrateful.

A reward of 100,000 dollars is placed on the suspect's blonde head which, since she's a smart girl, soon becomes brunette, and makes the familiar Joan Bennett much more like Hedy Lamarr than herself. It's an improvement.

March chases her and inevitably falls in love, properly in love for the first time in a long career of dalliance. Hence a strange course of behaviour.

Also after the reward is his blonde secretary, Ann Southern, who proves herself a comedienne of no mean

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

- No stars—below average.
- ★ One star—average entertainment
- ★★ Two stars—above average
- ★★★ Three stars—excellent

begs a place in the show as a promising amateur. Of course, she's soon the hit of the river.

Which plot provides the necessary frame for a parade of songs and acts, some novel, some melodious, some sparkling with comedy, and all presented with the brevity that creates an appetite for more.

Best of them all is the colored radio artist, Maxine Sullivan. Her songs have the pulsing rhythm and the plaintive melancholy of her race, and a finished sweetness that makes each number compelling.

Jessie Ralph takes the acting honors for her portrait in oils of gold-hearted "Aunt Tibby," of the showboat. It's a traditional role, but her colors are fresh.

You'll remember everything in this show with pleasure—except the feminine lead—Princess Edward, showing.

★ ARKANSAS TRAVELLER

Bob Burns, Fay Bainter, Jean Parker. (Paramount.)

BOB BURNS invests this film with a quality of kindness and homely wisdom which is in the main pleasing. He's a hobo—not a tramp, the difference being, he says, that a tramp is a bloke who won't work, but a hobo is only afraid of getting the habit of working.

Burns halts his rattler-jumping travels to help out the widow—Fay Bainter—and daughter—Jean Parker—left by a small-town newspaper proprietor to carry on the paper. The hobo happens to be a printer, but within the hour he's not only setting up the columns of the paper, but is also settling up the business affairs of the widow, the love affairs of the daughter and the crooked politics of the town.

The cast is a competent one with the exception of John Beal, who seems fated to burst into tears and face-workings in all his films. He still makes it an embarrassment to all.

This is soothing rather than seething entertainment.—Princess Edward, showing.

★ SECRET SERVICE OF THE AIR

Ronald Reagan, John Littel, Ha Rhodes. (Warners.)

THE air now has its secret service men, and Ronald Reagan joins them for a briskly-planned show-down with bad boys who smuggle aliens into America.

One of the gang's happy little ways is to use a plane with a collapsible bottom, so that when in danger of being caught they can pull a lever and let the dangerous cargo go to earth. Nice people!—Embassy, showing.

★ GREAT GUY

James Cagney. (Atlas.)

A NEAT little thriller from Atlas—carried through to gripping entertainment by the personality of Jimmy Cagney himself.

Indeed, things are getting to the stage when any film starring Mr. Cagney is a good one. Just watch "Great Guy" and see how Jimmy plays an honest, pugnacious, incorruptible government servant—without dimming a spark of the electrical force which makes him such a grand player. "Great Guy" is right.

Jimmy goes on the right side of the law, for plot purposes, and tracks down a big-shot racketeer without

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



DIRECTOR SYLVAN SIMON STUDIED LAW 4 YEARS—PRACTISED IT EXACTLY ONE DAY—AND TURNED TO STAGE DIRECTING.

GEORGE NARDELLI, STAND-IN FOR ADOLPHE MENJOU IN 'KING OF THE TURF'; RESEMBLES MENJOU SO CLOSELY HE CAN DOUBLE FOR THE STAR EVEN IN CLOSE-UPS!

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York, BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood, and JUDY BAILEY, London.

HOLLYWOOD won't be surprised if Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck go to the altar, soon. Bob and Barbara have announced their engagement, and tell friends they hope to be wed in a few months, though no definite date has been set. It will depend on their respective working schedules.

JOAN BLONDELL has signed a new Columbia contract which should keep her busy for the next

using his fists—more than he can help.

A story turned more for excitement than truth, and frantically produced, has the compensatory merit of being simply and forthrightly told. There are some lovely patches of humor too.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic, showing.

★ PACIFIC LINER

Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris. (RKO-Radio.)

A NOTHER drama of danger aboard a ship at sea.

This time the menace is cholera—which strikes the stokehold of a Pacific liner a few days out from Shanghai; and is fought, in rigid quarantine below decks, until the ship reaches San Francisco.

There is, in this theme, material for gripping melodrama. But the direction lags. And the RKO-Radio picture is just fair programme entertainment.

Principal character is the chief engineer, feared and adored by his crew. Victor McLaglen shakes every ounce of toughness, humor and force out of his role. His rivalry with ship's doctor Chester Morris, both for the honor of the ship and the love of Nurse Wendy Barrie, is interwoven with the central fight against disease.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic, showing.

NEWSBOYS' HOME

Jackie Cooper, Edmund Lowe, Wendy Barrie. (Universal.)

TOUGH kids are having a cycle all to themselves. This time it's life in a newsboys' home, complicated with the crudest loyalties and rivalries. The lively kids who go to Saturday matinees may find thrills in its long succession of fights, from cuffs and scuffles to wholesale rioting.—Capitol, showing.

few years. Her first effort will be "Good Girls go to Paris," with Melvyn Douglas as co-star. A few months ago, on loan to Columbia from Warners, Joan made a big hit playing opposite Douglas in "There's Always a Woman."

JIMMY CAGNEY is certainly getting his fill of gangster pictures. A picture based on the adventures of John Dillinger, America's Public Enemy No. 1 of a few years ago, is now being prepared for him. Cagney, however, will play the role of Melvin Purvis, G-man who captured the gangster, and Humphrey Bogart is chief contestant for the Dillinger part.

VIRGINIA BRUCE has taken up her vocal studies in earnest, reporting daily to Roger Eden, MGM voice coach. Reason is the studio's decision to give her the leading warbling role in "Broadway Melody of 1940." Virginia has done little singing on the screen, but it used to be her specialty when she starred in the Florenz Ziegfeld shows on the stage.

Strengthen Bladder

STOP Strain of "frequent-Night-rising"

Certain Relief in 24 hours.

Dr. Southworth declares that it is now not true that bladder weakness—frequent, burning spasms—bradache—pains in back and legs, cannot be helped... and this world-famous specialist offers a simple home test to quickly prove it! Its remarkable triple-action starts at once! One—in quickly stop "burning" of excessive acid... Two—to flush kidneys of poisons, and thoroughly clean out the bladder... and Three—to soothe and heal urinary tract.



"This last 6 months, I could hardly bear the pain, I tried all sorts of medicine. After the second dose of Urodyne I began to get relief." Mrs. E. Evans.

Urodyne must bring you great relief in 24 hours, and a definite improvement in 10 days—or its cost willingly refunded. Don't delay. Ask today, for Urodyne tablets. They have brought new life, new youthfulness, and restful nights to thousands of men and women all over the world.

URODYNE



THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures]

This week we want to pay tribute to one of the grandest items of screen entertainment at present—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's series of features about JUDGE HARDY'S FAMILY!

How this series has developed! First there was "A Family Affair"; then "You're Only Young Once"; then "Judge Hardy's Children"; and recently, the most popular of them all, "Love Finds Andy Hardy".

Now comes the fifth and finest of the Hardy Family films: "OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS".

The Family is the same group of favourites that have captured your hearts already, Mickey Rooney (Andy Hardy), Lewi Stose (Judge Hardy), Cecilia Parker (Marion Hardy), Fay Holden (Mum Hardy), Sara Haden (Aunt Milly), Ann Rutherford (Polly, Andy's girl-friend). And when the Family goes out west, they meet Ralph Morgan and Nana Bryant (old friends of Judge Hardy), Gordon Jones (a cowboy who keeps Marion busy), and Virginia Weidler (the cowboy's capable little 16-year-old daughter, "Jake").

It's the way the little girl "Jake" puts Andy Hardy in his place—by out-shooting him, out-riding him, and out-thinking him—that makes "OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS" such a completely amusing entertainment... one you just can't miss!

Yours for the best in screen entertainment,

LEO, of M-G-M.

P.S.—Watch for Robert Donat and Rosalind Russell in M-G-M's great picture of "THE CITADEL". It's the film event of the year!

BE SURE HIS LINENS MARKED WITH JOHN BOND'S MARKING INK

Special pen with 60 sizes, also linen stretcher with 1/2 size. Of all Stationers, Stores, etc.

Your Problems Solved ASTROLOGY

YOUR FUTURE FORECAST By the Famous Eastern Astrologer TO WHEN & LOTTERY INVEST IN WHICH Lucky Numbers and Periods for Life, Love and Marriage, Finance, Travel, etc. FREE! YOUR OWN GOLD-PLATED ZODIAC LUCKY CHARM Will Always Bring You Luck Send P.N. 2/6. Full Birthdate and stamped addressed envelope. OMAR KYOME, Dept. 4, BOX 2217, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

THEATRE ROYAL Watch for Oscar Straus' most delightful operetta, "A WALTZ DREAM" With a magnificent supporting cast of 106 American stars, including Bernice Claire, Jack Arthur, Matten Moore, Maryann Dale.

2.30 and 8 P.M. TIVOLI 2.30 and 8 P.M. FRANK NEIL PRESENTS YOUNG BLOODS OF VARIETY THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH IN NEW FUN. BUSTER WEST and LUCILLE PAGE America's Greatest Dancing Comedian and the Most Glamorous Star on the Stage To-day. RUTH CRAYVEN, THE LEARY, THE THREE NONCHALANTS, THE THREE JASCEING CHIPS, BEN BELL, JACK MAJOR, BILLY BLAKE, GEO. LYONS, WALTERS & MURRAY, and BERRIGAN & LANTWOOD. Box Plans: Palling's, Nicholson's, Trol. Phone.

RUMANIA—land of the newest crisis



CAROL of Rumania was a playboy Prince. As King, he is one of Europe's shrewdest politicians. Prince Michael, 17, is his heir.

HITLER has seized Czechoslovakia. His drive to the East lies now through Rumania.

Rumanians fear another of the foreign invasions which have torn their country since Roman legions fought their Dacian ancestors.

Chiefly, Hitler needs oil for his mighty, fuel-starved air fleets. He needs, too, Rumania's stores of grain.

Invasion is no new thing to Rumania. For centuries it has been a battleground in the constant wars of Central Europe.

They have left it with a complicated racial problem. Rumanians, Hungarians, Germans, Turks, Jews, Bulgars, Tartars, Poles, Ukrainians, Russians and Gipsies live within its borders.



THE RUMANIAN SUMMER PALACE where Carol retires to rest from the job of ruling a turbulent people. Now he must plan to protect Rumanian oil and the vast wheatlands of the country in face of the new war threat.



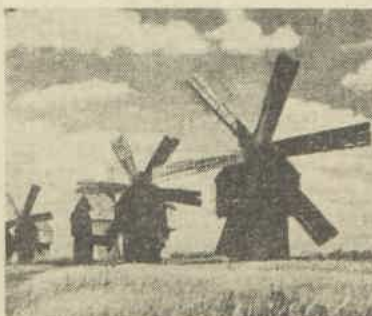
PEACEFUL, old-world churches surmount the countryside. Rumania, with many minorities, has many creeds. They boil over in occasional race-riots. But the menace of aggression is uniting Rumania. To-day it is anti-Nazi.



PEASANTS of Rumania are renowned for their beauty, picturesque clothes, and traditional folk-customs. Most of the population are peaceful peasants and farmers.



ELABORATE costumes mark Rumania.

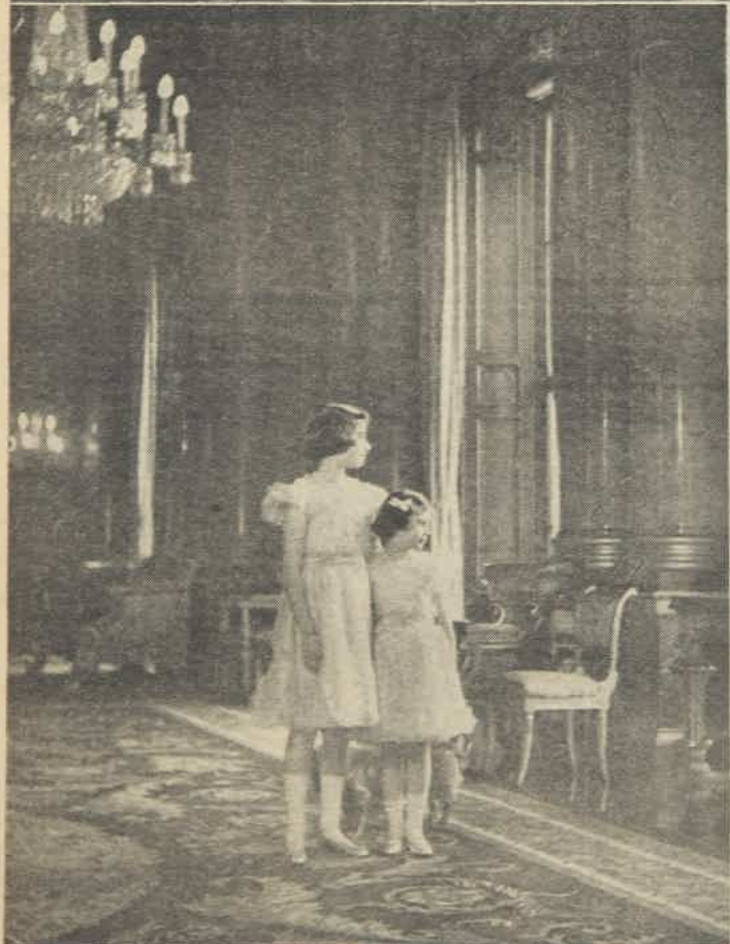
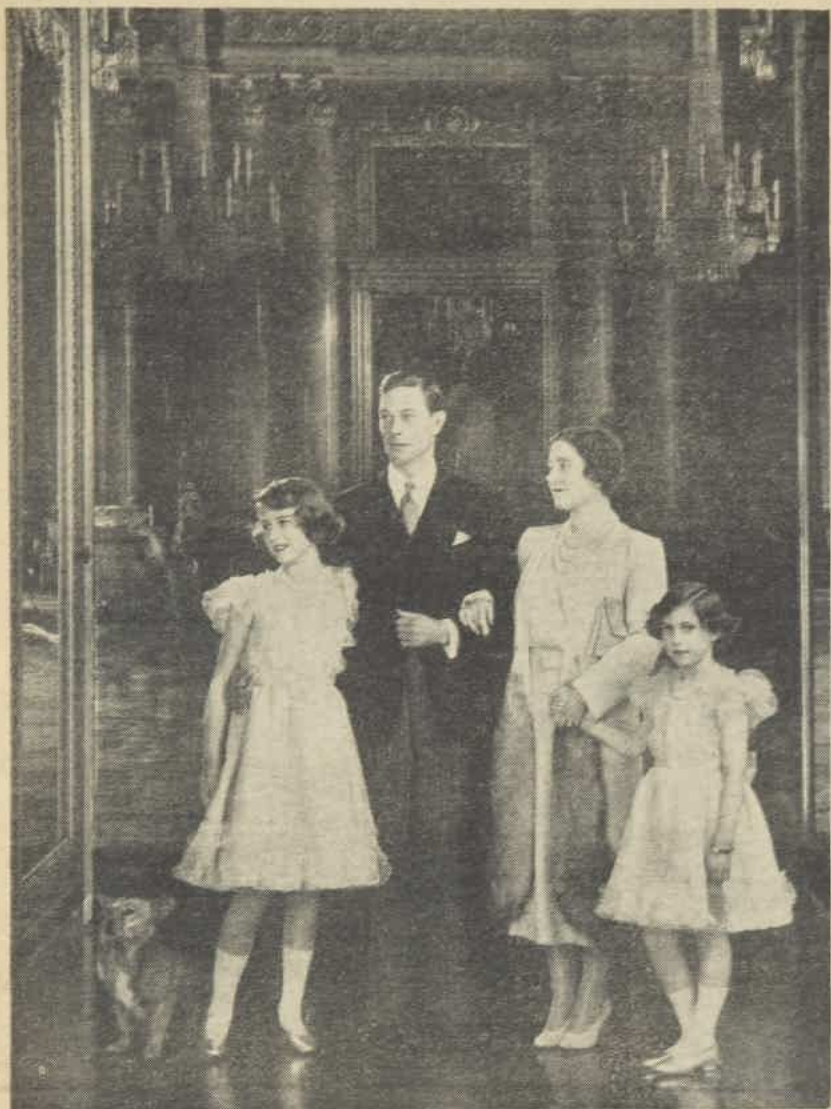


GRAIN, still ground in mills like these, is Rumania's greatest wealth. It is one of Europe's great food-producing areas.



BUCHAREST, capital of Rumania, is a modern city. Rumania, overrun by Austrians in the Great War, won much increased territory and population at Versailles.

Charming New Pictures Of Royal Family



THESE DELIGHTFUL PICTURES of the Royal family, just received by air-mail, are the latest to be taken by Marcus Adams, the well-known Court photographer. They show the family in the spacious setting of Buckingham Palace.

You'll see 2504 DOGS at the show

Here are a few—



CAIRNS are great favorites with the Hope-Allan children. The white dog of this pair is Winterbourne Witch, niece of the Duke of Windsor's Cairn, Slippers.

JESSICA ROGERS poses Dinkie in her dressing-room in the Theatre Royal. Dinkie is another Show exhibit.



A CHARMING STUDY taken last week, showing Lady Gifford and the two Dalmatians she will exhibit at the Royal Easter Show.

This year, 2504 dogs of all colors and sizes will bark at you from their pavilions at the Royal Easter Show.

It is a record entry and out of the 1000 hopeful owners and exhibitors more than a quarter are women.

THIS will, in fact, be very much a woman's year, with Mrs. Lola Macdonald-Daly arriving from Yorkshire to judge half the dogs, and women exhibitors breaking fresh ground with a breed new to Sydney.

Kerry Blue Terriers are to be shown for the first time.

One of the most interesting of this year's exhibitors is the new Lady Gifford. Vicki and Kim, her two Dalmatians, will show off their points in the ring again. In fact, their mistress is putting off her trip to England until after the Show on their account.

She recounted their previous triumphs with pride while the dogs gambolled round her on the lawn. Last year Vicki walked off with everything she could get.

Vicki is a four-year-old. Kim, her daughter, is only two, although



she has outgrown her mother. Kim of Meripool was bred by Lady Gifford, and took the Novice Cup at the Show last year. This year she is expected to share the honors with her mother.

The Show will mark a turning

point in their faithful lives. The devoted companionship of the dogs and their mistress will be broken temporarily. Lady Gifford looked regretfully at the great dogs, and they lifted their heads and looked earnestly at her as she spoke, as

though they knew that something was afoot.

She can't stir about the house without them; they follow her like shadows. Inside they raced her up the broad staircase; and the minute she came out onto the lawn they were ready for jumping and tumbling, and every now and then as she talked one or the other came up and gently nudged her hand.

"I shall have to leave them behind at first," she explained. "They are going to stay with a friend in the country after the Show. But as soon as we get to England and know our plans the first thing I shall do is send for them to join me."

MRS. J. HOPE-ALLAN is one of the pioneers in introducing Kerry Blue Terriers to Sydney. She is showing two beauties—although she is quite willing to admit that canine beauty takes getting used to sometimes!

With their long beards and sturdy

build, these are fearsome creatures at first glance.

But they are really gentle, patient, and trustworthy with children and always ready for affection.

For all that, they haven't lost their terrier gameness. These dogs come from Ireland, where they are used to hunt badgers and work with the sheep.

THE record number of entries in any one section goes to Cocker Spaniels. And it is no wonder! Mrs. Ure Smith, of Wahroonga, says she is showing three from a kennel that has produced many champions.

Most of the women exhibitors are showing toy dogs. Pekingese and Pomeranians are the largest entries in this class, but there is a good showing of Sydney Silkies.

One of these is a well-known character in the theatre world. He belongs to Miss Jessica Rogers, who has a leading part in "The Women" at the Theatre Royal.

Dinkie was a case of love at first sight, Miss Rogers said. "He had so much pep and personality," she explained, "he was such a little actor, I thought he was just too cute."

"But I couldn't find a name for him until one of the girls backstage gave me the idea. 'What's that?' she asked. 'A dog.' I assured her. 'Dinkum?' And so he became Dinkum Aussie—Dinkie for short."

Now she is all enthusiasm. "I'm dying for him to get a ribbon at the Show to take home with him," she said. "But I'll have to go before it opens and I'm so disappointed." After the Show Dinkie will be sent to Miss Rogers.

One of the breeds which has increased enormously this year—from 3 entries to 43—are the Cairn Terriers.

They are very quaint and lovable, and one of them, Winterbourne Witch, a rosy little cream creature who won the Reserve Challenge last year, can claim the most exalted relationship.

Her father was little brother to Slippers, the faithful little companion who went into exile with her Royal master, the Duke of Windsor.



THREE of Mrs. Hope-Allan's Champion Wire-Haired Fox Terriers—one of the most popular breeds at the Show.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1512, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist today and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

FRESHEN YOUR FACE IN A FLASH!

Complete Facial From Your Purse Without Cream



Instantly Remove Stale Make-up Anytime... Anywhere!

Important date—your make-up stale and streaked... your face tired. What to do? No time for a beauty shop facial—naturally no cream with you—your charm in a desperate fix. But why a quacking Cleansing Pad out of your purse—and have a rosy, refreshing facial—cleansing and all in a minute or less! Quicksies are downy-soft circles of special cloth that come to you all ready saturated with a marvelous cleansing and refreshing lotion! One Quicksie instantly wipes away powder and rouge—cleanses your skin and dries it—freshens your skin—smooths it and gives you that powder will really stick to. Carry Quicksies... for a quick facial anytime, anywhere. Humidor Refill Jar of 100... 3/3 Air Tight Purse Vanity of 15... 1/3

QUICKIES Anti-Drying CLEANSING PADS

YOU CAN DEVELOP A PERFECT BUST



Delightful firm, rounded breasts are quickly developed with famous Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless bobby busts. Mamogen will give you a lovely figure—graceful lines—charm! You can make your bust perfect by massaging each breast with Mamogen at night time. Delightful and simple to apply, Mamogen requires no special preparation. Ask your chemist for Mamogen, or if you experience any difficulty just send a 19/- postal note to British Medical Laboratories, 48 Clarence Street, Sydney, and your supply of Mamogen will reach you by return mail post free.

THE GENUINE 3-IN-ONE OIL



For sewing machines, typewriters, guns, bicycles, tools, etc.

3-IN-ONE OIL

What Women are Doing

Handicrafts Expert Chosen As Graziers' Delegate

WELL known for her advocacy of home industries as a means of aiding the wool industry, Mrs. Toby Browne, of Binalong, N.S.W., is the first woman in Australia to have been chosen as a delegate to a graziers' conference.

Of one hundred delegates who attended the recent annual conference of the N.S.W. Graziers' Association, she was the only woman.

Mrs. Browne, who lived in Ireland, the home of cottage industries, for some years, is herself an expert at a number of these crafts. On many occasions she has demonstrated both to country and city women how to hand-spin and weave from a hand loom, using Australian wool.

Since 1933 until last year, when she resigned, she was exhibition organizer and organizer of the handicrafts committee for the Country Women's Association.

For the Royal Sydney Show last year she designed, as a feature of the wool exhibit, tiny cottages made of wool, complete with woollen furniture. As a member of the N.S.W. Graziers' Association, she has attended every conference for a number of years. Last year she relieved the Binalong representative, who was unable to attend during the whole of the conference, and this year she was officially appointed delegate.

On the first day of the graziers' conference she moved a resolution recommending greater wool publicity for Australia in China, Poland, Canada and U.S.A.



MRS. TOBY BROWNE demonstrates the art of spinning at her city home at Kirribilli.

Only Woman Doctor at Indian Hospital

FOR the last two and a half years Dr. Joan Thompson, who is visiting Australia, has been the only European woman on the medical staff of the Neyoor Hospital at Travancore, India.

Mohammedan women literally would rather die than be attended by a man doctor, she says, and Hindu women always prefer a woman. Nearly all the work of attending to women patients has therefore fallen on her shoulders.

Dr. T. Howard Somervell, who accompanied two expeditions to Mount Everest, is in charge of the hospital. A separate nursing home is provided for Europeans.

Dr. Thompson, who is a graduate of Cambridge University, is a member of the London Missionary Society.

Appointed Matron of Melbourne Hospital

AFTER completing a three-year post-graduate course in England, Miss Gwen N. Burbidge returned recently to Melbourne to take up her appointment as matron of the Queen's Memorial Infectious Diseases Hospital, Melbourne.

Miss Burbidge studied hospital housekeeping in England, first at the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, and then at St. Thomas' Hospital. This was followed by a year at King's College, where she obtained her sister tutor certificate.

Only eight other people in England gained this certificate for that year. She also obtained her diploma of hospital administration and organization at King's College, and did practical work at the Manchester Royal Infirmary, one of the largest provincial hospitals in England.

Miss Burbidge is a trainee of Royal Melbourne Hospital and the Women's Hospital and was tutor at the Alfred Hospital and Royal Melbourne for some time. She is a member of the Council of the Royal Victorian College of Nursing.

Before she went overseas she wrote a handbook of lectures for nurses, which is used as an official text-book in Victoria and several other States. Written four years ago, it is now going into the sixth edition.



Miss Gwen N. Burbidge—Brooklyn.

To Sing at New York World Fair

TO fulfil a six months' singing engagement at the New York World Fair, which opens at the end of this month,

Miss Zena Moller, of Sydney, well-known coloratura soprano, has left for America. She will also do a series of broadcasts for the National Broadcasting Commission in America, and has arranged to give several talks on Australia for various associations and clubs.

Miss Moller, who, in private life, is Mrs. Humphrey Bishop, graduated as a Bachelor of Science from Sydney University. After obtaining her Diploma of Education, she joined the staff of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, and was in charge of auditions for some time.

She has sung in hundreds of productions, including grand opera, light musical comedy, and musical romances, and has written the librettos for a number of successful radio musical shows, which have been broadcast all over Australia. Her last was "The Weather Box," a musical fantasy, which she hopes to sell to Walt Disney in America.



Miss Zena Moller—A. J. Wood.

Plant Physiologist Does Valuable Work

RESEARCH officer at the Commonwealth Research Station, established at Griffith (N.S.W.), Dr. Joan Shearman is making important investigations into a serious malady affecting citrus fruits in that area.

She was appointed to her important position by the Federal Bureau of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research. Dr. Shearman, whose home is in Bumbury, West Australia, obtained her Bachelor of Science degree with honors in Botany at Perth University. For her successful investigation of the cause of black spot in pears in the Mount Barker district, she was awarded an Orient Line Scholarship, and spent over three years at East Malling Research Station in Kent. There she studied the technique of growing apples and pears. For a thesis on this subject she was awarded a doctorate by the University of London.

Before she went to Griffith, she spent over twelve months studying nutrition deficiencies in pines for the West Australian Forestry Department.

Won Coveted Musical Honor In England

A YOUNG pianist from Melbourne, Joyce Greer, recently won the annual Bach Prize at the Tobias Matthay School of Music in England. A highly valued prize, it attracted 23 competitors this year from many countries.

Before she went to England in 1937 to continue her studies, Miss Greer made a name for herself in musical circles in Victoria. At the age of fifteen she won the coveted Homewood Scholarship, given at the Melbourne University Conservatorium. This entitled her to three years' study there, at the end of which she obtained her diploma of music.

In one of the recent "private practice" concerts, which are a feature of the work of the Matthay School, she received special praise for her rendering of Bach's "Prelude in G" and "Pantasia in C Minor."



Miss Joyce Greer—Francis Young.

Revlon Jueltone ONE SHADE IN THREE TONES



"Revlon's JUELSTONE is the outstanding fashion story this year." Revlon creates a new nail enamel idea—one shade in three tones! On your fingertips, it's the final accent for smartness. This fascinating shade is made in three gradations of tone—light, medium, dark. JUELSTONE-1 is light, delicate... JUELSTONE-2 is medium, more intense... JUELSTONE-3 is dark, dazzling. Each is as effective as exquisite jewels with smart new frocks... each makes hands appear softer, lovelier. It's Revlon for smartness and Revlon for wear—in all Revlon's 21 fashion-right shades. To support weak, brittle nails, use Revlon's PROLONG. Ask for Revlon at good stores and beauty salons.



Revlon Export Corporation, New York, U.S.A. Triche Laboratories & Supplies Co., Ltd., 180 Clarence Street, Sydney, Australia.

PAIN

you can't "explain"

Amazing Actevin (anti-spasm) Compound Ends Needless Suffering Every Month...

Already five out of every nine women have changed to MYZONE for better relief of period pain. For MYZONE's own actevin (anti-spasm) compound brings such quick—and more complete and lasting—relief without any "doping."

When you feel you are going mad with those dragging muscular cramps... when headache

and sick-feeling, and that dreadful weakness makes you want to sit down and cry... let MYZONE bring you blessed ease and comfort.

Just take two MYZONE tablets with water, or cup of tea. These wonderful little tablets are Science's aid to nature, and can show you that normal periods need not ever be painful. Try MYZONE on your very next "pain."

2/- box. All Chemists.

*"Here it is
in Daily Telegraph
Classified Want Ads—
just the thing we've
been looking for"*

**Read the Daily Telegraph Want Ads. every day
For information and opportunities to buy and sell**

You, too, can find the things you've been looking for easily, quickly, and in comfort by reading Daily Telegraph Classified Want Ads. every day. If you have something you wish to sell, or a purchase you want to make. If you are looking for a flat to rent, or a house to buy, remember everything is advertised in Daily Telegraph Classified Want Ads. . . . everything large or small . . . from flowers to furniture, from cars to carpets. It's a habit well worth forming, this reading of Daily Telegraph Classified Want Ads. every day. All those little personal

problems that crop up from day to day can be solved through Daily Telegraph Classified Want Ads. . . . by reading them regularly you can save yourself a great deal of time and running about . . . you can find the things you need, or the information you seek from your armchair . . . there is no limit to the help that Daily Telegraph Classified Want Ads. can offer, so study them regularly every day, you'll find them both interesting and helpful.

Daily Telegraph

Mid-City Office: 115 Pitt Street



Daily Telegraph

SEVENTY-NINE DIFFERENT CLASSIFICATIONS ----

AMUSEMENTS.
APARTMENTS, BOARD, RESI-
DENCE.
AUCTION SALES.
BIRTHS.
BOATS FOR SALE, Etc.
BOOKS, PUBLICATIONS, Etc.
BUILDING MATERIALS.
BUILDERS AND REPAIRERS.
BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS.
BUSINESSES FOR SALE OR
WANTED.
CALLS AND DIVIDENDS ON
SHARES.
CARRIERS & REMOVALISTS.
CASUAL WORK WANTED.
CHURCH NOTICES.
DANCING.
DEATHS.
DENTAL NOTICES.
DOGS, ANIMALS, CATS.
DRESS AND FASHION.

EDUCATIONAL.
ELECTIONS.
ELECTRICAL, WIRELESS, Etc.
FLORISTS, GARDEN & FARM.
FOR EXCHANGE.
FOR SALE.
FUNERALS.
FURNITURE FOR SALE.
FURNITURE WANTED.
GOVERNMENT NOTICES.
GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS.
HOUSES & LAND FOR SALE.
HOUSES & LAND WANTED.
HOTELS & HOLIDAY RESORTS.
HORSES, VEHICLES AND LIVE
STOCK.
HOSPITALS, REST HOMES, Etc.
IN MEMORIAM.
LECTURES.
LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.
LOST AND FOUND.
MACHINERY.

MARRIAGES.
MEDICAL, CHEMICALS, Etc.
MEETINGS.
MISCELLANEOUS.
MONEY, STOCKS, SHARES.
MOTOR CYCLES, BICYCLES,
Etc.
MOTOR TYRES, SUPPLIES,
REPAIRS.
MUNICIPAL COUNCIL
NOTICES.
MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
OFFICES TO LET OR WANTED.
OPTOMETRICAL NOTICES.
PARTNERSHIPS, AGENCIES, Etc.
PERSONAL AND FRIENDS
SOUGHT.
POSITIONS VACANT.
POSITIONS WANTED.
POULTRY, BIRDS, Etc.
PROFESSIONS, TRADES, Etc.

PUBLIC NOTICES.
REAL EST. AUCTION SALES.
REFRIGERATION.
RELIGIOUS ANNOUNCE-
MENTS.
RESIDENTIAL FLATS.
RETURN THANKS.
ROLL OF HONOR.
SHIPPING.
SHOPPERS' NOTEBOOK.
SITUATIONS VACANT.
SITUATIONS WANTED.
SPORT, SPORTING
REQUISITES.
STAMPS.
STATIONS, FARMS & STOCK.
TENDERS.
TENNIS NOTICES.
TO LET (HOUSES, Etc.).
TOURIST TRIPS, MOTOR HIRE.
TYPEWRITERS.
WANTED TO PURCHASE.

Classified Ads.

ONE SHILLING A LINE
WEEK-DAYS
ONE AND A PENNY SATS.
Most Classifications

(Midway between Martin Place and Hunter Street)

PHONE M6635

Check Perspiration

This new cooling way

ODO-RO-NO ICE

non-greasy non-sticky

Odo-ro-no Ice is the answer to the Smart Modern Girl's quest for a

New type deodorant that will keep the underarm dry for 13 days.

Fresh fragrance of pure alcohol evaporates immediately, leaving no odour to interfere with your own preferred perfume.

Non-greasy and Non-sticky, it will not harm the most delicate evening dress.

Use Odo-ro-no Ice according to the directions on the label of the tin.

One Size Only,
2/6.



ODO-RO-NO

Ice Cool and
non-sticky

NURSE LOSES 19 lbs.

Kruschen Fills Her With Energy
and Vigour

"Seven weeks ago," writes a nurse, "I commenced a course of Kruschen Salts in order to try and reduce my weight, which was then 15 stone 7 lbs. I am delighted to be able to report that my weight is now 14 stone 2 lbs. I feel and look years younger than I did, and am full of energy and vigour. Such a change I could never have believed possible."

"I have only purchased three bottles of Kruschen in the seven weeks, so that the treatment is not an expensive one, and I have suffered no discomfort at all. My age is 43 years and I am full of gratitude for the benefit received."—(Nurse) M.F.B.

The formula of Kruschen represents the ingredient salts of the mineral waters of those European Spas which have been used by generations of over-stout people to reduce weight. Gently, but surely, Kruschen rids the system of all fat-forming food refuse, of all poisons and harmful acids which give rise to rheumatism, headaches, and many other ills.

GAVE THE WORLD a new word for Luxury

Cesar Ritz spent his boyhood in primitive simplicity looking after his father's cows on a Swiss mountainside.

When he died, his memorial was a chain of luxury hotels through the capitals of Europe. He had given the world a new word for luxury—the American slang term "ritz"—and had made it fashionable for women to dine in public.

TWENTY years after his death new hotels and restaurants are still being named after him.

There are nine hotels, restaurants and blocks of flats named Ritz in Sydney, and at least two in Melbourne.

Cesar Ritz's widow, Marie Louise, has written the story of his career in an entrancing book. In it you will dine with the Prince and Princess of Wales (later King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra), most of the nineteenth century crowned heads of Europe, great artists from the stage—Sarah Bernhardt, Adeline Patti, Lily Langtry, De Rezke and Melba—and great artists from the kitchen, like the famous chef Escoffier.

Escoffier and Ritz worked together at a time when fussy ornaments and garnishings were being swept away both from furnishing and food.

Until then a chef was also an architect. He built huge meals for men—and men only—with gargantuan appetites.

While Ritz tore down heavy dust-laden velvet curtains, and replaced them with hygienic washable net, Escoffier studied food properties and simplified his dishes.

"When Escoffier and Ritz began their career together the tempo of life was increasing, and more important than that, perhaps, was the fact that the epoch of the 'New Woman' had begun," says Madame Ritz.

"When Ritz decorated and furnished his hotels he always considered first the requirements and tastes of ladies. And Escoffier was the first great chef to esteem their taste in food or to cater for it, and

many of his most original and delightful dishes were christened with women's names.

"Women did not eat much—at least, not in public dining-rooms—and chefs wrung their hands in despair.

"Ladies—that is to say, respectable married women of wealth and social standing—did not dine in public ever.

"Some times a fad would debouch a crowd of well-dressed young people, and the women would hasten up the stairs, making a great show of covering their faces with their shawls and fans, giggling excitedly. Oh, what a daring thing to do!"

Cesar Ritz enlisted the aid of great hostesses to make dining in public fashionable for women.

The direct result of this was indirect lighting—to show women to best advantage—twenty years before Hollywood discovered its uses.

Table decorations became bowers of flowers as a setting for "the ladies."

In fact, they were so lavish that at one millionaire's dinner the walls were covered entirely with orchids.

To provide a worthy background for his women guests Ritz scoured Europe for beautiful furniture and carpets.

In the Ritz Hotel in Paris there was a bathroom on every floor, an unheard of luxury, later to be fol-



MME. MARIE LOUISE RITZ, widow of Europe's famous hotelkeeper, wearing the gown of a French marquis of the Louis XVI period.

lowed by a bathroom for every suite in his London hotels.

Until Ritz's bathroom innovations the Prince of Wales had his baths sent in to him by the "Bath-at-home Service," which would bring on carts huge tanks of hot water, a tub, and all the necessaries.

As you travel to Paris, Lucerne, Budapest, Rome, Monte Carlo and London with Mme. Ritz you meet most of the people who made Europe's history in social, political, and artistic life in the last fifty years.

Melba appears frequently. "I saw her enter the restaurant one night, and could understand why so many men were at her feet. She was wearing a very sombre-colored costume of black lace and tulle with a note of dark green somewhere about it and roses sewed on the flowing skirt—and she was radiant."

"Her jewels were very fine, and she was displaying a huge diamond which had been presented to her by the Brussels Opera."

Memorable Dinner

MME. RITZ explains how Pêche Melba was created.

"Melba was planning a little dinner party. She wished to have peaches flambees, thinking the meal needed a hot and piquant ending. Escoffier insisted that an ice would be much better. They compromised. The result was one of Escoffier's happiest inventions."

Of Melba and Adeline Patti, she says:

"How those two women hated each other. They could scarcely stand being in the same room together."

Miss Scott, in charge of the women's cloakroom at the Carlton Hotel for forty years, remembers Melba young and beautiful, and also when she was not so young.

"I was one of the last persons in London ever to see her. She came in to ask what I thought of her now that she had managed to reduce her weight. Oh, dear, I couldn't tell her the truth—that slimming had made her look old. And it's well I didn't. She was off to Australia then, and she never came back."

In spite of the hotelier's traditional discretion, Cesar Ritz and his wife allow brief glimpses of some of their eccentric patrons.

There was the Marquise Casati—she was one of the first modern women to paint her eyelids green—who kept two live box-constrictors and fed them on live rabbits.

Mrs. McLean kept a hooded falcon which had to be fed on live pigeons.

Mrs. Manneville always took two apartments, one for herself and one for her "zoo"—several cages of birds and half a dozen dogs.

"Cesar Ritz, Host of the World," by Marie Louise Ritz (Harrap); our copy from Angus and Robertson.



THEY THOUGHT MY JOHNNY WAS SPOILED



WHEN your child starts to get cranky and perry . . . loses weight . . . and just picks at his food, then start him on Horlicks. Horlicks soon brings the appetite back, changes paleness and listlessness into radiant good-tempered vitality. Children love the flavour of Horlicks—especially when it's made with the Horlicks Mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6d. Economy size, 2/9. Special Pack, with Mixer, 2/.

HORLICKS

at bedtime guards children against "Night-Starvation".

3 FIRST PRIZES AT BABY SHOWS



—thanks to a CLEAR SKIN

Mrs. E.L.W., of East Sheen, is proud of her son's complexion. It has won him 3 first prizes, and she gives much of the credit to Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

She writes: "Donald is a winner of 3 first prizes in baby contests. Once he was chosen from over a hundred children, judged by famous Harley Street doctors. And each time I was complimented on his beautiful skin. I feel sure his success, in no small part, was due to Wright's Coal Tar Soap. I may add that Wright's is the only soap used by my family."

Keep YOUR skin fresh and clear—use

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

W4-69



THE loveliest eyes lack luster. If lashes are thin, scanty or colourless. Enhance the beauty of your eyes by using MAYBELLINE on your lashes. It will make them appear long, luxuriant and dark. Millions of women all over the world use MAYBELLINE—not only because of the added allurements it gives their eyes, but because it is absolutely safe. There are no harmful dyes in MAYBELLINE. It is non-smearing and tear-proof. Blue, Black and Brown.

MAYBELLINE EYELASH DARKENER
Standard size 4/6. Trial size 2/6.

NEW MAYBELLINE CREAM MASCARA
Keeps lashes soft and silky. Easily applied without water, and wonderfully effective. The newest and most valuable addition to a woman's make-up.

Price, including brush, 1/6

Maybelline
From all good Hairdressers, Stores and Chemists
Exclusive Distributors
DOWARD & CO., 124 Flinders Lane, Melbourne

Do You Know?

He romps with his girl-friend and ruffles her hair. But that doesn't worry his pet. She's no-need to care. Cos the waves in her hair she puts back in a jiff with DAMPETTE.

If you want delightfully glossy waves that will stay "put" for days, just damp your hair and comb a few drops of Dampette through it; then finger-press waves into position. Chemists and Stores sell Dampette—2/- a bottle—Contains Vitamin F.

MAKE BABY'S HAIR CURLY

Mrs. Rouch, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet. She says: "Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. She now has strong, soft curls in place of the tank, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Rouch."

Brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy curls. Get a 3/6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today.

Be sure to get GENUINE CURLYPET

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, joins up with Granite Film Studios in Hollywood. He becomes friendly with
SONNY: Famous boy star, and when Sonny is kidnapped sets out to find him. Meanwhile, the kidnappers
BUD AND PETE: Two gangsters in Hollywood, having forced
GEORGE: Sonny's chauffeur, to help them, have taken

THE STORY SO FAR:

Sonny to a lonely shack in the country. They decide to make Mandrake the intermediary in securing the million dollar ransom for the return of Sonny from the boy's family, and, seeing him driving by, pursue him in a high-powered car. They are stopped on the road, however, by a patrol of armed police and taken into custody. **NOW READ ON.**

SONNY HOME SAFE!
KIDNAPPERS CAPTURED
POLICE WITHHOLD DETAILS OF ARREST
SONNY STARR RETURN

SONNY, DARLING,
IT'S SURE SWELL YOU'RE BACK, SONNY! WANT TO PLAY BALL WITH US?

GEE, I'D LOVE TO, WHITEY-- BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO TEACH ME HOW.

NONE OF US CAN EVER THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR SAVING SONNY, MANDRAKE.

I DON'T WANT ANY THANKS. SONNY'S HOME AND HE'S ONE OF THE GANG NOW. THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.

PEACE AND QUIET AT LAST, LOTHAR. THIS IS THE FIRST CHANCE I'VE HAD IN MONTHS TO RELAX--

WHAT IN--!

EXCUSE MY COMING IN THIS WAY! BUT I HAD TO SEE YOU!

SO IT SEEMS! TOO BAD YOU WEREN'T ON A REINDEER! YOU COULD HAVE COME DOWN THE CHIMNEY!

LOTHAR, TAKE THE HORSE OUTSIDE AND I'LL HAVE A CHAT WITH MY VISITOR.

PLEASE DON'T TAKE MY HORSE AWAY. I MAY HAVE TO LEAVE AT ANY MOMENT. YOU SEE-- THEY DAMAGED MY CAR--

--AND CUT MY TELEPHONE WIRES, SO I HAD TO RIDE HERE. I WAS SO FRIGHTENED, I--

NOW--JUST A MINUTE. WHO DID ALL THIS? AND WHO ARE YOU?

I'LL EXPLAIN-- BUT I MUST HURRY! THEY'VE FOLLOWED ME-- THEY'RE PROBABLY WATCHING ME RIGHT NOW!

YOU'RE A BIT UPSET. YOU'RE SAFE HERE. NO ONE'S WATCHING YOU.

BEFORE I BEGIN, YOU REALLY ARE MANDRAKE, AREN'T YOU? I MEAN, YOU HAVE SUPERNATURAL POWERS AND--

I SEE. YOU BREAK INTO MY HOUSE, AND I MUST IDENTIFY MYSELF. WELL--

I WAS JUST SITTING DOWN TO READ--AH-- HERE COME MY BOOK AND SLIPPERS NOW!

AND NOW FOR A FIRE IN THE FIREPLACE--

THAT WAS MARVELLOUS! YOU ARE MANDRAKE!

NOTHING SUPERNATURAL ABOUT IT. JUST A FEW SIMPLE TRICKS. NOW--WHO ARE YOU? YOUNG LADIES DON'T USUALLY COME INTO MY LIVINGROOM ON HORSE-BACK.

I CAN'T TELL YOU WHO I AM JUST NOW, BUT I NEED YOUR HELP, MANDRAKE. I'M BEING-- HAUNTED.

HAUNTED?

NIGHT AND DAY, THEY MAKE MY LIFE A NIGHTMARE. YOU SEE--

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING. NOW DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER START FROM THE BEGINNING?

YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME, BUT-- OH! LOOK! THEY'VE FOLLOWED ME!

ME GET!

TO BE CONTINUED



If You're a Baby

Give him the gentle, safe aperient used by mothers for 100 years—Steedman's Powders. They keep habits regular and bloodstream cool during teething. For children up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Sive STEEDMAN'S POWDERS
FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazingly effective. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/4.

BABES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d sent for postage to Depart. "A" Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.



Alluring Lips

GET ALL THE KISSES

FIRST he holds your hands. He looks into your eyes. Then his lips search for yours. That is your moment—the moment when you win and hold him or lose him, make him remember you or want to forget. And that's where Michel seals a bewitching moment. Michel is well-balanced and doubly permanent. It has a special creamy base that gives your lips petal-smoothness, flower-like fragrance, vibrant allure. Michel bestows a charm that the strongest man cannot resist. In six fashionable shades, there is one to suit your type. Blonde, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Scarlet, Raspberry.



2- Michel

MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE

"AND the girl, what is she like?"

"Dark and pretty. A charming little person. Derek. You're sure to meet, somewhere."

"Not if I can help it," Derek retorted. "I hate women in business, they're born muddlers. Their place is in the home, and they've no right gallivanting about on railroads. It's particularly a man's job."

"Miss Mills is travelling by car, Derek."

"Alone?"

"No, halving expenses with Brian Farleigh. I admire her choice of a companion. Brian is a fine chap. Come, I'll show you 'Perfect's' display card. It's most attractive."

Even Derek grudgingly admitted so. The beautiful young woman who displayed one faultlessly clad leg expressed one's own thought when she exclaimed in delight—"Perfect!" Who can dispute perfection?

At Merrill's, and Thompson's stores, Matthews had a similar reception. Both buyers had switched over from "Dan-Dee" to "Perfect." Derek found he had to push a hat side-line to make his Dubbo visit pay. He left for Wellington, and, as before, made the Western Stores Branch his first objective.

Tom Baines, their buyer, refused to see him, so Derek asked to see the manager, Mr. Astley, who, though pleased to see Derek personally, was curt regarding business.

"I can do nothing, Derek. Baines has ordered from 'Perfect' extensively, and in his buying capacity he has our complete sanction. He knows the game from A to Z."

Derek was furious.

"When did he buy?" he asked sharply.

"Early yesterday morning. Miss Mills was just a day ahead of you. Honestly, Derek, 'Dan-Dee' is good, but your only hope of doing any figures against such opposition is to get ahead of Miss Mills. Just a tip from an old friend."

"Thanks," Derek muttered. "I'm not scared. The stuff probably won't last, and you'll all come crawling to 'Dan-Dee.'"

He left the stores hurriedly. If

he could only meet this Mills woman, he'd throttle her. Was it any good seeing Stewart, or Redwoods? he wondered. Might as well. He had to wait until late for a train to Orange. Redwoods gave him a small order for ties and socks.

Journeying to Orange he made a decision. If business did not improve he would change at Blayney for the south. Maybe, by dodging about a bit, he could lose the Mills woman and her "Perfect" line.

Orange proved to be a repetition of Dubbo and Wellington, and his anger increased with every setback. His figures so far were the lowest yet, and he had only two and a half working days in which to recover. It was appalling! He left Orange that night en route for Wagga, where the four principal stores were good customers of "Dan-Dee" footwear.

He set out for Holland & Coy., one of the most important stores, with renewed optimism.

Mr. Holland did his own buying, and he greeted Derek cordially. He was a short, jolly man, extremely popular with the travellers.

He moved closer to Matthews, and spoke confidently.

"Thanks for the recommendation of 'Perfect.' It's rather unusual for a man to recommend his opposition, but in this instance, and after seeing Miss Mills, I understand, and heartily agree. Great little woman, that!"

Derek's face expressed both his wrath and his astonishment.

"Me! Recommend 'Perfect'? Are you crazy, Holland?"

"Hardly! And besides, I still have your note of recommendation."

Mr. Holland searched an inner pocket and produced a letter which he handed to Derek.

"There it is; read it for yourself. It is your handwriting."

Only the blind would have denied a similarity in handwriting, and Matthews' sight was particularly good.

"Similar, Mr. Holland," he exclaimed. "But not the same."

"Are you sure, Derek?" The little man was incredulous.

"Positive!" Matthews said. "I didn't write it. You've been misled."

"By the woman, maybe," Holland admitted, "but not by the goods. They're true to label, believe me!"

He suddenly laughed heartily.

"What a woman!" he exclaimed.

MATTHEWS gripped his suitcase angrily. "Well, there's nothing more to be said, if you're all so madly infatuated."

Dismayed, Derek knew it was impossible to even cover his expenses at this rate of business. Weary and tired, his nerves frazzled, he suddenly thought of his sister, Helen, at Eden. Good! What a haven of peace it would be for a week-end. Eden! Sleepy, lovely Eden; and Helen, so full of simple sweetness, and encouragement. She always understood his moods. Yes! He would go to Eden for the week-end.

The decision made, he caught the Albury mail for Goulburn. He did not attempt any business, but it was here he came in contact with the wit of two members of the travellers' fraternity.

Awakened from a deep sleep by the obliging train guard, he still felt extremely irritable. What the devil the guard found so funny about him he could only dimly understand, but the fact remained, Guard Simpson was highly amused about something.

"Somebody must've mistaken this for a bridal suite," he commented, laughing heartily. Simpson pointed toward the door.

Derek sat bolt upright, suddenly awake and expecting the worst.

Tied to a sheet of paper, and strung up right across the compartment, was a pair of his socks. Written in blue pencil across the top was: "A 'Perfect' pair," with the "Perfect" underlined, and on one the initials, "M.M." and on the other, "D.M." But unfortunately the socks were not perfect, they were riddled with tiny holes, which fact alone was apparent to the very amused guard.

Derek bore them down.

"Who did it?" he demanded.

"I don't know," replied the guard innocently. "This is just as I found you, asleep with the washing out."

Matthews sent a telegram to his sister, Helen, at Eden, before joining the Cooma mail. It read: Mrs. Helen Cottell, Eden.

Need a spot of fishing. Business had. Arrive Saturday. Stay week-end.

Derek.

The Sample

Continued from Page 5

Derek arrived at Bega midday Friday, which left time to "work" the town. He decided to concentrate on "Dan-Dee" in an effort to recover some of its lost prestige. He had shaken off the Mills woman, so had nothing to fear from "Perfect" competition.

His jovial personality returned as with a draught of champagne. He sparkled with good spirits and the zest for living.

Matthews approached the buyer, Phillip Barnes, at the town's largest store with renewed confidence. Barnes appeared quieter than usual, but viewed the new Dan-Dee range with little or no comment.

Derek took out his order book and pencil in readiness.

"I'm ready, Mr. Barnes," he said confidently. "Name the favorite."

Barnes leant across the counter.

"Well, it's this way," he explained. "You are doing well. I should imagine from personal observation and hearsay you are one of the most successful men on the road, so I have decided to give a less fortunate individual a chance."

Derek was well acquainted with the stories of Phillip Barnes' charitable impulses, but this was a knock hard to take.

Derek forced a smile. He was curious.

"May I ask whom you have in mind?"

"Decidedly, Derek. A Miss Mills—Miss Margaret Mills. And, believe me, she carries a line that is first-class."

It was the last straw. Matthews' appearance suggested apoplexy, and without another word he bounced out of the shop.

He visited other stores, and wherever he went he found he had been preceded by the slick woman traveller named Margaret Mills.

The following day he left Bega by mail car for Eden.

Helen was baking cakes when Derek arrived, and Bobby waited by her side to scrape the dish of whatever mixture might be left. He rushed out to meet Derek. Jim was out delivering a consignment of goods to Green Cape.

Derek's admiring glance did not

miss a picture of tranquillity and coolness in her ice-blue, figured linen frock.

"Ge! Derek, but it is good to see you. Why don't you come more often?" she said.

Early the next morning Jim and Derek set out in a hired rowing boat for a day's fishing. They took plenty of bait, and good fishing

tackle, and both had great expectations of a big catch. The sun had cleared the heavy bank of clouds which had obscured its rising, and threw dazzling beams of light in every direction as the two men dropped anchor and threw out their lines.

A light southerly breeze blew, and a slight swell rolled into the bay. Both men enjoyed the lazy heaving of the boat. A couple of hours passed by without any results, and Jim Cottell suggested a move around the Peninsula to a position further out to sea and outside the second bay.

They rowed steadily until they had reached the position indicated by Jim, and saw a launch occupied by two other anglers. Their fishing neighbors were too far away to permit of conversation, but now and then the echo of a silvery laugh was carried over the distance.

Once more Derek and Jim cast their lines; they scored minor catches almost immediately. Fired with enthusiasm, and keeping an alert eye upon their lines, they were totally unaware that their neighbors' boat was slowly drifting towards them, until a woman's excited exclamations gave notice of their proximity.

"Brian, Brian! Quickly, help me, it's a monster!"

Simultaneously Derek felt a decided tug on his line, and commenced pulling it in. Further exclamations from the other boat followed.

"Quickly! I can't pull it in. Oh! it's tugging me in; it must be a shark!"

The two boats were now almost alongside one another. Derek, although amused by the woman's plight, was too busily engaged with his own catch to give her own much attention. Jim, however, was an amused onlooker.

Derek tugged his line viciously, and at the same moment fancied he felt a tug from the opposite direction. A huge Jewfish broke the surface of the water, revealing to the bewildered anglers that they had both caught the same fish.

Excited yelling at one another followed.

"Hey, you! Get off my line!"

"He's mine as well as yours!"

"I brought him to the surface!"

"I caught him first!"

Jim thought he would settle the

moment, whilst the poor fish swung suspended on taut lines, above the surface of the water, he gave a combined pull with Derek. The girl's line snapped as Derek succeeded in landing the catch. Only her friend's prompt action saved her from falling overboard as her line slackened.

Please turn to Page 42

This was my BAD LEG until I used Cuticura OINTMENT

Chronic leg ulcer is a most exacting test of the healing power of any skin remedy and in this distressing and crippling affliction a few applications of Cuticura will prove its superior efficacy to the complete satisfaction of the sufferer. Cuticura kills the germs and poisons that keep the ulcer active. It prevents proud flesh and soothes away inflammation. It helps Nature to replace the sore with new, healthy flesh and skin.

Use Cuticura Ointment to relieve and heal Pimples, Rashes, Oozes, Burns, Eczema, Skin Eruptions, etc. It stops the tormenting itch instantly and a single tin is often sufficient to heal a stubborn eruption completely.

1/3 and 2/6 a tin.

★ NOTE.—Skin sufferers should use only Cuticura Soap in the bath and for washing. It has soothing, emollient properties.



INSTANTLY SOOTHES—QUICKLY HEALS

Intimate Jottings by Caroline.

Shore Wedding



I LIKE—
Mrs. T. H. Kelly's smart little navy-and-white feather toque, worn with a grey tailleur and a white blouse touched with navy.

Honeymoon at Bowral

COLONEL AND MRS. GEORGE DOUGLAS are honeymooning at Bowral, where they have taken a house for a time, with the idea of making their permanent home in the district. They are both of one mind as to the advantages of life in the country, with frequent jaunts to town.

Before her recent marriage Mrs. Douglas was, you remember, Mrs. Lorna Mackellar, charming younger daughter of Judge and Mrs. Mocatta of Darling Point.

Cruising Here and There
MARGARET LIGHT-FOOT-WALKER and Marie Dumas are planning a holiday cruise to Fiji, and will leave Sydney this Friday.

Jean Lightfoot-Walker will have a rush to see her sister off at 4 o'clock, as she herself sails for a trip to New Zealand in the *Awatea* at five. She will probably be away two months.

Round of Country Visits

MRS. PAT EDWARDS has been paying a round of country visits, taking her young daughter Colleen to stay with the Bill Gordons and Jane at Bungendore, then on to Goulburn to the Campsie Dalgleishs, at Pomeroy.

Which reminds me that Campsie's stepmother, Mrs. Alec Dalgleish, is flatting in London at present. Her only daughter, Margaret, who is at a school in Oxford, will be numbered among the divinely tall, fair debutantes of the future. Only 15, she's nearing the six-foot mark.

Staged Many Recitals

STEPHANIE EDYE possesses a record which to my way of thinking, will take some beating. Starting, I'd have you know, at the ripe age of eight, Stephanie and her youthful friends were often to be seen hard at work, designing and making their own fancy dresses for some play or other.

Since then she has staged many plays and recitals, dancing in all of them herself, with the proceeds going to her pet charity, the Fair West Children's Health Scheme.

The sum total is, I'm told, well over one thousand pounds, and all the result of Stephanie's own efforts.

GWEN MILLS (centre), of Strathfield, who will marry Bill Munroe at Shore Chapel on March 29. With her are Betty McConnell (left) and Peggy Stewart, who will be her bridesmaids with Jean Munroe and Topsy Buhl.

Mrs. A. J. Corfe, attractive wife of Glen Innes' popular doctor, is staying at 52 Macleay Street. Collecting an autumn wardrobe is the main reason for her visit to town.

Yachtswomen of the Helm

NOW that the sailing season is drawing to a close, Sydney's yachting fraternity is making the most of the week-ends still left, and for the last few Sundays the harbor has been crowded with yachts.

On Saturday, when the Royal Prince Edward Yacht Club brought its season to a close, womenfolk had a chance to prove their prowess at the tiller. Morna Mackenzie handled Moby Dick expertly, and I saw Mrs. T. M. Furer at the tiller of her husband's yacht, *Cuthonna*.

Sheila Pring, of course, never misses a race, and she skipped her father's boat, *Currawong*.

First Trip to the East

WHO wouldn't envy youthful Mrs. Jack Nicolson (the former Joan Crowhurst), setting out on her first trip to the East! And wasn't she thrilled when she and her husband sailed in the *Nieuw Zeeland* last week! A second honeymoon, say Jack and Joan, who have only been married since October.

Jack's job entails spending six months of each year in the East and the rest of the time in Sydney.

Margot Has Many Interests

THERE'S no denying that the youth of today is versatile. For instance, attractive Margot Ruthven, with an all-day job in a city beauty salon to her credit, finds time to go all social in between whistles, and in her spare hours (though I wonder just how there can be any) studies dramatic art.

Don't know that she's mapping out a career for herself in that direction, but her stage appearances have been most successful.

Home Redecorated

ERIC POYSER, holidaying on the mountains, returned to town to find that the Poyser home at Elizabeth Bay had just emerged, smartness itself, from the hands of the painters and decorators.

Mrs. Eric is thankful that such a domestic upheaval is not an every-day occurrence.

Mrs. Dreyer, you know, learnt all the tricks of the trade from London's Constance Spry, whose salon is responsible for most of the floral decorations when the Duke and Duchess of Kent entertain at No. 3 Belgrave Square.

So now I'm wondering if, when the Duke and Duchess are in residence at Admiralty House, its reception rooms will be adorned by Mrs. Dreyer's art.

House-Hunting Ahead

SINCE their return from overseas Mrs. Alan Potter and her small daughters—Susan and Barbara Rose—have been staying with Mrs. Potter's sister, Marjorie Bowker, at her flat at Hampstead, Double Bay, until they move back into their Point Piper home.

Mr. and Mrs. Potter will shortly be devoting their energies to house-hunting, as they sold their home to the Cuthbert Sheldons—who are at present holidaying in England—before they went abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon are due back in Sydney in July.

The J. A. Carpenters and their daughter Joyce now have a new address. Recently they moved into Granchester, in Edgecliff Road. The new flat is just opposite Castlefield, where for the last few years they've made their home.

To Wed in London

I HEAR that Mrs. Ieston Smith and her daughters, Eleanor and Jeannie, will leave shortly for London, where Jeannie's marriage with Charles Matthews will take place, and where her future home will be. They're a bit vague as yet, though, about the date of their sailing—it may be in May or as late as June. It all depends on a cable from Charles, who went to England several months ago.

But at least they have decided on their travel route. It's to be via the Panama Canal.

Jeannie has bought most of her trousseau here, though not her wedding gown, which, she says, "must breathe Paris." And what a lovely engagement ring she has—two large diamonds, encircled with smaller diamonds!

Holidaying in Egypt

THE last mail brought news of Mrs. Hugh Poate and her daughter, Marcelle, who have been holidaying in Egypt with relatives for the past two months or so. Marcelle writes of lots of gay doings.

The travellers had just crossed to Italy, intending to remain there until they set out for home. Unless present plans go astray, June will see them back in Sydney once more.

Marcelle will then make her official debut into Sydney's social world.



Mrs. Alan Vivers, in town from her home at Inverell, is staying at the Garden Club.



Jean Batten, Linguist

NAN EDWARDS, the petite Sydney airwoman, tells me she had a letter from Jean Batten last week. Jean has been on a lecture tour on the Continent, and proved herself an accomplished linguist, as she visited five countries and lectured in the language of each of them.

She has recently been presented with the medal of the Norwegian Aviation Society.

Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Cookson, of Inverell, are receiving congratulations on the birth of their fourth daughter. Mrs. Cookson was formerly Miss Peggy Throsby, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Throsby.

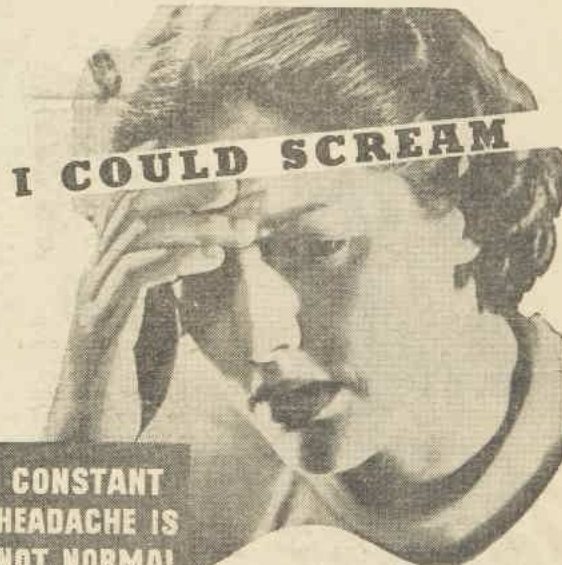
Jane is Air-Minded

WAS I impressed when I heard that the very youthful Jane Rhodes boards a plane in Brisbane and flies, quite alone, to Melbourne! Most nonchalant about it, too. Has been doing the trip for years, so why make a fuss?

Jane usually spends her school holidays in the south with her grandfather. She is, you remember, the daughter of Commander and Mrs. "Dusty" Rhodes, that popular couple who made their home in Sydney before going to live in Brisbane several years ago.

DO YOU KNOW—

That Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Barr, who have been visiting Sydney, returned last week to their home in England? During their five months' stay here they had a flat at Rockley, Elizabeth Bay.



CONSTANT HEADACHE IS NOT NORMAL

GAIN IMMEDIATE RELIEF

Good Health is your most valuable asset; don't neglect it. Stop that nagging ache, before it develops into constant ill-health.

ACT NOW WITH BAYER'S ASPIRIN

Bayer originated Aspirin, and gave it to the world for the relief of pain. Now, doctors and nurses throughout the world recommend Bayer.

Bayer's Aspirin is quick—test it yourself. It is safe—it will not affect the heart or stomach, and has no after effects.

Play safe! Keep Bayer's Aspirin handy always, and whenever you suffer from pain, stop it quickly and safely. Bayer's Aspirins cost no more than ordinary aspirins, so insist on Bayer.

Bayer means Better

with BAYER'S ASPIRIN

BAYER'S ASPIRIN GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF FROM: HEADACHES; RHEUMATISM; NEURALGIA; SCIATICA; LUMBAGO; INSOMNIA; SORE THROATS; FLU; COLDS; PERIODIC PAIN; AND ALL NERVE & MUSCLE PAINS & ACES

The Original and Genuine

BAYER'S ASPIRIN

IN HANDY TINS OF 12 - 24 - 36 BOTTLES OF 24 - 36 BOTTLES OF 100 - 400



It's easy to make your lips reflect their natural loveliness. Tangee catches and holds a beauty that men admire. For Tangee can't give a painted look; it isn't paint. Orange in the stick, it changes on your lips to bluish rose, the shade most becoming to you. Its special cream base soothes and protects. Try Tangee today. Then watch the glances of approval.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
(Aust. Agents, Turners, Meib, & Sydney.)

D

DEREK proudly held up the prize for their inspection.

"You little beauty!" he exclaimed almost affectionately.

The victory was tempered by graciousness.

"Lady, I'll give you half of him. How's that?" he called.

"Sir, your astounding benevolence overwhelms me," she responded.

"She's a right smart young woman," Jim said.

Derek had to admit she was very pretty. Attired in smart navy-blue shorts and a white linen nautical blouse, her dark wavy hair was covered by a large white hat.

"All right, I'll catch you another," Derek promised her.

Suddenly, they all laughed.

"I know," the woman suggested. "We'll make a community catch and share the spoils."

Her companion threw in his line immediately.

"Here's hoping!" he laughed.

When both parties returned to the jetty at sundown, they divided the catch, which had proved plentiful.

Derek counted the girls dividend; he was more than ordinarily interested.

Moreover, something about her was vaguely familiar.

He mentioned the fact casually.

"I don't want the phrase to sound familiar, but still—haven't we met before, somewhere?"

"I do not recollect a meeting and yet it is quite possible," she replied. "Who are you?"

Her voice was low with a modified inflection.

"The name is Matthews, Derek Matthews, of Sydney."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Matthews."

Derek grasped the dainty, extended hand within his own; it was small and warm.

Her eyes sparkled.

"So you're from Sydney. How strange, so am I. My name is Margaret Mills."

"Margaret Mills!" Derek could only repeat her name, dully. His face was a study of conflicting emotions.

The only woman who had ever succeeded in attracting more than casual notice from him had to be his worst enemy. Margaret Mills, of all people. He was infatuated as weakly and as completely as his customers were fascinated.

She had stolen his business, and yet here he was sharing his fish with her and liking it.

"You don't seem to like me now you know who I am. Why? Does a name make so much difference?" asked Margaret.

Derek could not look at her.

"Would you be sorry if I said 'Yes'?"

Margaret considered well before she made answer.

"I'm afraid so. You see, Mr. Matthews, when I really like a person I can't help showing it, and if you told me now that Derek Mat-

The Sample

Continued from Page 40

thews was not really your name I would still like you, genuinely."

"They had reached the roadway which led to Margaret's hotel, and Farleigh was calling her."

"Hurry, you two, dinner won't wait!"

"Coming!" they answered together.

Derek took her hand. She smiled charmingly, and waited.

"I must talk to you, Miss Mills. Will you walk down to the old pier to-night? I must leave for Cooma in the morning, and there is something I must know."

Margaret nodded. She was afraid to trust herself to speak.

D

DEREK MATTHEWS stood smoking a cigarette upon the end of the old pier that had welcomed many a cargo boat in the busy days of Twofold Bay: days when the outside world had taken a great and paying interest in the whaling industry of the port, and aeroplanes had played no part in commerce.

A sudden light footfall cut short his reminiscences. She was there beside him in the moonlight, shy and lovely. Margaret had changed into a lustrous silk, terra-cotta colored frock, and she carried a light, brown coat.

"How lovely you look!" Derek exclaimed.

"I'm so glad you like it, Mr. Matthews."

"How could I help myself?" She sighed.

"And to think I must leave this place of loveliness to-morrow. Eden is so perfect."

"Are you going home?" Derek inquired.

"No," Margaret replied quickly. "To Cooma on business."

"With Farleigh, I suppose?"

"Of course, why not? We are a splendid team, and I have to earn a living."

Matthews grew restless and reckless. He paced the pier.

"Miss Mills, for a whole week I've hated you. I've sworn to get even with you for stealing my business (for, believe it or not, I am 'Dun-dee' representative), and now—now that we've met, I—"

He had halted beside her. She helped him.

"You what?" she asked.

"I only want to see a lot more of you. Margaret, would you give up this travelling game and settle down with me? It's a man's job, you know."

She laughed and blushed.

"What is this, Derek, a proposal?"

For answer he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"I'll say it's a proposal. I'm mad about you, you little witch."

"Then you really do like me, despite my name?"

Derek looked earnestly into her dark-blue eyes, and pulled the lobe of a small ear showing beneath a black curl.

"I hate to confess it, darling," he said, "but I love my opposition."

Margaret rested her head comfortably upon his shoulder.

"Then I won't oppose you any longer, dear. I'm satisfied now you love me. Your love is all I ever wanted, and you won't cease to love me if I tell you my real name, will you?"

Derek was puzzled.

"Of course not, dear," he said, "but how many names have you?"

"Only two. Derek, Cleone Dar-row. Margaret Mills' was only assumed."

"Upton's rotten typist!" Matthews shouted, amazed. "I knew I had seen you before, somewhere."

"Exactly!" agreed Cleone. "Only, Derek, you did not take enough notice of me, so I set out to make you know I was alive."

"How?" asked Derek.

Cleone colored, and looked away from him.

"The statements!" she said in a mere whisper.

Derek caught the ashamed girl by the shoulders and turned her about so that she faced him. There was a suggestion of tears in her lovely eyes, and her sweet lips quivered slightly.

"So you purposely made them erroneous, Cleone?"

"Yes!" She was nervous and distressed. "Oh! Derek! Don't hate me, dear, I couldn't bear it."

For answer he held her closely and whispered gentle words of comfort.

"I was blind, my love. I did not realise there was anyone in this world who could love me like that, other than Helen."

"Helen! Who is Helen?" Cleone knew jealousy.

He laughed tormentingly.

"My sister. And I want you to know her. She lives here in Eden. Jim Cottrell is her husband, and you will like Bobby."

"Their son?" she questioned.

"Yes, a wonderful little chap. A real boy."

"How perfect!" Cleone laughed.

A

T her last word Derek stiffened. He was still conscious of the sting to his business pride.

"Tell me, Cleone, where did you get that 'Perfect' line, and how did you know my itinerary?"

"It was simple, luckily," she replied. "When Mr. Upton sacked me he was rid of me, but you were not. I was mad about you, and with you, and I decided to teach you a lesson. I had no way of coming in contact with you unless I followed you. I saw 'Perfect's' advertisement. I applied for their lines and got them. Of course, they were bluffed; they thought I was an experienced traveller."

Derek was lost in admiration.

"But that still doesn't explain how you knew my route for last week."

"Coral Deane gave me a copy of your customers' addresses, and introduced me to Brian Farleigh, a friend of hers. The rest was easy."

"You win, little huntress, you leave me dumbfounded," said Derek. "One thing more, however. How did you know I was coming to Eden? Miss Deane didn't know."

"I didn't, either," Cleone admitted. "Brian suggested a rest here, for I was tired, and disappointed that we had not met. He has friends here in Eden. The rest was just fate, I suppose."

Matthews laughed.

"Would you call a Jewish fate, Cleone?"

The bay echoed with their combined laughter, as they walked along the pier toward the beach.

"Would you like to carry 'Perfect,' Derek?" Cleone asked.

"Rather!" Matthews exclaimed. "And you, too, Cleone, for life! What about it?"

Coral Deane was in a flutter of excitement. She had just received a telegram. It read:

Miss C. Deane.

C/o Upton & Co., Sydney.

The sample was a winner. Will you be bridesmaid. Love.

Cleone and Derek.

(Copyright.)



RENE'S RACE DAY RUINED

BUT SHE PICKS A WINNER FOR THE NEXT MEETING



Rene nearly had a fit.

Rene nearly had a fit. So we dashed off where we could do a little private hitching and pinning.

By this time Rene was almost in tears. "You are an idiot," I said. "Why don't you wear Lustre slips? These wretched things you wear get a hangover the first time they're washed."

Rene was as miserable as can be all the way home. "What a ghastly day," she said, "but I'll take your tip for the next meeting and put everything I've got on Lustre."

First thing on Monday we sailed into a lingerie shop and spent hours over those heavenly new Lustre undies. Rene didn't stop at slips... she bought Lustre undies and nighties and a divine dressing gown. And she really is a darling, because she gave me the most marvellous pair of Lustre sheers in "wild plum" for my tip about LUSTRE.



Rene's tip for the next meeting.

Lustre
FINE LINGERIE & HOSIERY
LOOK FOR THE LUSTRE LABEL



Hitching and Pinning.

Quality is in this tin!

BRASS-O! A small quantity of Brasso gives your brass great quality. This safe, swift polish gives a deep, rich shine, lustrous and lasting. There's only one BRASS-O, sold in a tin like this.



Brasso
LIQUID METAL POLISH

A Reckitt's Product - Made in Australia



Heart-Broken Melody

Continued from Page 6

A TOLIN somewhere out of sight was whining a heart-broken melody. Most of the diners had finished and gone now, and in the little room with its latticed windows opened to a warm spring night only a few scattered candles, hooded in red, were burning. Honor did not move her hand from the warm big grip of the hand that held it as she said steadily:

"You're telling me that it has to be 'good-bye'! Now, to-night, Paul!"

"Yes," he said. "I'm telling you that it has to be good-bye, I suppose. But what a waste of happiness—what a waste of living, my dearest!"

They got up, and somehow she was in her coat again, and they had left the restaurant and were walking to the waiting car in silence.

The next day chanced to be a Saturday, a day on which Adeline need not hurry. She was loitering over a late breakfast when Honor came in hatted and coated, returning from some early expedition.

"Home?" the younger sister asked surprised.

"Yes, and I didn't have any breakfast either. I went down town at half-past seven. Don't get up, Addy, I'll get it." Honor went into the kitchen, returned with cut bread and the cream pitcher. She seated herself at the table. "Do me some toast," she said, busying herself with the electric percolator.

Adeline had set a fresh place; she began busily on toast.

"I thought of course you'd had your breakfast, Hon."

"No, I wanted to get down to the office early to get my papers and things." Honor poured herself a smoking cup, bit into the fresh buttered toast. "I've left them," she announced.

"Left them! Left Cooper and Cartwright?" Adeline demanded stupefied.

"Yes," Honor answered lightly, not meeting her sister's eye. "I've been thinking about it for weeks; last night I quite suddenly made up my mind to do it. Is Aunt Lucie here?"

"She just went in next door to see Aunt Mag, Honor!" Adeline said, not for one instant diverted from the original topic. "How do you mean you've left them? Aren't you working there any more?"

"No, I left a little note for the Judge. I'll go in and see him some day when I'm sure—" Honor's voice thickened and she stopped short. Somehow she could not say, "sure Paul won't be there!"

"You're married to Paul Cartwright!" Adeline exclaimed in a panic. Her sister smiled, a sad smile that had no happiness in it.

"Nobody can marry Paul Cartwright while his wife is still his wife," she said patiently.

"Oh, of course not!" Adeline said apologetically.

"She'll not let him go."

"Well, but—well, but there are ways of making her!" the little sister protested, for the moment all her adored sister's champion.

"We don't know what they are, Ad."

"If she's flirting with some man—"

YES, but she'll be very careful from now on not to do anything that could be questioned! Paul told me yesterday that this man—Johnson, his name is—is a weak sort of sister who's disappeared from the problem entirely in the last week, gone to Mexico to paint pueblos or something. She won't run any risk of Paul's forcing a divorce on her!"

"But what a—what a strange thing," Adeline murmured wonderingly.

"We had a long talk about it last night," Honor had fallen upon her breakfast with a great air of hurry, but now, Adeline noticed uneasily, she had pushed the food aside almost untouched.

She stared into space for a few minutes, her elbows on the table, her face framed in both hands. Suddenly she went on, not very steadily:

"I've always thought I was rather a—rather a superior person, Sis. Mother started us that way, of course, and Aunt Lucie, fussy as she's always been, has kept it up; we've that to thank her for. And ahead of it all, it used to seem to me that there might be real living, something to work towards—living the way these other people live. Beautiful homes, beautiful cars, country clubs, beach places, travel! They're never touched, these people, by anything that isn't fine. Flowers, furs, hats and servants bowing with trays of glasses—"

"I'm a fool, I suppose," Honor went on darkly, as Adeline could only look at her with infinite distress and find nothing to say. "Any girl's a fool to dream that there's anything ahead of her but dull hard office

work and a return at night to her brother and aunt and sister, and great rejoicings when the president of the firm dies and there's a holiday. Aunt Mag finding a little seamstress who'll make up dresses for nothing, and asparagus down at last to four pounds for a quarter that's been my life! What a fool to try to escape from it!"

"But Ad," she said, her eyes watering, "it wasn't only that, or mostly that! It wasn't the money and the travel, it was Paul—it's Paul that made it all sound so wonderful. You don't know him just the comfort it is to be with him, to watch him while he talks and plans—always so gentle, always so strong! And she doesn't want him, you know; that's the hardest part of all. She hasn't paid the slightest attention to him for years. She's had one affair after another; she lives her life entirely apart from him. And now, when we've found each other, she can hold him as if she were the most faithful wife in the world!"

Honor smiledardonically.

"I could have gone away with him," she said. "I could have said that if men make laws by which a woman like that can hold a man as fine as Paul, as generous and understanding and—and fine as Paul, then at least I wouldn't live by those laws! I wouldn't be one of the fools, one of the sheep," Honor rushed on, viciously accenting her words, "who have to turn back to the—to the Puritan fathers to know whether they can kiss their husbands on Sundays!"

Adeline was pale with horror.

"Go away with him without being married, Hon?" she presently asked in a whisper.

"Why not? Whatever I do, Grandma isn't going to think it's a marriage. I should think she'd just as soon have it that way as by a justice of the peace. And the law would say the justice of the peace marriage was legal. It's all such utter nonsense." Her voice dwindled away to brooding silence. She sat still, narrowed her eyes on space, lower lip bitten.

Adeline, after a moment, said sympathetically, and yet with a hopefulness she could not conceal:

"But you're really not going to see him again, Hon?"

"No. He was going—he's gone by now—to Los Angeles this morning. We'll never meet naturally, our lives won't ever touch again." Honor said, her tear-stained eyes dark as she still stared unseeing into space.

"We said good-bye, here in the sitting-room last night. There's nothing more to say."

The utter desolation of her tone struck Adeline. She spoke timidly:

"Honor, you know, it's right. You'd never have been happy—you'd never have had a moment's happiness the other way. You'd have had nothing."

Honor brought a big sister's half-amused, half-patient smile to bear upon her companion.

"Is it right? And wouldn't it?" she questioned in faint irony. "Well, I've not much now, Sis. I'd have had a few months of heaven before he left me flat at Deauville or Biarritz, or wherever we went. You'd all be very sure he'd do that. But I'd have known what it is to live."

"Honor, I'm so sorry!" There were tears in Adeline's eyes, and as Honor turned away the two put their arms about each other, and Honor was sobbing violently on her sister's shoulder.

"Yes, I'm sorry, too!" Honor said indistinctly. And immediately she was gone, and Adeline heard the front door close behind her.

"NOW I'll walk!" Honor said. "I'll get tired!"

It was wild weather, with a March sun sometimes showing itself hot and clear only a few seconds before the warm, plentiful spring rain came rushing down. Great sweeps of wind bowed the trees in the Presidio and flattened the restless grey waters of the bay into white and pearl. There was a high tide clinking the pebbles along the shore; little boats basined at Fishermen's Wharf danced and bumped together in the rollers that came seething through the piles of the piers.

Honor walked fast, careless of where she went.

Afterwards she climbed the steep hill home. When Adeline came in a little later with an awed and grateful Aunt Lucie, who had been talked into tact and restraint, Honor was deeply asleep.

Please turn to Page 44

Timely Attention Checks Development of Disease

It is well known in medical circles that many serious diseases develop from the most simple of causes, many of which can be obviated by timely attention.

Simple disorder of the kidneys has been found to be the most common cause of many painful and common diseases. The correct function of the kidneys is the filtration from the blood of waste poisons and impurities which form through the decay of the tissues. If the kidneys are disordered, these poisons remain in the blood stream and upset the entire system, eventually causing Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gallstones and Digestive Troubles.

The remedy for these complaints, therefore, lies in the restoration of the kidneys to their correct working order, the best known course being Warner's Safe Cure, the sixty-year-old remedy for all kidney and liver disorders.

A lady user from Fullerton, S.A., writes: "For years I suffered severe pain in the back, legs and knees, which was so bad that I could scarcely go about my daily duties. After trying many medicines, I procured some Warner's Safe Cure and after taking only a few bottles all the pain left me."

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/9, and in the original 5/- bottles.

An illustrated booklet, dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.***

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Contributors and Artists: Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

... PICKED and PACKED the SAME DAY!

Every good thing in a fresh tomato is yours—in Rich, Red 'Fountain' Brand Tomato Sauce



I have is yours

The kitchens where we press and pack Fountain Tomato Sauce are built amid the fields, so it is only a matter of hours before the fresh fruit is picked and packed.

Rich Red "Fountain" Tomato Sauce is made according to a true Home-made Style Recipe.

BUY A BOTTLE TO-DAY!

Collect the Coupons for Valuable Free Gifts



FOUNTAIN home-made style TOMATO SAUCE



USE *Michels* AND COUNT YOUR COMPLIMENTS

● Compliments galore—and romance—come to the woman whose mouth is kissable, whose lips are kept young and lovely with Michel Lipstick. Michel Lipstick is a well-balanced lipstick. It spreads evenly, gives a feeling of dewy freshness. Keeps lips soft and appealing. It is truly permanent. Its colors are flattering and its perfume inviting.

6 BEAUTIFYING SHADES

BLONDE CHERRY
VIVID CAPUCINE
SCARLET RASPBERRY

Price 2/- each

OBTAINABLE
FROM ALL
CHEMISTS
AND STORES



Heart-Broken Melody

Continued from Page 43

BUT she came downstairs to dinner composedly enough, if rather quiet and cold, and if she noticed a restored friendliness in Tom's manner, a restored cheerfulness on the part of Aunt Lucie, she gave no sign of it.

They had hot sunshine for Barbara Kane's picnic the next day; Honor got through it somehow. The telephone rang when they got home; someone for Tom. It rang again, this time it was Cousin Sarah Chamberlain to ask Aunt Lucie if she still had those old dominoes the children had had a few years ago. It rang for Honor, young Caroline reminding her that Meg's kitchen shower was to be on Thursday afternoon.

Honor was undressing at ten o'clock when the bell in the hall tingled sharply. "Who on earth at this hour?" questioned Adeline's round eyes. Honor flew to the instrument.

"Burlingame calling," the operator was repeating. Oh, it was too good to be true; he was calling her, it was Paul! There was an interminable wait. Then a woman's faint voice: "Miss Honor Brownell? This is Mrs. John Williams—I met you at the peace meeting with your brother. I wonder if you'd let me put you on our Junior Committee

But, of course, Honor said to herself, going back to the bedroom, Paul was still in Los Angeles.

Life had gone stale and flat and dull; it was the dullness that was even less bearable than the intervals of sharp longing, longing that was pain. Honor bore it hour after hour, and the hours were days, and somehow the week went by, and there was no word and no sign.

Weakening once, at a noontime, she left the offices of Hunter and Hunter where she was a new, strange clerk and walked up Pine Street to her old office. She went up in the familiar elevator, her heart be-

ginning to beat fast in a sort of ecstatic fright. He might have returned from the south earlier than he had thought; he might be there.

But of course he was not, nor the Judge either. It was middle-aged, practical Miss Morrissey who welcomed Honor. Miss Morrissey was eating her lunch in the little dressing-room; she had a small alcohol lamp burning under a kettle; she offered her caller tea.

Honor declined the tea. She had a request to make of Miss Morrissey. Would Miss Morrissey give Mr. Cartwright, when he came back, this valuable parcel? It was something Mr. Cartwright had asked her to get out of the safe-deposit vault, Honor explained, and she had taken it home for safer keeping and forgotten it. No one else, under any circumstances, than Mr. Paul Cartwright, please.

"I'll bet it's the sapphire," Miss Morrissey thought while she seriously and with apparent incertitude accepted the commission. "We all feel real hurt that you deserted us," she reproached Honor.

"Well, my cousin Tom Borrow has been wanting me to come over to his office for ever so long."

"And then there are to be wedding bells, too, pretty soon, aren't there?"

"One of these days," Honor walked out into the street again, feeling unutterably desolate and defrauded. He had not been there, and she had sacrificed her only excuse for returning to the office.

Now it was over. And life would go on, because life did not stop, and Honor must think of the others: Tom and Addy and Aunt Lucie. It was not their fault that her sky had all gone dark.

Reaction from the violence of her late obsession, the dream of a new world and a new life, was painful and full. Life, the real part of it, was over. She would never care for anyone again or enjoy anything again.



PAQUIN'S THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH coat of dull black facecloth highlighted with broad panels of shimmering seal. With it an intriguing forward-puffing felt hat.

One quiet morning when she was working away at her desk in the office of Hunter and Hunter, and an exquisite spring day burgeoning over the outdoor world, her telephone rang. Honor had put in an Oakland call, and picked up the receiver, indifferently. "Samuels and Sohn?" she asked.

The voice at the other end of the line electrified her. It was only with an effort that she kept the unutterable joy out of her own voice as she answered it.

"Paul."

"She could say no more."

"Honor, I'm lucky to find you." He was under as great a strain as she. She could tell it from his voice. "My dear," he said, "could you lunch with me to-morrow? I'll call for you—at half-past twelve? At half-past twelve."

That was all. But the world was changed.

She walked home, loving every inch of the way, pausing at the corners of the steep blocks to look backward at the bay and the ships, and the long line of the piers that was spiked with masts. Strawberries were in season. Tom loved them. She stopped to buy four flat little boxes flimsily wrapped in paper, carried them into the kitchen, and sat stemming them and talking with Aunt Lucie while supper preparations went on.

In the morning Honor was up early, was unusually fastidious with her toilet. He had begged her to buy the brown suit they had noticed in the down-town window on a certain happy day when they had been strolling along together. She put it on this morning, linked about her shoulders the silky sables that had been another gift.

Dressed and walking down-town in fresh morning sunlight, Honor's heart was singing. But whenever the telephone rang that morning she experienced a sharp pang of fear. He was not telephoning to say that their luncheon engagement was off?

There was no message from him, and when she went downstairs at exactly half-past twelve he was waiting for her in the great marble entrance-hall of the building, between the flashing elevators and the enormous revolving doors. She met him with one glance, with a swift surrender of her hand; they went out into the street together without a word.

His car was parked a block away; Honor found her place beside him, and they drove through Chinatown, thronged with its first spring catch of tourists, and up the hill on the track of the straining cable car, and over more dips and rises between the shops and houses, and so out to the shore, with its fringe of sun-washed mansions, and the Presidio Officers' Row, where the ranked houses of walls of close-set pines, and the dancing blue bay finished all the vistas with a sparkle of dark sapphires.

Please turn to Page 45

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



How much are they worth? In money, nothing. But they both possess a great treasure for which many a potentate would exchange his fortune. They have healthy, abundant, attractive hair.

There is no greater fortune in the world than youth and no better attribute of youth than the hair.

And, how much did it cost him or her to preserve that gift? Only a few pence, the price of a bottle of Barry's Tri-coph-erous and the few minutes required daily for its pleasant application.

Are you among the prodigal sons of nature who are squandering this inheritance? That is, are you allowing neglect and dandruff to weaken and ruin your hair to the point where you are threatened with baldness?

If so, it is deplorable, but not irreparable.

Barry's Tri-coph-erous will save your hair as it has in millions of other cases during five generations.

A daily application of this unequalled tonic and massage of the scalp is all you need. Start at once. In a short time the improved condition of your hair will show you in a practical way why Barry's Tri-coph-erous is called everywhere Life, Health and Beauty of the hair.

**BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous**

For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores 2/- per bottle

Simple Remedy for Bad Stomach Gives Swift Relief

No Need of Strong Medicines or Diet
Safe and Simple Recipe Keeps
Stomach in Fine Condition.

If you are a Victim of Stomach Trouble—Gas, Sourness, Pain or Bloating—you may have quick and certain relief by following this simple advice.

Don't take strong medicines, artificial digestants, or pull down your system with starvation diets. For within reason most folks may eat what they like if they will keep their stomach free from souring acids that hinder or paralyze the work of digestion.

And the best and easiest way to do this is to follow every meal with a teaspoonful of Salix Magnesia—a pleasant, harmless, inexpensive prescription that promptly neutralizes acidity and keeps your stomach sweet and clean.

A week's trial of Salix Magnesia, which any good chemist or store can supply, should quickly convince you that 90 per cent of ordinary stomach distress is absolutely unnecessary. Be sure to get Salix Magnesia.

BURNS -soothed instantly

Treat burns immediately with REXONA Ointment and save trouble later on. REXONA soothes pain and prevents painful blistering. Where the skin is broken, smear REXONA thickly on a bandage and apply gently. REXONA's mild medications prevent infection and in a few days a complete new skin will form. You never know when accidents will happen—so always keep REXONA handy.



A touch of *Californian Poppy* BRILLIANTINE gives dull hair SHINING NEW GLORY



Put sunlight in your hair . . . give it soft, shining lustre, gleaming new brightness and beauty . . . with Californian Poppy Brilliantine. Just a touch to light up hidden colour . . . to leave a faint, intriguing fragrance . . . to complement your hair style perfectly.

For those who love luxury
Californian Poppy Brilliantine

Only the most exquisitely fine, delicate oils are used in Californian Poppy Brilliantine. It is specially made to suit a woman's silky hair and sensitive scalp. Put a little Californian Poppy Brilliantine between the hands and pat it lightly on your hair before combing through. Your wave will set beautifully—without a sign of frizziness—and stay in place longer, and you'll know that sense of flawless grooming the elegant woman enjoys.

1/6
Per Bottle

*Californian
Poppy*
BRILLIANTINE

ATKINSONS OF LONDON

24, Old Bond Street, London

ATKINSON'S BRILLIANTINES ALSO IN ENGLISH LAVENDER, WHITE ROSE OR UNSCENTED

32-33-19

Heart-Broken Melody

Continued from Page 44

THERE were summer scents abroad to-day and a summer stillness in the air; a long string of barges was being towed out to sea; one of the great liners went by, majestically inscribing her farewell message in soft smoke against a soft sky. Far across the water, and the nearer hills beyond Fort Baker, Tamalpais lifted an ultramarine silhouette into paler blue air.

For a long time Honor and her companion hardly spoke. It was enough for both that they were together. When the man finally broke the silence Honor came to herself with a little start.

"The Europa goes through the Gate to-morrow," Paul said, stopping the car, speaking in a casual, conversational voice.

"The Europa?" Honor was grateful for the respite. "I thought she was one of the great North German Lloyd liners?"

"No, this one's a little Danish boat. That is, she's a freighter which takes an occasional passenger or two. She goes through the Canal," Paul said dreamily, his fine gloved hand playing with the throttle, moving it idly to and fro. "She stops at all the canal ports, Havana, some of the Central American places. A thirty-three day trip. Well—"

They went on, out to an almost deserted restaurant whose great windows looked upon the lazy creaming waves of the Pacific, breaking on the long line of the beach, and upon the limitless stretch of the blue spring sky above the gently moving ocean. Radio music was playing, subdued and soft; Siegfried's love song was being softly, exquisitely sung.

"Right from New York for you, Honor. It's the Metropolitan playing for you."

"In 'Walkure'?" Their eyes could meet now, but with such a flash of feeling that Honor swiftly averted hers again, busied herself with her gloves and bag, settled herself in a seat deep in the ingle of a great window and the wall. "Surely, it's Saturday morning," she said. "It's the opera! We'll hear the Valkyries in the next act."

"What do you know about grand opera? Ever been?"

"Oh, yes, they gave 'The Ring' here. Oh, Paul! Honor interrupted herself, surrendering suddenly to joy, answering the quick pressure of his hands over hers. "Paul, this is so—so good."

Tears came into her eyes; his voice, when he spoke, was thick with them.

"My dear, my dear, what fools we are to fight it! To think we can fight it. I'm beaten, Honor. I can't stand it."

"I've been obsessed," he said, when the waiter had gone away, "all this terrible time. I've been so sick for just this, just a chance to look at you and speak to you, that nothing else has registered at all."

"No news?"

"Of Marion? No, she's taken the younger boy, Stewart—he was at home with a cold—and gone down to her mother for a month or six weeks. Before she left—yesterday it was—she came into my room before I was up, and said quietly that she'd thought the whole thing over and would never consent to a divorce."

"I suppose her mother feels about divorce as most people do, that it's a regrettable necessity," Honor said slowly. Somehow any talk of Marion, and of Marion's indisputable rights, always hurt her.

"Her father was a Presbyterian clergyman, you know."

"Marion's father was?"

"No; her mother's father. She really is a pretty strait-laced old lady, Mrs. Kelsey. She hasn't any idea of the way Marion carries on. To her we are a model couple, with two nice little boys and a beautiful home."

The waiter was putting something else before them. In the interval when the plates were changed Honor kept the conversation moving.

"What of the Barnaby case, Paul? Did you get it while you were down south?"

"No," he said. "That was a complete failure. I saw old Menankey

twice; he's going to give it to the Roses. The Judge feels terribly about it; it's going to be a tremendous thing. It'll mean months of research in Milwaukee, and then Washington; it's going to make legal history."

There was a long pause.

"The Europa sails to-morrow," Paul said. Honor's steady gaze did not falter, but he felt the hand that was in his suddenly tremble. "There'll be three passengers," Paul resumed. "I was down at the pier yesterday, looking her over. Everything clean and as neat as a pin; leave that to the Danes! Staterooms spick and span, nice little snug saloon. She's as shipshape and sound a craft as ever I saw, with a nice captain, Jonesen, some such name. The three passengers were there, getting their specimen cases and crates stored; they're explorers, going home, two British, one a Dane or Norwegian. They asked me if there was any chance I might go."

FROM the radio came the inspiring troubled rush of the Valkyries' wild flight. Honor's eyes were fixed on Paul now; she neither spoke nor moved. Outside the big window the eternal seas broke softly upon miles of golden sand, spread into damp shining crescents, slid rapidly away. And through the Gate the ships came and went—from Glasgow, Rio de Janeiro, Sydney, Hongkong.

"From Paris," Paul was saying. "You can fly to London in two hours. Or you can take the day train to Boulogne, and change there to the little Channel steamer, and then get into the London train at Dover. In the London train—you're always grimy and tired by that time, you know, and the lights are being lighted along the coast—in the London train they serve you tea. The little tables are all set with toast and cakes on them, and scones drip-

ping butter. They like things like toast and scones cold, you know," he interrupted himself to say smilingly.

She laughed a broken, frightened laugh, but did not speak.

"In London—well, there's no end to it, even for me, and I've not half the book background that you have," he said. "Streets and restaurants that say Dickens and Shakespeare and Browning. Old coffee-houses tucked away in dark old buildings. And of course Westminster and the Tower—"

"What makes you think," she asked slowly, speaking like a woman in a dream, "that your doing this—our doing it—would make any difference to Marion?"

"Because she could use an argument with her mother which would satisfy the old lady, do you see? She'd be all on Marion's side then. This would be—well, biblical. The one cause for which a man may put aside his wife—or a wife put away her husband!"

Honor spoke in a whisper, her eyes feverish with excitement.

"But you'd lose your boys, Paul?"

"No. Because Marion really wants to be free. That's the catch. She wants to be free, but only on grounds that would seem right to her mother and that would give her time to break with Johnson. In six months—in less than that maybe—she would write to me notifying me that she was going to Reno, and then I'd write her, asking for a reasonable arrangement about the kids, and inasmuch as she'd feel no resentment then she'd concede it. I know Marion."

"So?" she said. "So I've engaged the one fine cabin on the Europa," Paul answered. "It's the captain's cabin, but this captain's a bachelor and he prefers the one top-side next the bridge. I've taken two passages; I've the tickets here. I'm going. If you go with me, I'll stay abroad. If you don't, I'll take a rest for a month or two and come back in June or July. It's for us to decide now whether we

Lyric of Life

LITTLE THINGS

I love the little things in life...
The quiet round from day to day.
A flower or a line of verse.
And, hushing words that children say.
The little, kindly platitudes...
The postman's knock, a fleeting smile.
The quiet hours, indulgent moods.
That make the passing days worth while.

P. Duncan-Brown.

another thing that has come to us or whether we live! I know—I know what I'm saying. But there are feelings that go way above all that, all laws and codes. A starving man will break a bakery window. A woman with a freezing child in her arms will creep into any cellar, any doghouse for warmth. And this—this goes beyond any hunger or cold!

"If you go," he added, "pack your bag to-night and take any chance you get after dinner to slip it into a taxi. I'll have waiting on your corner. My man will be there from six to midnight, or later, if you don't come by then. You can give him your coat, camera, whatever you like; I'll know who he is; you can trust him. Passports I can arrange by radio or cable. You leave that to me, Miss Morley; she will be able to fix you up. Then at noon to-morrow walk out of the house, for church, say—and come down to Pier Forty-eight. I'll write that down for you, 'Europa, Pier Forty-eight.' We sail at once. Your things will be there, all you need for the trip. We'll buy sport things in Panama and the rest in Paris."

Please turn to Page 46

NO MORE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

A WAY TO FALL ASLEEP QUICKLY AND GAIN NEW ENERGY NEXT DAY



FALL ASLEEP TONIGHT

... Almost As Soon As Your Head Touches The Pillow

OVALTINE is a delicious pure food concentrate recommended by 20,000 physicians and used in 54 different countries today. You simply take it mixed with warm milk just before going to bed. Then fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow.

In the morning you awaken clear-eyed, refreshed—nerves calmer, mind clearer by far. Filled with new

vitality and energy to last you throughout the day. For this remarkable food-drink does more than bring sleep at night. It also acts to rebuild nerve, brain and body tissues while you are fast asleep. Thus helping to maintain nerve poise—and multiplying your ability to recover from fatigue.

So remarkable are the results accredited to Ovaltine that, during the war, it was made a standard ration for rebuilding invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. Thousands of nervous people, men and women, use it regularly to restore vitality when fatigued. And it is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous under-developed children and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.

Make Ovaltine your regular daily beverage and note the difference. But be sure it is Ovaltine. Reject substitutes.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample, sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d in stamps to cover the cost of packing and postage.

Prices 1/9; 2/10; 5/- At all Chemists and Store

OVALTINE

The World's Best Night-Cap

A. WANDER LIMITED, 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY. Q15,46,39

Are you giving
your baby
"The Best of Everything?"



...then of course
his soap must be

New Reduced to
6 CENTS
City & Suburbs



DEAF?
"Chico" Invisible
Earphones, 21/- pr.
Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries.
Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free
booklet.
MEANS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shop-
ping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Weakness at night . . .



. . . Strength by morning

IT IS A FACT that many people are victims of Kidney Trouble and do not know it. You complain of backache, rheumatism, stiff and swollen joints. You have dizzy spells, begin to feel "too-old." Perhaps bladder trouble worries you at night. **HEED THIS WARNING**—weak, sluggish, clogged-up kidneys are the cause of your pain and suffering. You will never stop your trouble until you cleanse and strengthen your kidneys. **YOU NEED A SPECIALLY PREPARED KIDNEY REMEDY.** With confidence built on 50 years' experience we state there is no finer remedy in the world than De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

For fifty years De Witt's Pills have provided for all classes of people in all countries of the world the **FINEST REMEDY** for backache, rheumatic troubles, urinary disorders and all the pain and weakness caused by kidney trouble.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills not only banish pain but cleanse and revitalise your kidneys. They have a real tonic effect on the whole system. Get your supply of De Witt's Pills to-day. Take them to-night. Whilst you sleep they will start to cleanse and strengthen your kidneys. In 24 hours you will know they are doing you good. Take this fine remedy regularly for a little while and you will be free from pain, looking and feeling years younger. Remember to ask for and see you get

DE WITT'S KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and storekeepers, 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

"PANAMA and Paris," the girl murmured, looking away, speaking to herself. "Oh, Paul, if we did, could anything ever make it come right?" she asked, suddenly turning upon him eyes dark with tears.

"We'll make it come right," he said steadily.

She did not answer. She took the card upon which he had written the address and put it slowly into her purse.

"I must go back to the office now, Paul; they'll be wondering if I'm much later."

They went out into the sunshine and towards the car. The sun shone and the sea sparkled; gulls walked busily on the strand. And life was all a summer-scented dream.

All through the spring night Honor could not sleep. She had not expected to; she did not want to sleep. It was too heavenly to lie awake, wrapped in the cloudless happiness of expectation, to dream waking, wide-eyed dreams of the magic-tipped hours to come.

The affair of her luggage had gone very simply. She had selected the big, roomy, old black bag that nobody used much nowadays and the smart little new fitted one which Paul had given her. The big bag she had brought down from the upper shelf of the closet she shared with Adeline and had opened it on the floor, on the far side of her bed. Adeline, coming in from the kindergarten's spring party, had observed it with mild interest.

"I was wondering how the lining looked. Ad. Clara said something about borrowing it if she goes to the hospital convention in Omaha."

"It's all right. It's just so clumsy," Adeline had been packing, herself, to go down to Barbara in Los Altos. Honor imagined that Hugh was to be one of Barbara's guests over the week-end for Adeline had behaved in a rather guilty fashion about it. It had amused her to think how little her sister dreamed of her satisfaction in this particular circum-

Heart-Broken Melody

Continued from Page 45

stance. No necessity of explanations to Adeline!

Aunt Lucie had quite unconsciously cleared the way, too, by departing early for Cousin Harriet's, where Honor and Tom were likewise expected for supper. It was Cousin Harriet's silver wedding anniversary, but Barbara's baby was so near now that the mother and father were going down to her to-morrow rather than ask her to make the trip into town to-day.

Left in the house alone with Tom, who was asleep, Honor had found herself able to pack comfortably, to move little blocks of underwear, dresses, a book or two, into a capacious bag, to add her lovely Oriental robe, her old velvet, all her shoes and slippers.

Tom had asked Aunt Lucie to awaken him at half-past six, and Aunt Lucie had delegated the duty to Honor. Before she roused her brother Honor had gone to the cottage door, found the cabman waiting a little way down the street, and carried out to him the two bags. She had had to stagger with the big one, but she dared not risk letting the driver come in; his voice in the hallway might rouse Tom. As it was, the man had seen her and come half-way to help her, and she had confided to him the big bag and the small one and the heavy coat.

"These are to go down to Mr. Cartwright on the Europa?" he had asked hoarsely. Honor had been shaking and cold with excitement, but it had all gone simply enough; the car had honked as it turned into Hyde Street, had disappeared.

It was nonsense to dramatise it, to allow herself to feel guilty. The step was unconventional, but it would lead to other steps acceptable to everyone; this was no mere elopement. It was a decision, and she and Paul were prepared to abide by it, to construct their lives upon this foundation.

SHE had the approaching hours planned. Tom would be working to-morrow; Aunt Lucie was going down with Cousin Harriet to the second celebration at Barbara's. That left Honor alone, but she and Cousin Tom were working together on a case, and he and his wife were to call for Honor at one and take her with them to Oakland to spend an hour of research in the big library, hear an hour of music in the amphitheatre, and have tea at some interesting little "shoppe," as the girls always pronounced it, before coming home over the new bridge.

Honor, of course, didn't intend to go. She would leave a note for Tom. Borrow pinned in the hooded shadow of the street door. "I'm terribly sorry, Tom, I've a blinding headache and have taken two sleeping pills. Wake me if it's absolutely necessary, otherwise I'll sleep it off."

That would hold them all for a few hours, anyway. It would only be when Aunt Lucie and Adeline arrived home late in the afternoon that her letters to them would be found on the kitchen table. After that the deluge, of course. But Honor would be too far away to know anything about it. No, she was safe enough, unless the absolutely unexpected happened, and even if her departure were untimely discovered, it was a narrow chance that anyone could trace her quickly enough to reach her before the Europa sailed.

Just the same she awakened early on Sunday morning already quivering with apprehension, made herself lie late abed, and feigned a deep sleep when Tom put his head in at her door to say good-bye. He had been kinder to her of late. On the previous evening, at Cousin Harriet's party, he had shaken her to the soul with his gentleness, with something of the old brotherly friendliness. This morning he said, "Good-bye, kid," in exactly the tone he might have used six months ago. Honor mumbled, "Good-bye, Tom dear," in return. Her heart gave a queer twist of triumph and regret and panic as she heard him go away. He little dreamed how long that good-bye was to be!

It was nearly ten o'clock now; she had only two hours to fill. She bathed, and went out to the kitchen in her old plum-blue kimono, with her gold-tipped hair in glorious disorder, to start her coffee and find herself some fruit. Presently, with a breakfast tray, she was at the sitting-room window, sharing the newspapers and the hot coffee with

the view of the spring-washed city below. Green was sprouting wherever an inch of earth gave it foothold; empty lots wore dandelions and high marsh grass; the sky was turquoise.

She had poured her second cup, and was thoughtful over an editorial, when suddenly the door-bell rang, sending her heart into a very spasm of wild beating, whitening her face with unreasoning terror. Oh, who was it, who was it? It was twenty minutes to eleven now; there was no time to waste!

Belling her kimono about her she went to the door. It was Paul whom she found standing outside, in the old-fashioned framework of lattice and rose vine.

THE instant that she saw his face Honor's heart mis-gave her, and her look of blank amazement turned to one of fear. It was with a sick feeling that somehow everything was lost, that she led him into the sitting-room, watched him while he flung his coat over a chair and laid aside his gloves and his hat.

"Paul, my dear," she stammered, "what is it?"

Instead of answering her he took her two hands in his and held them gathered against his breast. His eyes were fixed on the pale face she turned towards him, the deep-set, anxious, purple-blue eyes, the disordered soft hair, the slim body wrapped in gay Oriental cotton.

"How beautiful you are, Honor," he whispered. "I've never seen you like this. How beautiful you are!"

"Oh, but, Paul, what is it? Aren't we to sail—has something gone wrong?"

Again he studied her, her hands gathered tight in his, before he answered. And she thought that she had never seen his face so grave and stern before.

"No," he said at last, "I think something's gone right, Honor. My dear, we aren't sailing to-day."

"To-morrow?" she whispered. "I'm going to tell you now," he said. "I'm not going to sit down; I'm not going to let myself begin to feel what I must always feel when I am near you, Honor. It's this, my darling! We cannot do it, my dear; I cannot do it. We're not going to-day, nor any day. I've come to tell you so."

She freed herself a little, drew away from him with darkened eyes.

"You can't come to tell me this now!" she breathed. "You—don't dare!"

"I do dare, my dear. I've not closed my eyes all night," Paul said. "I've been thinking—oh, not of me nor of the boys, nor of anyone—but you. You're too fine to do this, and I'm not going to let you! I'm forgetting my tickets. I've telephoned them we're not coming. It's good-bye now, dear, and for ever; and I'll not be weak again."

Color had deserted her face, and if she still held tight to his hands it

DEATH OF YOUTH

Remote among the vignettes of the background,
Sweet and far-off days of
adulthood!
Time has placed them on her
dim horizon,
Misted with regrets of
"Might have been."

Waste of golden coins in care-
less fingers;
Gems tossed with a laugh
upon the dust;
Esquisite pictures smeared
before completion;
Idols stained with tarnish
and with rust!

Sad the spilling of Life's
rarest vintage,
A brimming goblet never
filled again!
Sore the heart that knows
the empty vessel;
Remorse whose bitter tears
are tears in vain!

But brave the face that turns
and gazes onward,
Seeking beauty in the scene
ahead;

The rosebud does not cease
its glorious blooming
Just because its first soft
buds are dead!

—Elizabeth Powell.

was to keep down the weakness that was sweeping over her.

"You can't tell me this now." It was the same tense, almost frightened whisper. Her eyes blazed into his. "I love you," she said simply. He caught his breath, swallowing before he spoke.

"We can't say that now. Never again. If I've made you love me, at least it's not as cruel as to let you go on loving me. You must forget me, and I must forget you," he said steadily. "Believe me, Honor, this is the kindest thing I've ever done to you since that accursed afternoon last November when I let you see what you were beginning to mean to me!"

"But what's—what's happened?" Her lips broke on the words and her voice trembled. She raised her head angrily to fight down the tears, faced him defiantly, with great drops on her dark, thick lashes. "What's happened?" she asked.

To be continued Next Week

Get More Security For
FALSE TEETH
Loosened by Shrinking Gums



The illustration shows how shrinking gums cause a dental plate to become loose by depriving it of the firm, even foundation it needs. Have your dentist re-adapt your plate to changed gums. And until your dentist has made this change you can use and count on **PASTERETH** to give valuable daily aid in holding a wobbly plate more securely. **PASTERETH**, sprinkled on your plate, forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gums that helps you eat, talk and laugh with greater confidence. Helps safeguard your public appearance from the annoyance and embarrassment of a loose plate. Being mildly alkaline (non-acid) **PASTERETH** checks gum soreness or burning due to chafing of a loose plate or excessive acid mouth. No oily, pasty taste or feeling. Get **PASTERETH** to-day from any chemist, and enjoy ease and confidence of a more securely held plate.

Any dental plate held tighter by **PASTERETH** leads to better eating enjoyment and social pleasure.

ORIGINAL ALKALINE PLATE POWDER

A Message from
Colonial Dames

Distinguished Hollywood
Cosmetics

A Copy of Our "RITUAL OF BEAUTY" and MAKE-UP CHART FREE

Obtainable at WASHINGTON H. SOUL, PATINSON & CO., LTD., 100 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Country Patrons Write to Box 3677F, G.P.O., and Enclose 2d. Stamp for Return Postage.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS . . . from STATION 2GB

WEDNESDAY, March 29,—
4 to 4.30 p.m.: Judith
Hayes tell of her Beauty talk
with "Janette."

THURSDAY, March 30,—
4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the
Stars, with June Marsden.

FRIDAY, March 31,—4 to
4.30 p.m.: The Australian
Women's Weekly Tea Party
with Judith Hayes.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1,—4
to 4.30 p.m.: Hit Highlights.

SUNDAY, April 2,—4 to 4.30
p.m.: June Marsden, Astrologer,
and Music of the Stars.

MONDAY, April 3,—4 to 4.30
p.m.: Judith Hayes tells of
her Fashion talk with Rene.

TUESDAY, April 4,—4 to 4.30
p.m.: June Marsden and Music
of the Stars.

THE HOMEMAKER

April 1, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

To keep THAT YOUNG LOOK

NIGHTLY MASSAGE WILL HELP. IT WILL FIRM MUSCLES, QUICKEN CIRCULATION . . . AND KEEP AWAY THOSE AGE-REVEALING WRINKLES.



HOW THE VARIOUS massage movements are done. For the neck massage (extreme left), Ann starts at the jawbone and works downwards.

FOR THE FACE ITSELF, all movements are upward and outward. At left the fingers are worked up from chin to ears, and, above, Ann "firms" the jawline with the palms of the hands.

By JANETTE

IF you are very young, facial massage is something that need not worry you very much, but as you advance through the twenties and on to the thirties it becomes an absolute necessity.

The skin, as we get older, gradually loses its elasticity, muscles lose tone, and circulation slows up. All these factors bring wrinkles.

But you can help to combat the ravages of time by giving the face a light massage every night.

This should be done after thorough cleansing of the face either with cleansing cream or mild soap and water as you prefer.

Then you apply a good skin food or tissue cream. Gently smooth it over the face and then work in, following correct massage movements.

Upward and Outward

REMEMBER that all movements should be upward and outward. Remember, too, that there must be no stretching of the skin or more lines will form. The movements should be light with just a gentle persuasive pressure of the finger-tips rotated in little circles along the lines of the muscles.

First work up from the centre of the chin to the ears several times. Then "firm" along the jawbone with the palms of the hands.

Next, with the third finger of each hand, gently work upward on mouth to nose lines.

Now from the sides of the nose go outwards, across the cheeks to the temples.

Attend to forehead lines. Work from the eyebrows upwards to the hairline and then gently smooth the fingers from the centre of the forehead outwards to either side.

For massage around the eyes be ever so gentle. If your skin is delicate, use a light tapping movement with the third finger of each hand only, working in from the temple under the eyes towards the nose and then outwards over the eyelids.

If your skin is not over-fine you could use the same movement round the eyes by softly smoothing the finger-tips over the skin.



CENTRE: For mouth to nose lines gently work upward with third finger of each hand from chin to nose.

ABOVE: Use very light tapping movements around the eyes, working from temples in under eyes to nose and out over eyelids. Ann Rutherford, MGM player, is the pretty model in these pictures.



"Damp-Set" your hair with Velmol

IT works on hair of any texture . . . On any wave, natural or permanent . . . and takes but four minutes! It's the marvellous new way to "damp-set" your hair in deep, firm, sparkling waves or curls—and save many shillings, and many hours of time.

And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb, and an ounce of VELMOL. (A bottle is only 2/- at any chemist, store, or hairdresser.)

"Damp-setting" keeps hair fastidiously fresh . . . keeps waves so firm and neat . . . yet never "stiff" or "greasy." Holds finger-wave for days. Makes "perms" last a lot longer.

Should your child have the protection of . . . Immunisation?

MY little boy is four years old, doctor. Should I have him immunised against diphtheria? I can't make up my mind because of the risk.

Now, Mrs. Smith, I'm afraid that you have been listening to someone who has been painting a distorted picture of the effects of immunisation. Before I answer your question, let me ask you one. Has your husband insured your house

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By A DOCTOR

and furniture? He has? I thought so. Naturally, he can't afford to take the risk of losing everything in a fire.

You should look upon immunisation as the same sort of thing—as



• "Look here, Mr. Bear—I've lived in this climate longer than you have, and believe me, that's not the way to get cool. Why, the minute you get up off that ice, you're going to feel hotter than ever!"



• "My word—you're bundled up for 40 below! Can't cool down? . . . No, I suppose not. Custom—dear, dear, it makes slaves of us all. But now listen: did you ever hear of Johnson's Baby Powder?"



• "Say, wait till that cool, silky Johnson's Baby Powder gets to work on your rashes and chafes and heat prickles. You'll be so comfortable you wouldn't live at the North Pole if they gave you the place!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is soft and smooth—not the slightest bit gritty. Doctors and nurses recommend it as the finest powder for baby. Also use Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream.

Johnson's BABY Powder

BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush, Mollie, etc. AS-38



IMMUNISED at an early age, this small boy has no fear of diphtheria germs.

an insurance policy. The difference is that in the case of immunisation there is only one premium to pay, and it provides a "cover" for a lifetime.

But couldn't I leave it for a few years, doctor?

I suppose Willie will be going to school next year. That means that he will come in contact with hundreds of children. To make matters more urgent, he's lost the natural immunity against diphtheria that he was born with.

But, doctor, isn't the modern serum treatment of diphtheria so marvellous that there is very little danger?

The modern method of treatment certainly has worked wonders, Mrs. Smith. Since the discovery and application of anti-toxin about the beginning of this century the mortality has been divided by six. But, in spite of all our modern developments, once the disease is contracted the mortality rate is still about five per cent.

If I could only take you through the diphtheria ward of an infectious diseases hospital you would feel as I do—that such suffering is unnecessary and avoidable. Some—fortunately rare—forms of diphtheria can develop so rapidly that a child can be in a serious condition before the disease is recognised.

But, doctor, doesn't immunisation mean the injection of a poison into the child's body?

I think "poison" is the wrong word. It is better described as a stimulant to the body's natural defences. But, whatever you call it, isn't it better to have scientifically prepared material given in accurately measured doses, with proper preliminary safeguards, under perfect safety control, than let Willie run the risk of having an overwhelming and uncontrolled infection strike him down?

But isn't it interfering with nature, doctor?

Yes, certainly. So do trams, houses, clothes, reading glasses. X-rays, sewerage systems, purified water supplies, scientific methods of agriculture, concrete roads, bridges, and boots. I often won-

der what is really meant by the phrase, "interfering with nature." If such a line of thought is carried to its logical conclusion, one conjures up a mental picture of a desert island with the inhabitants painted with woad, and shunning up a coconut tree to get their lunch.

As I see it, we humans have been provided with the capacity to reason things out for ourselves. All real advances have been a result of our ability to profit by the experience of others.

And the world's experience with diphtheria is that it is an avoidable disease, because immunisation gives an almost perfect protection.

I have immunised thousands of children, and I have never had the slightest anxiety with the modern safe method. I have never met a parent who has had cause to regret having had her children so treated, but I have met plenty who deeply regretted not having had them done.

I did my own children when they were six months old, and I only wish that they could obtain protection so easily, safely, and efficiently from other diseases.

Thank you for the explanation, doctor. I'll certainly take your advice and have Willie immunised at once.

Double your Easter fun —KODAK

Picture your EASTER FUN

The holiday spirit is in the air! You simply cannot have too many snapshots of these happy carefree days.

Some Easter Suggestions

Baby Brown	6/-
Six-20 Popular Brown	7/6
Six-20 Bull's Eye	17/6
Kodak Junior film	30/9
Mauntain Kodaks from	28/10/-
Case-Kodaks from	£11/10/6

For young wives and mothers

Twilight Sleep

WHETHER or not twilight sleep is harmful is constantly a matter of controversy. Many arguments for and against are proffered from time to time, but the fact remains that it does involve some risk to the baby.

The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau has prepared a leaflet on the subject of twilight sleep, and readers interested may obtain a copy of the leaflet free of cost by writing to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



FREE!

SUMMER SNAPSHOT GUIDE

Name

Address

OF ALL

KODAK DEALERS AND

KODAK

Australasia PTY. LTD

379 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY — and at Newcastle

ORCHIDS can be grown in home garden



ILLUSTRE ORCHIDS of the Cypripedium family, which will grow well out of doors under a shady tree, in a compost of fern fibre, a little sand and some leaf mould.



LEFT: Orchid of the Cattleya tribe—Brassocattleya Fabia. This can be grown successfully in an unheated glass-house in a compost of fern fibre. These beautiful pictures reproduced from Agfa color films.

THOSE exquisite and rare blooms, orchids—which are so suggestive of luxury and beauty, and so desirable for personal adornment—are not difficult to cultivate.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

THERE are hundreds of varieties of orchids, and many of them which are hardy in nature can be grown in the open garden in selected positions, such as around the base of a tree, where they will get the right amount of light and shade.

Others will flourish in pots inside the house or can be grown in bush-houses. Any of the dendrobium family will grow well outside under a shady tree. This is the largest family of flowering plants in the world. It includes four thousand known varieties and is found throughout Australia, New Zealand, Samoa, and in Northern India.

One of the best known of the dendrobium family is the Rock Lily, which blooms in early spring and has creamy petals with touches of purple.

Another successful outdoor family is the cymbidium. These should be grown in a compost consisting of fern fibre with a little sand and some leaf mould.

For indoor cultivation orchids of the Cattleya tribe are popular. These can be grown in unheated glass-houses in a compost of fern fibre.

FOR
Dazzling
LIGHTS

POND'S
"GLARE-PROOF"
FACE POWDER

YOUR skin will always look soft, petal-smooth, thrilling out in the strong Australian sunshine or under the glare of electric lights. If you use Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder, Pond's "Glare-Proof" powder shades are blended scientifically to shut out all but the softest rays of light from your face. Never show up harsh and powdery. And Pond's Powder clings for hours, thanks to special expensive ingredients. 1/6 and 2/6 a box at all stores and chemists.

POND'S Face Powder

FREE OFFER: Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. I enclose two 10/- stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing.
Pond's Dept. (K52), Box 1113,
G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

NAME

ADDRESS

"Nothing can touch KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES for Flavour!"

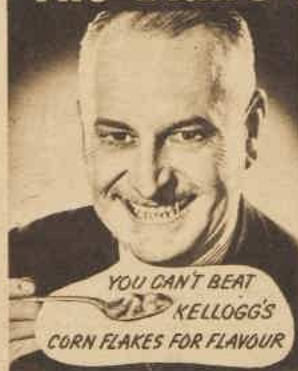
Sensational *Blindfold Test proves Australia's overwhelming preference for Kellogg's Corn Flakes!

* In this now famous Test each person is blindfolded. Then each is asked to taste four popular brands of breakfast flakes. (Each cereal is referred to by number only.) They then vote for the one that TASTED best. The result is amazing but true—every single vote, out of the hundreds that have been taken, has gone to Kellogg's Corn Flakes.



Mr. and Mrs. Blair, of 15 Kniggo Road, with their eldest daughter, Margery, aged 13, and son Peter, aged 11, are still another family to make Kellogg's Blindfold Test.

The Blairs all agree at last



YOU CAN'T BEAT
KELLOGG'S
CORN FLAKES FOR FLAVOUR



KELLOGG'S
CORN FLAKES ARE MUCH
MORE DELICIOUS. THEY'RE A
BREAKFAST IN THEMSELVES



KELLOGG'S
CORN FLAKES FOR ME
FROM NOW ON!



CAN YOU IMAGINE
YOUR FAMILY ALL
AGREEING ABOUT ONE
THING? SEEMS A MIRACLE
TO ME — BUT MINE DOES AT
LAST! EVERY SINGLE ONE
VOTED FOR KELLOGG'S CORN
FLAKES IN THE BLINDFOLD
TEST. NOW THEY ALL ASK
FOR KELLOGG'S CORN
FLAKES AT BREAKFAST!

Scientific Proof of the Great Energy
Giving Power of Kellogg's Corn Flakes

Recent analysis made at the Sydney University showed that one plateful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives you as much energy as two eggs and one pork chop. That's why everyone says Kellogg's Corn Flakes keep you going till lunch-time.



HEARD KELLOGG'S THRILLING NEW RADIO SERIAL:
"HOWIE WING"—A Saga of Aviation.

"Howie Wing" is sponsored by Kellogg's over a nationwide broadcast every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night. Stations: 3CH and 4BK-AP, 7.30 p.m.; 2GZ, 7PM, 7.15M, 7.30M, 7.50M, 7.55M, 8.10M, 8.15M, 8.20M, 8.25M, 8.30M, 8.35M, 8.40M, 8.45M, 8.50M, 8.55M, 9.00M, 9.05M, 9.10M, 9.15M, 9.20M, 9.25M, 9.30M, 9.35M, 9.40M, 9.45M, 9.50M, 9.55M, 10.00M, 10.05M, 10.10M, 10.15M, 10.20M, 10.25M, 10.30M, 10.35M, 10.40M, 10.45M, 10.50M, 10.55M, 11.00M, 11.05M, 11.10M, 11.15M, 11.20M, 11.25M, 11.30M, 11.35M, 11.40M, 11.45M, 11.50M, 11.55M, 12.00M, 12.05M, 12.10M, 12.15M, 12.20M, 12.25M, 12.30M, 12.35M, 12.40M, 12.45M, 12.50M, 12.55M, 1.00M, 1.05M, 1.10M, 1.15M, 1.20M, 1.25M, 1.30M, 1.35M, 1.40M, 1.45M, 1.50M, 1.55M, 2.00M, 2.05M, 2.10M, 2.15M, 2.20M, 2.25M, 2.30M, 2.35M, 2.40M, 2.45M, 2.50M, 2.55M, 3.00M, 3.05M, 3.10M, 3.15M, 3.20M, 3.25M, 3.30M, 3.35M, 3.40M, 3.45M, 3.50M, 3.55M, 4.00M, 4.05M, 4.10M, 4.15M, 4.20M, 4.25M, 4.30M, 4.35M, 4.40M, 4.45M, 4.50M, 4.55M, 5.00M, 5.05M, 5.10M, 5.15M, 5.20M, 5.25M, 5.30M, 5.35M, 5.40M, 5.45M, 5.50M, 5.55M, 6.00M, 6.05M, 6.10M, 6.15M, 6.20M, 6.25M, 6.30M, 6.35M, 6.40M, 6.45M, 6.50M, 6.55M, 7.00M, 7.05M, 7.10M, 7.15M, 7.20M, 7.25M, 7.30M, 7.35M, 7.40M, 7.45M, 7.50M, 7.55M, 8.00M, 8.05M, 8.10M, 8.15M, 8.20M, 8.25M, 8.30M, 8.35M, 8.40M, 8.45M, 8.50M, 8.55M, 9.00M, 9.05M, 9.10M, 9.15M, 9.20M, 9.25M, 9.30M, 9.35M, 9.40M, 9.45M, 9.50M, 9.55M, 10.00M, 10.05M, 10.10M, 10.15M, 10.20M, 10.25M, 10.30M, 10.35M, 10.40M, 10.45M, 10.50M, 10.55M, 11.00M, 11.05M, 11.10M, 11.15M, 11.20M, 11.25M, 11.30M, 11.35M, 11.40M, 11.45M, 11.50M, 11.55M, 12.00M, 12.05M, 12.10M, 12.15M, 12.20M, 12.25M, 12.30M, 12.35M, 12.40M, 12.45M, 12.50M, 12.55M, 1.00M, 1.05M, 1.10M, 1.15M, 1.20M, 1.25M, 1.30M, 1.35M, 1.40M, 1.45M, 1.50M, 1.55M, 2.00M, 2.05M, 2.10M, 2.15M, 2.20M, 2.25M, 2.30M, 2.35M, 2.40M, 2.45M, 2.50M, 2.55M, 3.00M, 3.05M, 3.10M, 3.15M, 3.20M, 3.25M, 3.30M, 3.35M, 3.40M, 3.45M, 3.50M, 3.55M, 4.00M, 4.05M, 4.10M, 4.15M, 4.20M, 4.25M, 4.30M, 4.35M, 4.40M, 4.45M, 4.50M, 4.55M, 5.00M, 5.05M, 5.10M, 5.15M, 5.20M, 5.25M, 5.30M, 5.35M, 5.40M, 5.45M, 5.50M, 5.55M, 6.00M, 6.05M, 6.10M, 6.15M, 6.20M, 6.25M, 6.30M, 6.35M, 6.40M, 6.45M, 6.50M, 6.55M, 7.00M, 7.05M, 7.10M, 7.15M, 7.20M, 7.25M, 7.30M, 7.35M, 7.40M, 7.45M, 7.50M, 7.55M, 8.00M, 8.05M, 8.10M, 8.15M, 8.20M, 8.25M, 8.30M, 8.35M, 8.40M, 8.45M, 8.50M, 8.55M, 9.00M, 9.05M, 9.10M, 9.15M, 9.20M, 9.25M, 9.30M, 9.35M, 9.40M, 9.45M, 9.50M, 9.55M, 10.00M, 10.05M, 10.10M, 10.15M, 10.20M, 10.25M, 10.30M, 10.35M, 10.40M, 10.45M, 10.50M, 10.55M, 11.00M, 11.05M, 11.10M, 11.15M, 11.20M, 11.25M, 11.30M, 11.35M, 11.40M, 11.45M, 11.50M, 11.55M, 12.00M, 12.05M, 12.10M, 12.15M, 12.20M, 12.25M, 12.30M, 12.35M, 12.40M, 12.45M, 12.50M, 12.55M, 1.00M, 1.05M, 1.10M, 1.15M, 1.20M, 1.25M, 1.30M, 1.35M, 1.40M, 1.45M, 1.50M, 1.55M, 2.00M, 2.05M, 2.10M, 2.15M, 2.20M, 2.25M, 2.30M, 2.35M, 2.40M, 2.45M, 2.50M, 2.55M, 3.00M, 3.05M, 3.10M, 3.15M, 3.20M, 3.25M, 3.30M, 3.35M, 3.40M, 3.45M, 3.50M, 3.55M, 4.00M, 4.05M, 4.10M, 4.15M, 4.20M, 4.25M, 4.30M, 4.35M, 4.40M, 4.45M, 4.50M, 4.55M, 5.00M, 5.05M, 5.10M, 5.15M, 5.20M, 5.25M, 5.30M, 5.35M, 5.40M, 5.45M, 5.50M, 5.55M, 6.00M, 6.05M, 6.10M, 6.15M, 6.20M, 6.25M, 6.30M, 6.35M, 6.40M, 6.45M, 6.50M, 6.55M, 7.00M, 7.05M, 7.10M, 7.15M, 7.20M, 7.25M, 7.30M, 7.35M, 7.40M, 7.45M, 7.50M, 7.55M, 8.00M, 8.05M, 8.10M, 8.15M, 8.20M, 8.25M, 8.30M, 8.35M, 8.40M, 8.45M, 8.50M, 8.55M, 9.00M, 9.05M, 9.10M, 9.15M, 9.20M, 9.25M, 9.30M, 9.35M, 9.40M, 9.45M, 9.50M, 9.55M, 10.00M, 10.05M, 10.10M, 10.15M, 10.20M, 10.25M, 10.30M, 10.35M, 10.40M, 10.45M, 10.50M, 10.55M, 11.00M, 11.05M, 11.10M, 11.15M, 11.20M, 11.25M, 11.30M, 11.35M, 11.40M, 11.45M, 11.50M, 11.55M, 12.00M, 12.05M, 12.10M, 12.15M, 12.20M, 12.25M, 12.30M, 12.35M, 12.40M, 12.45M, 12.50M, 12.55M, 1.00M, 1.05M, 1.10M, 1.15M, 1.20M, 1.25M, 1.30M, 1.35M, 1.40M, 1.45M, 1.50M, 1.55M, 2.00M, 2.05M, 2.10M, 2.15M, 2.20M, 2.25M, 2.30M, 2.35M, 2.40M, 2.45M, 2.50M, 2.55M, 3.00M, 3.05M, 3.10M, 3.15M, 3.20M, 3.25M, 3.30M, 3.35M, 3.40M, 3.45M, 3.50M, 3.55M, 4.00M, 4.05M, 4.10M, 4.15M, 4.20M, 4.25M, 4.30M, 4.35M, 4.40M, 4.45M, 4.50M, 4.55M, 5.00M, 5.05M, 5.10M, 5.15M, 5.20M, 5.25M, 5.30M, 5.35M, 5.40M, 5.45M, 5.50M, 5.55M, 6.00M, 6.05M, 6.10M, 6.15M, 6.20M, 6.25M, 6.30M, 6.35M, 6.40M, 6.45M, 6.50M, 6.55M, 7.00M, 7.05M, 7.10M, 7.15M, 7.20M, 7.25M, 7.30M, 7.35M, 7.40M, 7.45M, 7.50M, 7.55M, 8.00M, 8.05M, 8.10M, 8.15M, 8.20M, 8.25M, 8.30M, 8.35M, 8.40M, 8.45M, 8.50M, 8.55M, 9.00M, 9.05M, 9.10M, 9.15M, 9.20M, 9.25M, 9.30M, 9.35M, 9.40M, 9.45M, 9.50M, 9.55M, 10.00M, 10.05M, 10.10M, 10.15M, 10.20M, 10.25M, 10.30M, 10.35M, 10.40M, 10.45M, 10.50M, 10.55M, 11.00M, 11.05M, 11.10M, 11.15M, 11.20M, 11.25M, 11.30M, 11.35M, 11.40M, 11.45M, 11.50M, 11.55M, 12.00M, 12.05M, 12.10M, 12.15M, 12.20M, 12.25M, 12.30M, 12.35M, 12.40M, 12.45M, 12.50M, 12.55M, 1.00M, 1.05M, 1.10M, 1.15M, 1.20M, 1.25M, 1.30M, 1.35M, 1.40M, 1.45M, 1.50M, 1.55M, 2.00M, 2.05M, 2.10M, 2.15M, 2.20M, 2.25M, 2.30M, 2.35M, 2.40M, 2.45M, 2.50M, 2.55M, 3.00M, 3.05M, 3.10M, 3.15M, 3.20M, 3.25M, 3.30M, 3.35M, 3.40M, 3.45M, 3.50M, 3.55M, 4.00M, 4.05M, 4.10M, 4.15M, 4.20M, 4.25M, 4.30M, 4.35M, 4.40M, 4.45M, 4.50M, 4.55M, 5.00M, 5.05M, 5.10M, 5.15M, 5.20M, 5.25M, 5.30M, 5.35M, 5.40M, 5.45M, 5.50M, 5.55M, 6.00M, 6.05M, 6.10M, 6.15M, 6.20M, 6.25M, 6.30M, 6.35M, 6.40M, 6.45M, 6.50M, 6.55M, 7.00M, 7.05M, 7.10M, 7.15M, 7.20M, 7.25M, 7.30M, 7.35M, 7.40M, 7.45M, 7.50M, 7.55M, 8.00M, 8.05M, 8.10M, 8.15M, 8.20M, 8.25M, 8.30M, 8.35M, 8.40M, 8.45M, 8.50M, 8.55M, 9.00M, 9.05M, 9.10M, 9.15M, 9.20M, 9.25M, 9.30M, 9.35M, 9.40M, 9.45M, 9.50M, 9.55M, 10.00M, 10.05M, 10.10M, 10.15M, 10.20M, 10.25M, 10.30M, 10.35M, 10.40M, 10.45M, 10.50M, 10.55M, 11.00M, 11.05M, 11.10M, 11.15M, 11.20M, 11.25M, 11.30M, 11.35M, 11.40M, 11.45M, 11.50M, 11.55M, 12.00M, 12.05M, 12.10M, 12.15M, 12.20M, 12.25M, 12.30M, 12.35M, 12.40M, 12.45M, 12.50M, 12.55M, 1.00M, 1.05M, 1.10M, 1.15M, 1.20M, 1.25M, 1.30M, 1.35M, 1.40M, 1.45M, 1.50M, 1.55M, 2.00M, 2.05M, 2.10M, 2.15M, 2.20M, 2.25M, 2.30M, 2.35M, 2.40M, 2.45M, 2.50M, 2.55M, 3.00M, 3.05M, 3.10M, 3.15M, 3.20M, 3.25M, 3.30M, 3.35M, 3.40M, 3.45M, 3.50M, 3.55M, 4.00M, 4.05M, 4.10M, 4.15M, 4.20M, 4.25M, 4.30M, 4.35M, 4.40M, 4.45M, 4.50M, 4.55M, 5.00M, 5.05M, 5.10M, 5.15M, 5.20M, 5.25M, 5.30M, 5.35M, 5.40M, 5.45M, 5.50M, 5.55M, 6.00M, 6.05M, 6.10M, 6.15M, 6.20M, 6.25M, 6.30M, 6.35M, 6.40M, 6.45M, 6.50M, 6.55M, 7.00M, 7.05M, 7.10M, 7.15M, 7.20M, 7.25M, 7.30M, 7.35M, 7.40M, 7.45M, 7.50M, 7.55M, 8.00M, 8.05M, 8.10M, 8.15M, 8.20M, 8.25M, 8.30M, 8.35M, 8.40M, 8.45M, 8.50M, 8.55M, 9.00M, 9.05M, 9.10M, 9.15M, 9.20M, 9.25M, 9.30M, 9.35M, 9.40M, 9.45M, 9.50M, 9.55M, 10.00M, 10.05M, 10.10M, 10.15M, 10.20M, 10.25M, 10.30M, 10.35M, 10.40M, 10.45M, 10.50M, 10.55M, 11.00M, 11.05M, 11.10M, 11.15M, 11.20M, 11.25M, 11.30M, 11.35M, 11.40M, 11.45M, 11.50M, 11.55M, 12.00M, 12.05M, 12.10M, 12.15M, 12.20M, 12.25M, 12.30M, 12.35M, 12.40M, 12.45M, 12.50M, 12.55M, 1.00M, 1.05M, 1.10M, 1.15M, 1.20M, 1.25M, 1.30M, 1.35M, 1.40M, 1.45M, 1.50M, 1.55M, 2.00M, 2.05M, 2.10M, 2.15M, 2.20M, 2.25M, 2.30M, 2.35M, 2.40M, 2.45M, 2.50M, 2.55M, 3.00M, 3.05M, 3.10M, 3.15M, 3.20M, 3.25M, 3.30M, 3.35M, 3.40M, 3.45M, 3.50M, 3.55M, 4.00M, 4.05M, 4.10M, 4.15M, 4.20M, 4.25M, 4.30M, 4.35M, 4.40M, 4.45M, 4.50M, 4.55M, 5.00M, 5.05M, 5.10M, 5.15M, 5.20M, 5.25M, 5.30M, 5.35M, 5.40M, 5.45M, 5.50M, 5.55M, 6.00M, 6.05M, 6.10M, 6.15M, 6.20M, 6.25M, 6.30M, 6.35M, 6.40M, 6.45M, 6.50M, 6.55M, 7.00M, 7.05M, 7.10M, 7.15M, 7.20M, 7.25M, 7.30M, 7.35M, 7.40M, 7.45M, 7.50M, 7.55M, 8.00M, 8.05M, 8.10M, 8.15M, 8.20M, 8.25M, 8.30M, 8.35M, 8.40M, 8.45M, 8.50M, 8.55M, 9.00M, 9.05M, 9.10M, 9.15M, 9.20M, 9.25M, 9.30M, 9.35M, 9.40M, 9.45M, 9.50M, 9.55M, 10.00M, 10.05M, 10.10M, 10.15M, 10.20M, 10.25M, 10.30M, 10.35M, 10.40M, 10.45M, 10.50M, 10.55M, 11.00M, 11.05M, 11.10M, 11.15M, 11.20M, 11.25M, 11.30M, 11.35M, 11.40M, 11.45M, 11.50M, 11.55M, 12.00M, 12.05M, 12.10M, 12.15M, 12.20M, 12.25M, 12.30M, 12.35M, 12.40M, 12.45M, 12.50M, 12.55M, 1.00M, 1.05M, 1.10M, 1.15M, 1.20M, 1.25M, 1.30M, 1.35M, 1.40M, 1.45M, 1.50M, 1.55M, 2.00M, 2.05M, 2.10M, 2.15M, 2.20M, 2.25M, 2.30M, 2.35M, 2.40M, 2.45M, 2.50M, 2.55M, 3.00M, 3.05M, 3.10M, 3.15M, 3.20M, 3.25M, 3.30M, 3.35M, 3.40M, 3.45M, 3.50M, 3.55M, 4.00M, 4.05M, 4.10M, 4.15M, 4.20M, 4.25M, 4.30M, 4.35M, 4.40M, 4.45M, 4.50M, 4.55M, 5.00M, 5.05M, 5.10M, 5.15M, 5.20M, 5.25M, 5.30M, 5.35M, 5.40M, 5.45M, 5.50M, 5.55M, 6.00M, 6.05M, 6.10M, 6.15M, 6.20M, 6.25M, 6.30M, 6.35M, 6.40M, 6.45M, 6.50M, 6.55M, 7.00M, 7.05M, 7.10M, 7.15M, 7.20M, 7.25M, 7.30M, 7.35M, 7.40M, 7.45M, 7.50M, 7.55M, 8.00M, 8.05M, 8.10M, 8.15M, 8.20M, 8.25M, 8.30M, 8.35M, 8.40M, 8.45M, 8.50M, 8.55M, 9.00M, 9.05M, 9.10M, 9.15M, 9.20M, 9.25M, 9.30M, 9.35M, 9.40M, 9.45M, 9.50M, 9.55M, 10.00M, 10.05M, 10.10M, 10.15M, 10.20M, 10.25M, 10.30M, 10.35M, 10.40M, 10.45M, 10.50M, 10.55M, 11.00M, 11.05M, 11.10M, 11.15M, 11.20M, 11.25M, 11.30M, 11.35M, 11.40M, 11.45M, 11.50M, 11.55M, 12.00M, 12.05M, 12.10M, 12.15M, 12.20M, 12.25M, 12.30M, 12.35M, 12.40M, 12.45M, 12.50M, 12.55M, 1.00M, 1.05M, 1.10M, 1.15M, 1.20M, 1.25M, 1.30M, 1.35M, 1.40M, 1.45M, 1.50M, 1.55M, 2.00M, 2.05M, 2.10M, 2.15M, 2.20M, 2.25M, 2.30M, 2.35M, 2.40M, 2.45M, 2.50M, 2.55M, 3.00M, 3.05M, 3.10M, 3.15M, 3.20M, 3.25M, 3.30M, 3.35M, 3.40M, 3.45M, 3.50M, 3.55M, 4.00M, 4.05M, 4.10M, 4.15M, 4.20M, 4.25M, 4.30M, 4.35M, 4.40M, 4.45M, 4.50M, 4.55M, 5.00M, 5.05M, 5.10M, 5.15M, 5.20M, 5.25M, 5.30M, 5.35M, 5.40M, 5.45M, 5.50M, 5.55M, 6.00M, 6.05M, 6.10M, 6.15M, 6.20M, 6.25M, 6.30M, 6.35M, 6.40M, 6.45M, 6.50M, 6.55M, 7.00M, 7.05M, 7.10M, 7.15M, 7.20M, 7.25M, 7.30M, 7.35M, 7.40M, 7.45M, 7.50M, 7.55M, 8.00M, 8.05M, 8.10M, 8.15M, 8.20M, 8.25M, 8.30M, 8.35M, 8.40M, 8.45M, 8.50M, 8.55M, 9.00M, 9.05M, 9.10M, 9.15M, 9.20M, 9.25M, 9.30M, 9.35M, 9.40M, 9.45M, 9.50M, 9.55M, 10.00M, 10.05M, 10.10M, 10.15M, 10.20M, 10.25M, 10.30M, 10.35M, 10.40M, 10.45M, 10.50M, 10.55M, 11.00M, 11.05M, 11.10M, 11.



ABOVE: Lounge-room in modern English style. Clean, light colors are used for walls, lounge-couch and chairs. Tile-patterned carpet is in a deeper tone, and contrasts with the plain off-white upholstery. Curtains with broad horizontal stripes introduce gay colors.

RIGHT: Modern dining-room. Velvet is used for the chair upholstery, and the table has a glass top. Carpet, walls and window drapes are plain. Fireplace has a marble and golden mirror surround. Notice that curves take the place of straight lines wherever possible.

It's comfort that counts most in the home to-day

SEVERE geometrical furnishings introduced last decade give way to more comfort, greater elegance and cleaner colors. Personal taste counts more, too.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR



WHAT A
MARVELLOUS
CHEESE SALAD...
WHEREVER DID YOU
GET THE RECIPE?

For flavour, for health, have a Kraft Cheddar Salad on the menu every day. Kraft Cheddar is mellow flavoured and creamy smooth . . . It blends deliciously with any of your favourite salad ingredients. And Kraft adds all these important food elements to your diet . . . tissue building proteins, energy units, vitamin A, and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, which build strong bones and sound teeth. It takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheese!

NEW KRAFT RECIPE BOOK "Cheese and Ways to Serve It" . . . to obtain your copy, simply send name and address and 3d. in stamps to Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Dept. (A-30), 58 Clarence Street, Sydney.

THE NEW
KRAFT RECIPE
BOOK! I MAKE
ALL MY SALADS
WITH KRAFT
CHEDDAR
NOW

KRAFT CHEDDAR sold at all food stores in two, four and eight oz. packets. Pasteurized for purity. Fully wrapped for freshness.



THE last decade in interior decoration introduced a great deal of severity in furnishings—geometrical and cubist designs being considered the last thing in modernity.

Examples of this cold, stiff style were chairs of metal construction, which, for home use, have not found as much favor as was then expected.

But what of this and the next decade?

There has been a swing back to period furnishings, especially Regency, because the "softness" of the older decors seems to bring a greater friendliness.

Even so, period furnishings are not favored by the majority of homemakers, although some people do combine old pieces with modern accessories most successfully.

Accent on "Home"

THE homemaker to-day wants modernism, but she wants comfort, too, and so there is less emphasis now on "modern" and more accent on "home."

Curves will be preferred to straight lines and curves, colors will be bright or subdued as desired, but always clean, and personal taste will be more popular than formality.

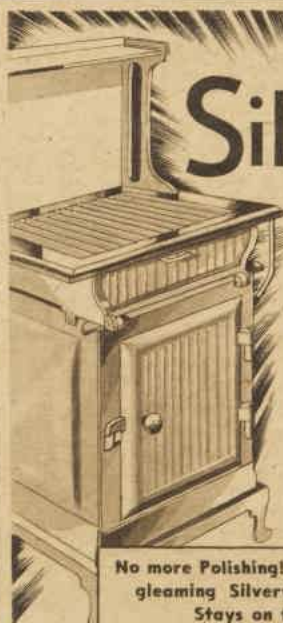
Generally the trend will be towards more elegance and comfort, good lines and softness without fussiness. It is safe to say, too, that fantastic styles will be rarely seen.

Two examples of interior decoration to-day are shown by the two photographs on this page sent from London to this office by air-mail.

The top picture is a lounge-room by a Mayfair designer. Notice the use of clean, light colors for walls, lounge-couch and chairs.

The other picture shows a dining-room in the same style. Velvet is used for the upholstery of the chairs while the table has a glass top. The fireplace surround is marble and golden mirror.

Silvafros that STOVE



You can quickly Silvafros the rustiest stove, bath-heater, copper, pipes or any metal-work inside or outside the house. Silvafros can stand any heat—any bad weather. Makes metal work easier to clean! Saves it from rust.

No more Polishing! This gleaming Silvery Finish Stays on for Good!

It's a thrill to make your home lovelier! And you'll obtain 1,001 new ideas in "THE COLORFUL HOME"

FREE!



To: Taubman's Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters. Please send me free your enlarged and entirely new book, "The Colorful Home". I enclose 3d. in stamps, to cover postage and handling.

NAME
ADDRESS

A7E

YOUR HANDY HINTS SCRAPBOOK

CUT out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order, and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

To Loosen Screws

If vinegar is brushed round very tight screws for a little while they should unscrew quite easily.

Try Geranium Leaves

When stewing apples, add one or two geranium leaves with the sugar; this will give a delicious flavor to the fruit.

Lemon Treatment

Relief will be found for a troublesome corn if a slice of lemon is cut and bound over the corn for three or four consecutive nights.

White Paint Cleanser

Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of powdered borax in a little boiling water and add to enough cold water to make three pints. Dust the paint, sponge well with the mixture, rinse, and dry with a soft cloth.

Furniture Saver

If olive oil is rubbed over the paint-work of furniture that is temporarily placed near a fire, the paint or varnish will not blister.

When You Iron

You can avoid making the fabric shiny if you place tissue paper over it before ironing. Also if you should use an iron which is too hot, it will help to prevent scorching.

Cleaning A Saucepan

A saucepan that has been used for boiling milk is generally difficult to clean. But if it is wiped with a damp cloth first, all trace of the milk will be removed. Then rinse in cold water.

Kid Gloves

When the gloves are new, and before you wear them, fold in a damp towel. Leave for an hour or two; this will keep them fresh and uncreased much longer.

Cake Preserver

If you have a supply of cake, which is to last a few days, place an ordinary, uncooked apple in the tin with the cake. This will keep the cake moist and fresh.

Cork Table Mats

When your table mats become stained, make a small basinful of warm, soapy water and take a smooth pumice stone. Dip the pumice in the water and rub the stained mats with this.

New Life For Velvet

A shabby velvet frock or coat can be rejuvenated if hung in the bathroom while the running hot tap is filling the room with steam. The steam will freshen the velvet.

No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vaculoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe, and lasting relief to pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell Vaculoid with this guarantee.



**SOUR
STOMACH
PAINS AFTER
EATING**

quickly relieved with

CALIFIG

NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE
California Syrup of Figs

BE SHOPWISE



WHEN BUYING TOWELS, SEE THAT THE HEMS AND EDGES ARE WELL SEWN. THE EDGE OF THE TOWEL WILL BEGIN TO WEAR AWAY FIRST.

Rusty Knives

Very rusty knives should be rubbed with half a raw onion and then left with the juice to dry on them. Afterwards scrub well, the rust will then wash off quite easily.

New Linoleum

Wash a weak solution of starch over any newly-laid linoleum and then leave to dry. This will preserve the surface of the linoleum and also help to keep a good polish.

Bathroom Walls

Try rubbing the bathroom walls over with olive oil applied on a clean, soft rag. This will keep the walls glossy in spite of a steamy atmosphere.

Peeling Oranges

The skin and pith of an orange will come away quite easily if it is dropped into very hot water and left to soak for a few minutes.

Stewed Fruit

Add about one teaspoonful of cornflour to every pint of fruit; this will counteract the tartness and save extravagance with the sugar.

Canvas Shoes

A drop of bluing added to the cleansing powder used for white shoes will make the shoes much whiter when dry.

To Test Eggs

To test the freshness of eggs, place them in water with a little salt dissolved in it. The fresh eggs will sink, while the doubtful ones will float.

To Clean Crystal

Crystal should be rinsed in water to which a little blue has been added. This gives a good lustre.

The A.B.C. of Cookery

This glossary of the more unfamiliar terms used in cookery and on menus will be continued every week until complete. Cut them out and paste in your scrap-book.

Haricot: Literally "a bean" (Fr.), but also a term used for stews of meat and vegetables. Such as haricot mutton.

Hash: Made-up dish of minced meat.

Hollandaise: A savory sauce containing yolk of egg, cream, lemon juice, and vinegar.

Hominy: Food made from ground maize.

Hors d'Ouvre: An appetiser. A small cold savory dish, served as first course at lunch or dinner.

Mixed Hors d'Ouvre: Consisting of such items as sardines, anchovies, egg, sausages, and vegetable salads, to which guests help themselves.

Jambon: Ham (French).

Jardiniere: Mixed spring vegetables used as garnish for soup or as an accompaniment to an entree.

Jug, To: To stew, especially hare, in a jug or jar.

Julep: A sweet medicated drink.

Julienne: A garnish usually for a clear soup of finely-shredded vegetables.

The NEW IMPROVED

Rinsol

GIVES THICKER, RICHER SUDS

IS COMING!

WATCH FOR THE BIG NEW PACKET AT YOUR STORE

A LEVER PRODUCT



CAREERS for GIRLS & LADIES

By Need to Attend Classes, STOTT'S has Special Postal Courses in:
General Education, Backward Adults,
Commercial Art, Handwriting,
Showcard, Ticket, Designing,
Writing, White Clerks' Exams,
Mail Order, Accountancy,
Story Writing, Bookkeeping,
Journalism, Shorthand,
(F. Place), Typewriting,
Nurses' Educational, Correspondent,
Architectural Work, Salesmanship,
Adventurous Witz, University Exams,
Motor Engineering, Window Dressing,
Continuity Writing, Radio (Amateur).
There is no need to leave home to pro-
pore: Stott's can train you—SUCCESS-
FULLY in the privacy of your own
home. Without any obligation whatso-
ever. For the Coupon:

Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell Street, Melbourne; 70 Pitt
Street, Sydney; 290 Adelaide Street, Bris-
bane; 49 Flinders Street, Adelaide;
254 Murray Street, Perth.

Mail This Coupon: Cut here—
TO STOTT'S (Nearest Address, see list)
I should like details of your Course/s in

MY NAME
ADDRESS
A.W.W. 729

An enchanting design for Knitted jumper-blouse

WORKED in white wool
with embroidery in red. Puff sleeves, deep
basque and draw-string neck are smart
features.

THIS is just the sort of
jumper-blouse you want
for odd occasions. It's dressy
enough for afternoons—and
warm, too, for colder months
ahead—and it's neat enough
to be worn with a suit.

It is simple and quick to knit
in white wool. The em-
broidery—the little speckles
you see in the photograph—is
done in scarlet after the gar-
ment is finished, all over the
bodice part.

The extra deep basque and
the little puff sleeves are flat-

tering, and the belt gives a
neat finish.

The neck draws together
with a cord made of twisted
wool.

Here are the knitting in-
structions:—

Materials required: 9oz. "Sun-Glo"
Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool,
shade No. 1075 (white), 1oz. "Sun-
Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply, No. 3138
(red); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 8 and 12;
1 crochet hook, 1 buckle, 1 press stud.

Measurements: Length from top of
shoulder, 23 inches. Bust, 32/34.
Length of sleeve seam, 44 inches.

Abbreviations: K knit, p. purl, st.
stitch, tog. together, sl. slip, w.f.
wld, wool forward.

Tension: 11 sts. 2 inches; 15 rows
2 inches.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 96
sts.

Work in rib of k 2 p 2 for 7 inches
(working 1st row into back of sts.)
Change to No. 8 needles, increase
2 sts.

1st Row (right side of work): P.

2nd Row: K.

3rd Row: P.

4th Row: K 1, * k 6, sl. next 3 sts.
on to spare needle and leave at back
of work, k 3, k the 3 sts. from spare
needle, repeat from * to last st.,
k 1.

5th Row: P.

6th Row: K.

7th Row: P.

8th Row: K 1, * a. 3 sts. on to
spare needle and leave at back of
work, k 3, k the 3 sts. from spare
needle, k 6, repeat from * to last
st., k 1.

Repeat last 3 rows, and when work
measures 15½ inches shape armholes
by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning
of the next 2 rows.

K 2 tog. each end of the next 3
rows, then every 2nd row 3 times.

When armholes measure 7 inches
shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts.
at the beginning of the next 6 rows.
Cast off.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 108
sts.

Work the same as for back until
work measures 15½ inches.

Shape armholes the same as for
back.

When armholes measure 4 inches
work as follows:

Next Row: Work 37 sts. (leave on
spare needle), cast off 12 sts., work
37 sts. Continue on last 39 sts. and
k 2 tog. at neck edge on the next 6
rows, then every 2nd row until de-
creased to 24 sts.

When armholes measure 7 inches

Knitted Booties For Baby

HERE are instructions for knit-
ting dainty booties for baby.

Materials: 1oz. "Nursery Vioella"
knitting yarn (snow), ribbon for
ankles, 1 pair No. 12 "Vioella" knit-
ting pins.

Tension: Nine stitches to one inch.
Cast on 52 sts. Work k 2, p 2 rib
for 16 rows, then change to st-st. for
16 rows.

Next Row (on front of work): P.

Next Row: K.

Make ribbon holes: * k 2 tog., m
1, k 2 tog., k 2 * repeat * to * to last
4 sts., k 2 tog., m 1, k 2 tog.

Next Row: K, knitting and purling
into made sts. of previous row.

Next 2 Rows: P.

Next Row: K 17, then work back-
wards and forwards on next 18 sts.
in st-st. for 24 rows.

Break yarn.

Commence again with the 17 sts.
that were left and with the same
needle k up 12 sts. along the side
of the instep and 9 of the instep sts.
With another needle k the remain-
ing 9 sts. of the instep and 12 sts.
down the other side of the instep and
the remaining 17 sts. of the ankle.

Work 11 rows in plain knitting,
then work 6 more rows, decreasing
once at the beginning and end of
each row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP: Press at-st. part
lightly. Sew up seam, thread ribbon
through ribbon holes.

She
certainly has
an eye for
clothes . . .



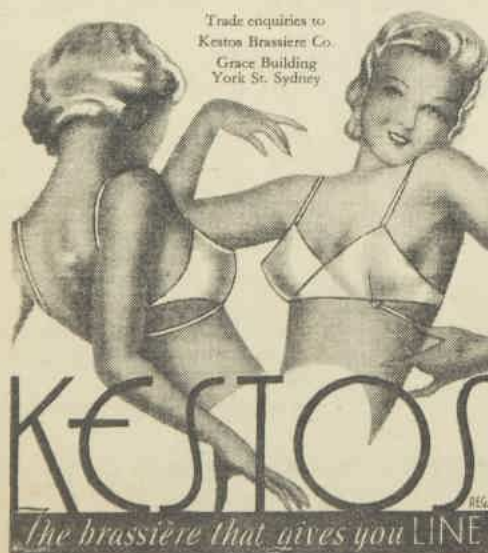
..but she'll never have LINE
till she wears
KESTOS

Being able to pick the right ensemble is a gift.
Being able to wear it so that it looks worth
twice what you gave for it—that's another
story.

But—it's done every day. And the women
who do it successfully wear Kestos.

They know that Kestos gives them that
desirable, svelte 'line' which makes the
most of any style.

For tennis, a Kestos Brassiere reduces fatigue and
improves your figure. A standard 3/11 model is
most suitable . . . but, after the game, change to
the extra luxury of Alencon Lace, Price 4/11.



KESTOS
the brassiere that gives you LINE

Trade enquiries to
Kestos Brassiere Co.,
Grace Building
York St. Sydney



KNIT this pretty jumper-blouse for the cooler days ahead. It is done in
white wool with touches of scarlet on the bodice part. These are added after
the knitting has been completed. Instructions appear on this page.

shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts.
at armhole edge every 2nd row 4
times. Join wool at neck edge and
work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 96
sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for
11 inches (working 1st row into
back of sts.). Change to No. 8
needles, increase 2 sts.

Work in pattern for 3 inches. K
2 tog. each end of every row until
decreased to 24 sts. Cast off.

BELT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 20 sts.
Work in double knitting as fol-
lows: * k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, repeat from
* to end.

Repeat last row for 30 inches, Cast
off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp

cloth. Sew up seams, leaving an open-
ing on left shoulder.

Sew in sleeves.

Work 1 row of dc. along shoulder
opening. Work 1 row of dc. around
neck.

Next row, * dc. 3 chain, 1 dc. into
same st., repeat from * to end of
row.

Sew press studs on shoulder open-
ing.

Cut 8 strands of twist, cut 16 inches
long and twist tightly, cut 8 more
strands and twist in the same way,
then twist both cords together, tie
a knot in each end and tie in bow
and sew at neck edge.

Sew buckle on belt.

Crochet 2 lengths of chain, and sew
at side seams to form loops for belt.

Using red wool, embroider jumper
as shown in illustration.



It isn't cooking that makes
the saucepans look old . . .

... IT'S HARSH CLEANING !

Don't spoil the look of your saucepans by harsh
cleaning methods. Every scratch holds dirt, and
possibly germs, and makes cleaning harder in
the future. Vim gives smooth cleaning because
Vim grains are soap-coated.
They loosen dirt so that you
can wipe it all away with one
swift, light rub. Vim keeps
your kitchenware bright and
shining!



VIM REMOVES THE DIRT...
BUT SAVES THE SURFACE !

7.07.33

Done in Venetian work . . .

a new

Cushion cover

NEEDLEWORK
NOTIONS

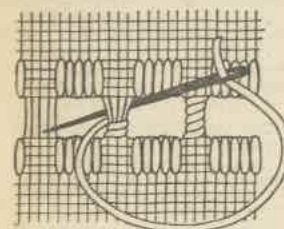
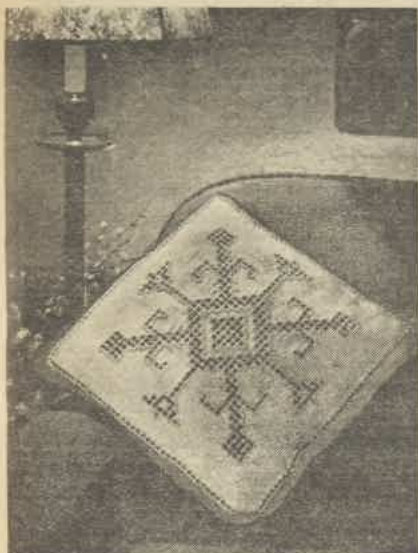
AN attractive accessory for your lounge-room. Obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green Irish linen.

THIS cushion cover is not difficult to work, but is amazingly effective when finished. The cover, traced on white or colored linen, measures 22½ inches square and is 4/6, postage free.

Cottons for working are also obtainable from our Needlework Department for 3/6 extra.

To work the Venetian design, which is done in yellow and green, you will need the following Anchor stranded cottons: 14 skeins F731 (deep emerald), 10 skeins F2204 (brown-yellow), and 3 skeins F409 (very dark Gobelin-green). Cottons may also be bought at our Needlework Department for 1/4d. a skein.

The Venetian design is worked in buttonhole and satin-stitch. The little diagram on the left shows you how the stitches are done.



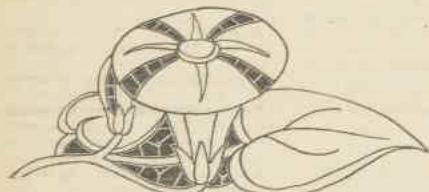
ABOVE: You can obtain this unusually attractive cushion cover in the new Venetian design from our Needlework Department.

LEFT: This diagram shows you how the stitches are done for the embroidery in the Venetian design. The work is not difficult to do.



Convolvulus duchesse set

New charm for your dressing-table in three traced linen mats in white or colors.



A CLOSE-UP of the convolvulus design which adorns the duchesse set pictured on the right. The design is very easy to work.

THIS THREE-PIECE duchesse set can be obtained traced on white or colored linen. The complete set is 2/6, postage free, or pieces can be bought separately if desired.

THE CASE OF MISS BETTY W—



CASE No. 17175. AGE: 22.
NAME: Betty W. OCCUPATION: Typist.

SYMPTOMS: Bad complexion. Headaches. No interest in work. No energy. Loss of appetite. Sleep doesn't refresh.

DIAGNOSIS: Constipation—resulting in impoverished blood. Toxins (poisons) are gradually undermining the whole system.

TREATMENT: Restore normal bowel action immediately with Nyal Figsen.

HOW TO BANISH CONSTIPATION

NYAL FIGSEN ends constipation in a NATURAL way because it is a combination of three of Nature's own laxatives—Figs, Senna and Cascara. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting tablet. You chew it up. Restore normal bowel action promptly and gently with Figsen—equally good for adults and children. Sold and recommended by chemists every-where. 1/3

NYAL FIGSEN
FOR CONSTIPATION

Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 333A, G.P.O., Brisbane: Box 400F, G.P.O., Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O., Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O., Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O., Sydney: Box 429TY, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

ALLY—
A RELIABLE AND ECONOMICAL SALMON
THAT I CAN CONFIDENTLY RECOMMEND
TO MY CUSTOMERS—ALLY SALMON
—BEST VALUE AND STRAIGHT FROM
CANADA



Reliability is the keynote of Ally Salmon. The housewife knows what to expect when she opens a can of Ally Salmon. Young, juicy and tender fish, caught and canned in its prime straight from the ocean.

Ally Salmon is packed under two labels—Red Label and Gold Label—each the very best of its class.

In quarter, half, and one pound tins.

A BRITISH EMPIRE PRODUCT
ALLY SALMON
—IT'S FLAVOUR SEALED

PEACEFUL NIGHTS

for baby and you with
ASHTON & PARSONS'
INFANTS' POWDERS



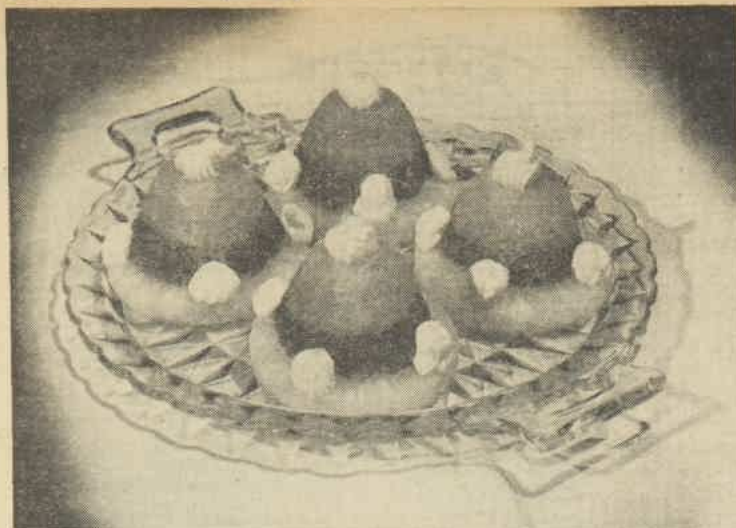
At teething time—or at any time if baby is a trifle feverish—give Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS' POWDERS. They soothe at once—cool the blood—gently regulate the motions. Never be without these wonderful Powders—they ensure the health and happiness of your baby—AND THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

Box of 20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores.

Write for Free Sample to

PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD.
P.O. Box 34, North Sydney, N.S.W.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



AMBER-AND-JADE DELIGHT—unusual and tempting-looking sweet prepared with simple ingredients. It wins this week's first prize of £1. Recipe appears on this page.



BANANA CAKE (spiced)—a consolation prizewinner. This is an appetising cake for tea-time and is cooked with a layer of mashed bananas in the centre of the cake.

THIS week our cookery expert has selected an attractive sweet as winner of first prize of £1. The other recipes which also appear on this page are awarded consolation prizes.

Remember that everybody has a chance of winning one of the big prizes in our £1000 recipe contest, as well as participating in the weekly prizes.

Full details about this cookery competition and how to enter are given elsewhere in this issue.

Dessert Section

AMBER-AND-JADE DELIGHT

Soak 4 heaped tablespoons sago in water overnight, drain and take half the sago and cook soft in 1 pint of juice from tinned pineapple, adding golden syrup to taste. Let cool a little and beat in stiffly-beaten white of 1 egg and half fill wet moulds. Take the other half of sago, enough sugar to sweeten, juice of 1 lemon, wineglass of sherry, enough water to make a pint, and green coloring. Cook till soft, and when nearly cold add beaten egg-white. Now fill half-filled moulds up with the green sago. When cold, turn out, place each mould on a slice of pineapple, decorate with cream and serve.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Knight, 60B Westbury St., E. St. Kilda, Melbourne.

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

Fill bottom of a small square

mould with chocolate biscuits (which have been exposed to air overnight, to obtain required softness), then put in a thick layer of very ripe strawberries, then a layer of whipped sweetened cream; repeat layers till mould is full. The last layer should be biscuits. Freeze for five or six hours, turn out, and cover with finely chopped walnuts. To serve, cut in slices. In the absence of strawberries, use conserve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. L. O'Brien, 135 Brisbane St., Tamworth, N.S.W.

FRANGIPANI TART

Cake frangipani: 3oz. sugar, 3oz. butter, 1 egg, 3oz. plain flour, 3oz. self-raising flour, flavoring.

Frangipani cream: 1lb. castor sugar, 1oz. flour, pinch salt, 1 egg-white, 1oz. crushed macaroons, 2oz. butter, 3 egg-yolks, 1½ cups milk, small tin crushed pineapple.

Make cake pastry by creaming but-

ter and sugar, add beaten egg, flavoring and sifted flour, mix, roll out, line tart plate, and bake in moderate oven (375 degrees) till cooked.

Make cream by placing flour, sugar, and a pinch of salt in a saucepan. Stir in beaten eggs, then stir in milk, and cook slowly about 6 minutes. Remove, add butter, and crushed macaroons. Cover pastry when cooked with layer of cream (frangipani), then crushed pineapple, repeat this till case is full. Make a meringue with the white of egg and sugar. Pile roughly on top and return to a slow oven till lightly browned and set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Dulcie Coater, 38 Shipster St., Torrensfield, S.A.

GARDEN OF EDEN PIE

Five or six large tart apples, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 1-8th teaspoon salt, 1-8th teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons butter.

Pare, core, and slice apples in pie plate or tin lined with cheese pastry. Mix sugar, flour, salt, and cinnamon. Sprinkle over apples. Dot with butter, cover with slashed crust of cheese pastry. Press edges firmly together and seal with water. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg.) 45 minutes.

Cheese Pastry: Two cups flour, 1 cup shortening, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup grated cheese, 6 to 8 tablespoons cold water.

Sift flour and salt together and rub in shortening. Mix cheese very lightly, add only enough water to hold dry ingredients together. Roll on lightly-floured board, using half to line pie plate and other for the top.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mary K. Lamb, 73 Austral St., Malabar, N.S.W.

Cake Section

BANANA CAKE (Spiced)

Half-cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2 ripe bananas.

Sieve together flour and spices. Cream butter and sugar, then add beaten egg, next dry ingredients.

Line cake tin with greased paper, spread on half cake mixture, then spread on mashed bananas, and lastly remainder of cake mixture; bake about half-hour in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. R. Cairns, George St., Ulverstone, Tas.

ARGYLE SLICES

Four level tablespoons sugar, 4 heaped tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup cold water, 2 heaped cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1½ cups icing sugar, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup desiccated coconut.

Beat butter and sugar, add egg

well-beaten, then alternately water and sifted flour and baking powder. This makes a firm dough. Roll out and halve. Lay one-half on oblong cake tin, spread with jam and cover with other half dough. Tap around edges with a floured knife and bake in moderate oven 1 hour.

Icing: Mix cocoa with spoon of boiling water and add to well-beaten butter and sugar. Spread over cake. Slightly brown coconut in oven and sprinkle on top. When cold cut into slices as desired.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Perry, 106 Rossi St., Yass, N.S.W.

Preserves Section

GRANADILLA JAM

Twelve fairly ripe granadillas. Peel and scrape into a large basin with seeds, make a thin syrup of brown sugar, pour over, and stand all night. Make a syrup of white sugar, add granadillas and seeds,

juice of 6 lemons (or rind of 4 lemons). Boil quickly for 40 minutes. Bottle and fasten down while hot.

Proportions of sugar: One pound to one pound of fruit.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Hazel Whitechurch, Box 156, Ayr, North Qld.

QUINCE CONSERVE

Ten pounds quinces, 10lb. sugar, 1 pint vinegar.

Cut quinces in small pieces. Put vinegar and sugar over them, and let stand for 12 hours. Then boil up syrup quickly for 20 minutes. Add fruit to it and boil quickly for two hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. U. Eyre, Tryphena, Great Barrier, Auckland, N.Z.

APRICOT AND MULBERRY JAM

Four pounds apricots, 3lb. mulberries, 1lb. sugar to each pound fruit.

Stone and slice apricots, stalk mulberries, and if very large cut in halves. Put on stove in jam pan 1 cup water, 2lb. sugar. Let melt, bring to boil, and boil about 10 minutes. Add prepared fruit, put on lid and simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Remove lid, add balance of sugar (which has been warmed in oven), bring to boil and boil rapidly till a good consistency—about 1 hour to 1 hour if mulberries are very juicy. Allow to cool a little and bottle.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Jessie Rooker, Stephen St., East Devonport, Tas.



MISS MARGARET SHEPPARD
Director of Cookery, N.S.W. Hospitals, says:

'Health is your Heritage...'

GUARD IT WITH STRONG-LITE

"I naturally attach utmost importance to the selection of cooking utensils," says Miss Sheppard. "Health is our heritage and because I believe that careful scrutiny should extend to every kitchen in the Commonwealth, I recommend Strong-Lite Utensils to all as the safest and best for cooking."

Strong-Lite Utensils are safe because they're made from pure aluminium.

They cook better—because heat always distributes evenly in aluminium. Strong-Lite Utensils are used in leading hospitals . . . protection where protection is most needed. Safeguard your family's health—discard your old pots and pans, and equip your kitchen now with genuine, guaranteed Strong-Lite Utensils.

STRONG-LITE
Guaranteed Utensils and Cakepans
SOLD BY GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

THE DEPENDABLE VINEGAR

★
Brewed in Australia from a famous 200 years old Vinegar Recipe.

CHAMPION'S
Pure Malt
VINEGAR

QUARTS & PINTS

Whip up some cakes for EASTER ENTERTAINING

HERE are some new recipes for delicious tea and supper fare. They will help you out over the holiday period when people so often drop in unexpectedly.

By—
MARY FORBES

Cooking Expert
to The Australian
Women's Weekly



CHOCOLATE SANDWICH is always a firm favorite. This one is decorated with mock cream and chocolate chips. Recipe appears on this page.

IT'S pretty certain you'll be doing some entertaining over the Easter holidays—that those of you who are not going out of town to spend a few days in your favoriteylvan spot.

This means that home birds will need to have plenty of suitable entertaining fare on hand. And for this purpose nothing is more helpful than a well-filled cake tin.

It's a good excuse, too, for recalling your prowess as a maker of outstanding cakes—delicious mouth-tingling edibles that will make your friends beg the recipes from you.

INNAMON COFFEE RING CAKE
Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 1 tablespoon sherry or milk, 6oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, coffee essence, sherry, then well-sifted flour, baking powder, and cinnamon. Pour into a well-greased ring tin. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Turn on to cooler. Sprinkle top with cinnamon, then sugar.

CHOCOLATE SANDWICH
Six ounces butter, 9oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 3oz. dark unsweetened chocolate, 6 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, mock cream, chocolate chips.

Cream butter and sugar, add blended chocolate and mix in well, then eggs, milk, lastly flour and baking powder well sifted. Pour into two well-greased 8-inch sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Turn on to cooler. When cold join together with mock cream, flavored with sherry. Spread mock cream thickly over the top and sprinkle with chocolate chips or finely-chopped ginger. Serve on fancy plate.

SIMNEL-CAKE
Six ounces butter, 9oz. sugar, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon milk, 9oz. plain flour, small teaspoon baking powder, 6oz. currants, 6oz. sultanas, 1oz. peel, 2oz. cherries, 6oz. almond paste, warm icing.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, then milk, sifted flour

DOESN'T this look tempting? It's a cinnamon coffee ring cake and is delightful for afternoon tea or supper. The recipe which is given on this page uses coffee essence and cinnamon for flavoring, with the addition of sherry, if liked.



and baking powder and the prepared fruits. Mix in well. Pour half the mixture into prepared 7-inch round cake tin. Roll out half the almond paste, lay evenly on the cake mixture, then the remainder of cake mixture, smoothing over evenly. Bake about 2 hours in moderate oven. Turn out very carefully on to cake cooler. When cold, cover top with round of almond paste, brush with butter and place under grill to brown. When cold, cover with warm icing, and decorate with marzipan fruits, Easter eggs, chopped nuts, or glace fruits.

EASTER EGGS

Easter eggs may be moulded from fondant or marzipan. It is set aside to dry well, then coated with chocolate dipping, dried again, and then decorated with name, using bag and plain pipe.

Jellies may be set in egg-shells, then decorated.

Breakfast eggs may be colored with vegetable colorings for the children and decorated with amusing faces.

SULTANA CAKE

Half pound butter, 1lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 1 grated nutmeg, grated lemon

rind, 1lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1lb. sultanas, 1 tablespoon sherry, nuts.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, then sherry and lemon rind, lastly sifted flour, baking powder, nutmeg, and the prepared fruit. Pour into prepared tin. Cover top with nuts. Bake in moderate oven 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Turn out carefully.

Cream butter and sugar very well. Add yolk, vanilla, sherry and blended chocolate, then sifted flours and baking powder. Stir in very lightly well-beaten whites. Bake in well-greased round cake tin 1 1/2 hours. Turn on to cake cooler. When cold ice with chocolate icing and decorate with pale pink vienna icing.

BROWN CAKE

Five ounces sugar, 6oz. butter, 4oz. plain flour, 4oz. rice flour, small teaspoon baking powder, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons sherry, vanilla, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 dessert-spoon grated chocolate.

MADERA CAKE

Five ounces butter, 5oz. sugar, 4 eggs, 8oz. plain flour, 1oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, rind 1 lemon, candied peel.
Cream butter, sugar and lemon rind, add beaten eggs, then well-sifted flours and baking powder. Pour into prepared tin. Put thin, long strips of candied peel on top. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Turn carefully on to cake cooler.

BLITZ CAKE

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, almonds, sugar, cinnamon.

Cream butter and sugar well. Add eggs one at a time, then well-sifted flour. Put mixture into two well-greased sandwich tins. Sprinkle the tops with cinnamon and sugar, then thickly with split almonds, pressing in well. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out carefully. When cold, cut each cake into 10 triangles.

Eyes brighten at the sight of
YUM YUMS
made with
COPHA



COPHA
COOKLESS
DAINTIES
No. 8.

Yum Yums take only a few interesting minutes to make with Copha. Mix some to-day, and hear the gasps of joy from the children when they see the tempting plateful. Watch the grown-ups' faces brighten, too. No one can resist these novel, enticing chocolate-flavoured mouthfuls that go by the name of Yum Yums. Now look at the recipe and see how very simple they are to make.

FREE! COPHA RECIPE BOOK. Write to EDIBLE OIL INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD., DEPT. W.B., BOX 2625 EE, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

COPHA
100% PURE WHITE SHORTENING

RECIPE FOR YUM YUMS

(No cooking needed)

INGREDIENTS

- 8 oz. long Sugar (lithid)
- 1 heaped dessertspoon Cocoa
- 2 oz. Desiccated Coconut
- 1 Egg
- 1 teaspoon Essence of Vanilla
- 5 oz. COPHA (method)
- Chocolate Topping or Sprinkles

METHOD: Mix together sugar, cocoa, coconut, egg and vanilla. Just melt Copha and stir thoroughly with other ingredients. Stand in cool place till firm. Form into long rolls 1/2 inch diameter; cut to one inch lengths, and immediately roll these very lightly in Chocolate Topping. Yum Yums will harden as they cool.

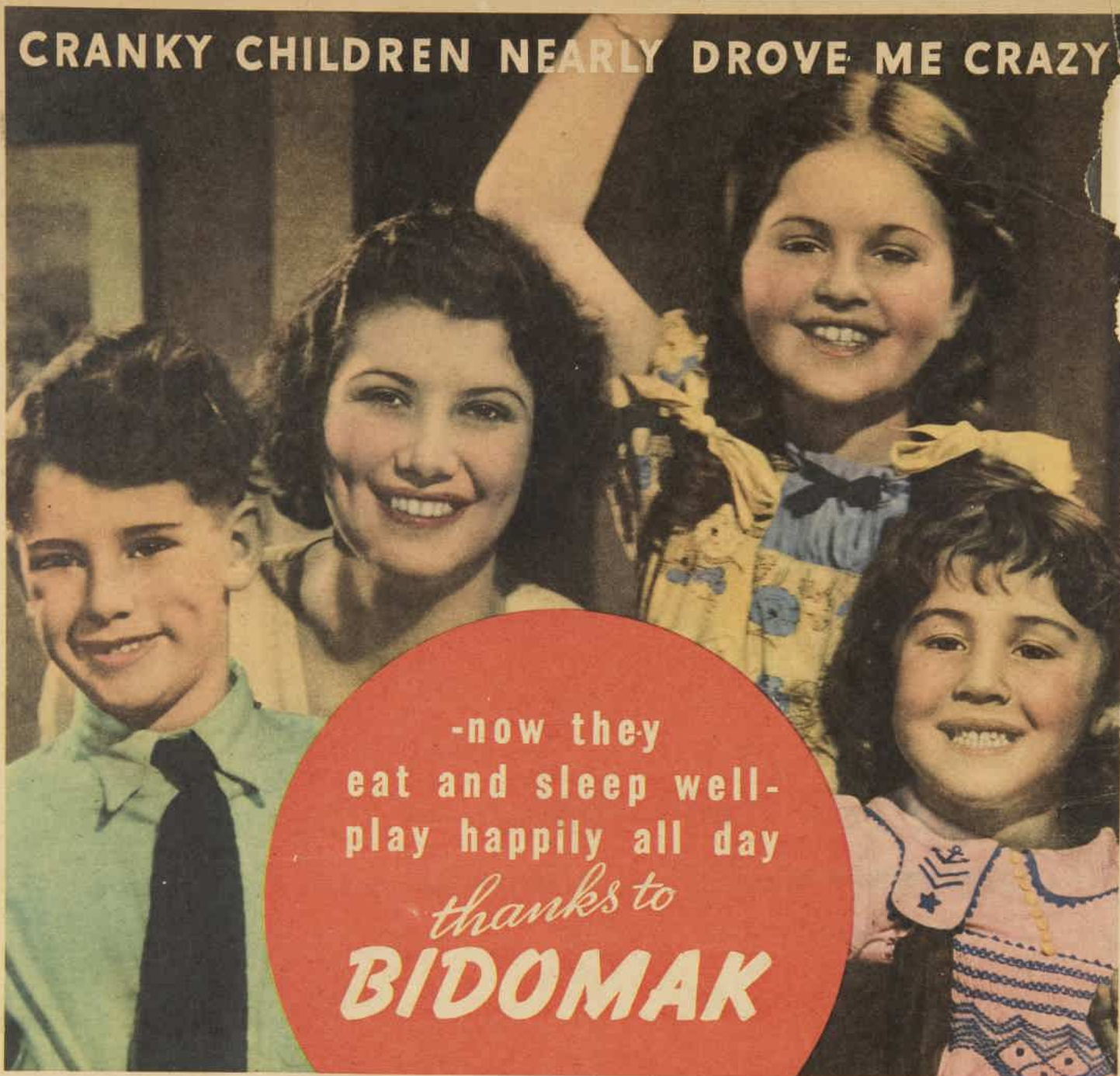


THE GLOWING SILVER FINISH

SILVERGLO positively prevents rust and decay. It is washable and heat-proof—and its glowing silver finish withstands years of wear and use. SILVERGLO, for metal or wood, is sold by all good paint and hardware stores.

Made by
LEWIS BERGER & SONS (Australia) PTY. LTD.
SHERWIN WILLIAMS CO. (Aust.) PTY. LTD.
ROGERS PAINT & VARNISH CO.

CRANKY CHILDREN NEARLY DROVE ME CRAZY



-now they
eat and sleep well-
play happily all day
thanks to
BIDOMAK

Here are the facts on Bidomak, the wonderful modern mineral food supplement that's working wonders for run-down, nervy, cranky youngsters. In thousands of homes the daily struggle to "coax or command" food into children has ended.

Where the night's sleep was often broken by night terrors, children now rest in dreamless, reinvigorating slumber. Thin, nervy youngsters have been calmed and are putting on plenty of firm, muscular flesh.

And the REASON

simply this!

Bidomak Gives Benefit

Nerves, lack of appetite and "pep" are due to the lack of sufficient vital mineral elements in the diet. So when you see your youngster tire easily in play, pick at his food or spend nights in disturbed, irregular sleep, get him Bidomak. When he is not gaining weight as he should, get him Bidomak.

enabled the discoverer to provide a palatable tonic which ends the emotional "scenes" at the time of taking, which, authorities say, often lead to serious digestive disturbances destroying the value of the mixture. Bidomak is pleasant and contains no dangerous drugs, opiates nor narcotics. It is safe for even the youngest children, who learn to ask for it because they like it. So get some to-day and give it to all your family if you want them to be fit, vigorous, happy and well.

An Amazing Improvement

You'll be amazed at the difference that will be made by the iron, lime, sodium, potash, phosphates, glycerophosphates and sucrose which Bidomak provides.

Children Take Bidomak's Safe Foods Readily

Bidomak is no old-fashioned medicine with a nasty taste. Modern research has

SCIENTIFIC CONTROL



Attached to the Laboratories of the Douglas Drug Company are three fully qualified chemists and a doctor of Medicine who graduated at the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

3/-

GET BIDOMAK TO-DAY!

At all chemists
and stores.

(New Zealand 3/6)

MOTHER'S NERVES Always "on edge"

Excelstor St., Leichhardt,
21st January, 1938.

"Until a few weeks ago, I was housekeeping for 10 people—doing all the work in a 10-roomed house, without any help—and having 3 children of my own to care for. My nerves became all 'edgy'. I would wake up every morning with a headache, and some days took up to 14 A.P.C. powders. Gradually my nerves became worse. I decided to try Bidomak, and felt better after the very first dose. My nerves are now back to normal. I eat and sleep better than I have done for years. Thanks for your wonderful tonic. A pal told me Bidomak was worth £3 a bottle instead of 3/-, to see the change it has made in me."

(Signed) Mrs. D—

(Original letter on our files.)



BIDOMAK

"The Tonic of the Century!" FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT DEPRESSED FEELING!

SUPPLEMENT—MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

DEVIL IN HER EYE



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
29 MAR 1939
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

By
Dorothy
Cleland
Ogley

Australian Women's
Weekly NOVEL,
April 1, 1939.

DEVIL IN HER EYE

By DOROTHY CLELAND OGLEY



IF it only weren't quite so perfect," Mary drew a star in the sand with the toe of her boot.

Rand nodded, smiling. "Feeling snug already, aren't we, darling?"

"Yes, very," she agreed. "Any minute now I'm expecting to find my hands folded across my middle—like this." She clasped her

small thin hands and laid them against the belt of her riding breeches.

They laughed into each other's eyes and were suddenly grave.

When Mary spoke again her voice was awed. "Three months ago you'd never heard of Mary Radisson and I'd never heard of Rand Beveridge. . . . And now here we are, promised to each other until the end of forever."

"Like it?"

"Yes, completely. It makes me dizzy, realising how lovely it is being married to you." She was sitting on a piece of bone-white driftwood looking, Rand thought, rather like a little boy with her shining hair brushed off her face. There was a fresh crop of freckles across her small straight nose, her tailored shirt was open at the throat, the sleeves rolled above her elbows. It stirred him, seeing that small boy figure before him, knowing how all woman she was.

He stretched out on the sand, with his head against her knees. Mary laid a hand on his hair. "Too perfect," she said so softly that Rand didn't hear.

The sunlight was pure crystal, glittering against the wrinkled old face of the ocean, glowing palely on the white mountain tops beyond the inn.

Mary broke the silence at last. "I seem to want to share everything with you—even the silly things I was thinking just now."

Rand kept her hand against his cheek. "Let's have it."

She laughed a little, brooding over his handsome head. "I was realising I was so happy it made me want to cry, and I was trying to think of something casual to talk about that would take this tight feeling out of my throat."

"I could have had a good sobbing spell myself once or twice this week," Rand admitted. "One night when I woke up and found you sleeping with your head on my pillow. And this morning as you rode off ahead of me on one of those gallant steeds we rented for fifty cents an hour."

"Wasn't he a beauty?" Mary shook with silent laughter. "His back was shaped exactly like a crescent moon. We're going to be stiff as two boards by sundown. Maybe that will take some of the complacency out of us."

"I doubt it." Rand lifted his head to watch a sea gull glide across the sky and said suddenly, "Damn! Here comes Cora Wells and somebody. Now we've got to spend the rest of the day talking about the radio business."

Mary waved to the big woman who came plodding across the sand. "If it had to be somebody we know," she whispered, "I'm glad it's Cora. Wonder who the girl is with her. Hi, there!"

Cora's plain face was beaming. "Mary! Rand!" She held out both hands. "I ran into Edward Sands the other day and he told me the news. Why didn't you let a body know you were getting married?"

"We were saving it for a surprise," Rand explained.

"Even for ourselves," Mary added.

"And here we are barging in on your honeymoon," Cora laughed. "I'd no idea you were at Pacific Beach."

Mary looked up at her affectionately. "We had just begun to be so tired of each other we could hardly stand it."

Cora regarded her intently, then glanced at Rand. "I can see that," she nodded. "You were sitting so close together I thought you were a cedar stump till you waved. Oh, Crispin . . ."

She turned and beckoned to the girl who was standing at a little distance. "Come here and meet two of the very best. This is my Mary Radisson—she's recently become Mrs. Rand Beveridge." Mary looked up and gasped, her thoughts changed quickly to confusion. I haven't a scrap of lipstick on. And she's so gorgeous she makes me feel exactly like a sand flea.

Rand stared in frank amazement and delight while Cora boomed out, "Yes, isn't she wonderful! My sister's child, Crispin Standish."

She gave Mary one hand and turned to Rand with the other. "I think Cora has spoken of you both. Isn't Mr. Beveridge the one who has brought you so many new accounts, Cora? And Mrs. Beveridge writes clever articles for some local magazine, doesn't she?"

Cora nodded. "Rand is the smartest advertising man in the Pacific North-west." "A kind of overstatement of the facts," Rand smiled.

"And Mary boasts all my new programmes in 'The Wasp,'" Cora went on. "By the way, Mary, what is Hugh Wright going to do without you?"

"I've promised to stay on a few days until he gets somebody else," Mary said. "This wedding idea was so sudden it didn't give Hugh time to find an assistant editor to take my place."

A sharp gust of wind turned the girl's hair into a dark cloud, blowing across one delicately curved cheek. The wind strengthened, and as Crispin turned it revealed every line of her lovely body. The mountains and ocean were no more than a splendid background for the aliveness of her beauty.

Mary was only half aware of Cora talking beside her for Rand was still looking at Crispin, his lips parted in a half-smile, his eyes filled with wonder.

"Crispin's never seen the Pacific Ocean before," Cora said.

"How do you find it?" Mary inquired. She was appalled at the sharpness of her own

voice and added quickly, "I'm so glad you can see it for the first time on such a nice morning."

"It's fascinating here," Crispin said. "I believe I found a treasure up beyond the cove a few minutes ago." She reached into her pocket and drew out a milky stone, holding it in the palm of her hand.

Rand bent over her, looking at it closely. "It's a moonstone, I think," he said at last. "You're in luck to find one this big."

"Is it a real moonstone?" She looked up at him and Rand thought, with inner amusement, what this girl couldn't have done to me a few months ago! Now I'm so pleasantly immune I can only hope she and Cora won't stay too long.

He turned toward Mary. "Look, dear. This stone has evidently been caught between two rocks and the tide has washed it smooth."

"I might have it polished," Crispin said. "And mounted in dull silver. I know a girl who's a perfect ash blonde and she doesn't wear any other jewellery."

"Crispin was a photographer's model," Cora explained. "She knows all the best-looking gals in the Middle West."

"They must have lost the most beautiful when she left," Mary said and bit her lip. She detested obvious flattery, even when as sincere as this remark of her own.

"Thank you," Crispin's smile was grateful and without self-consciousness. She dropped the moonstone back in her pocket and turned to go. "I've got some letters to write—if you'll excuse me. Cora, I'll be in my room until lunch."

They stood looking after her as she went up the beach toward the inn.

"Isn't she gorgeous?" Cora said at last.

"Without a doubt," Rand said slowly, "the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

The words stung Mary like a whip, leaving her weak and shaken. It wasn't jealousy which flamed through her. She was sure of that, but she was gripped by deep fear.

During this week of ecstasy and contentment Rand had told her one dark midnight about his first illuminating affair with a singer in a second-rate night club in Richmond; about the lovely Virginia cousin he had almost married; and the girl he had known more than well in New York before he came west of live.

"I don't know why I'm telling you all this, Mary," he had said. "But there it is."

She hadn't minded hearing about those women. But seeing him with Crispin Standish was different. She was flesh and blood, not some shadowy creature out of Rand's past. And he had said that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

I've never cared before about not being beautiful, Mary told herself. I've only been thankful I don't have to get permanent waves and that my eyes are a good red brown like my hair, even if that kind of coloring does mean I've got to have freckles, too. But maybe I'd better stop wearing tweed suits and brogues, and plain felt hats. Maybe I

should go in for organdie ruffles and French heels.

Suddenly she felt helpless and inadequate, seeing Rand's good looks and charm for the first time with detachment, panning at the thought of trying to hold his love with what she had to give.

Cora stood up, yawning. "I should be going, too," she said. "There's no place for a gooseberry on a honeymoon."

"Is your niece going to be with you long?" Mary inquired, carefully casual.

"I don't know," Cora replied. "I'm trying to persuade her to stay indefinitely. She worked her fool young head off in Chicago—came near having a breakdown."

She would, Mary thought. She's just the kind who would have something romantic like an almost breakdown. But I've got to quit feeling false about her. After all, she's Cora's niece, and no doubt the flower of American womanhood.

There was no way of avoiding lunch with Cora and Crispin Standish.

In the merciless midday light Crispin was lovelier than ever. Mary, across the table, felt her feet turn to numbing terror. Rand was so obviously delighted with the girl's beauty. He was sitting back now, looking at her, his eyes completely absorbed as Crispin looked out at the ocean.

How dreadful this is, Mary told herself. I believe I hate her.

Cora was heartily attacking her lunch. "I've never heard of such a perfect romance. Can you imagine, Crispin? They've known each other just—how long is it, Rand?"

"Forty-five years," he smiled.

Cora shook her finger at him. "You met each other in March. I remember now."

"And this is only May," Crispin's dimples deepened. "Do tell me about it."

We shan't! Mary's heart cried and she found herself saying, "It was just one of those things. We were two people who very much enjoyed our freedom—and then the first thing we knew we were up at the farm, being the bride and groom at a wedding."

Crispin leaned forward with polite interest. "I don't believe I've heard about the farm."

"That's because you've just met Mary," Cora laughed. "She has a couple of the most precious parents. Her mother used to be a grand opera singer, and she is still heavenly-looking. Her name is Marguerite and it's perfect for her—gold braids and all. She gave up a marvellous career to come west and be a farmer's wife. Mary, how is your mother?"

Mary said, "She's very well," and struggled on with her tomato salad. She wanted desperately to stop this casual conversation about all the things she held most dear; her and Rand's brief and stormy romance, and the farm, her mother, who still sang arias over the kitchen stove, and her father whose gentle strength she had worshipped ever since she could remember. She knew it was childish to feel resentful at sharing any portion of her life with Crispin Standish. But her beauty was like a shadow, dimming the brightness of Mary's happiness.

Cora reached for another roll. "I'm going to start dieting to-morrow," she said. "By the way, Mary, what is Alice Templeton going to do without you? We've had such grand hen parties at your apartment."

Rand smiled. "Suppose I join a lodge or something so Mary will have a free evening now and then."

His eyes met Mary's and there was a sweet instant of perfect understanding. How could either one of them think seriously of a minute that didn't include the other?

Mary turned to Cora, reassured and contented. "Rand I have found a place just

a block away from Alice, so we'll probably be seeing as much of each other as ever."

"How grand for Alice!" Cora beamed. "She and Mary have known each other since they were freshmen at college. Crispin, Alice looks like a fluff of thistle-down, but knows what the score is."

"I'm looking forward so much to meeting all these people Cora tells me about," Crispin said.

Mary's cheeks flamed again. There was evidently going to be no escape from Crispin Standish. She was already being woven into their lives.

A cold wind swept sharply through the window and great grey clouds were rolling across the sky. The sunlight was suddenly gone.

Cora drew a sweater across plump shoulders. "Looks like a good afternoon for bridge."

"A wonderful afternoon for bridge," Mary agreed quickly. "Rand, I'm sure you can round up that handsome old lady who's been wanting to play all week. No, Cora, count me out. My game gets worse all the time and I'm sure this woman will be glad to make a fourth." Mary pushed back her chair. "I'm going up and give myself a manicure. See you later."

She smiled across at Crispin and left without looking at Rand. If she looked at him now he might see her fear, and she couldn't ask him to understand.

Alone in their room, Mary went to the window and sat looking out at the gathering storm. For the first time she began to doubt the wisdom of her and Rand's sudden marriage. How could she have been so sure of herself. So confident that Rand's happiness was safe in her hands.

Until now there had been no small space left for searching questions. They had accepted, without challenge, the force that drew them together. It had seemed inevitable, after their first kiss, that they should begin to plan the rest of their lives together. Mary smiled a little, remembering how Rand had said, "Something's got to be done about this, Mary Radisson. Will you marry me—right away?" She had said no and started to say it a second time when Rand kissed her again. After that there had been time only to find a place to live and go up to the farm and be married.

How sure I was on our wedding day! Mary thought, watching the rain lash down into an angry side. And now I'm not sure about anything. I'm almost twenty-four, and I feel as helpless as a child.

The door opened suddenly and Rand came in scowling. "My pal!" He crossed the room and shook Mary's shoulders gently. "How neatly you got out of that bridge game, leaving me helpless and alone."

"You were not helpless and alone," Mary looked her arms about his neck, standing on tiptoe so that her forehead would touch his chin. "You had Cora and her heavenly-looking niece . . . How did you get out of it?"

"The heavenly-looking niece decided to go for a walk in the rain, which left me with Cora and the dowager and that spindly school teacher. I bribed the room clerk to take my place."

Mary spoke carefully. "Darling, I wouldn't have left you if I'd known Crispin was going to desert, too. But I thought she's so much fun to look at that you wouldn't mind me coming up and doing my nails."

Rand looked about puzzled. "I don't see any signs of a manicure going on. I don't believe you had any intention of giving yourself one, now did you, old lady? You had some other very good reason for leaving so abruptly."

Mary laid her head against his chest. "I guess," she said at last, "that I suddenly came down to earth again, seeing the clouds and realising we were going back to-morrow."

Rand held her close, but he was not quite satisfied with the answer.

"Why don't we leave this afternoon instead of to-morrow. And we might stay at the farm to-night. Your father suggested it just before we left. Remember?"

"Oh, Rand, it would be lovely!" Mary's smile flashed and was gone. "Shall I start packing right away? We could be ready in half an hour."

Mary went to the bureau and lifted out Rand's shirt, putting the top one against her cheek for a secret minute. Over the pile she looked out of the window for one last glimpse of the beach which had been their private Paradise until to-day.

Crispin Standish stood alone on the wet sand, a transparent hood and cape of scarlet covering her from head to foot. As Mary watched, she turned, revealing the exquisite oval of her face. Mary caught her breath. This was no ordinary person, this Crispin Standish. What lay beneath the beauty was a mystery, and perhaps it didn't matter. It was the beauty itself which gave her an enchantment close to witchery—that was bound to touch every life that crossed her own.

The sun came out again as soon as they left the road which followed the coast. Small chicken ranches, with ruffled curtains and geraniums at the windows, stood bravely in the midst of timber slashings and burned over ground. Beyond the mountains towered, untouched by man's kind hand or his destruction.

"This is a country!" Rand said. "When I left New York I thought I was coming to the pumping off place, and I was sure of it that first month, with all the rain and not knowing anybody but Edward Sanda."

"But you do like it now, Rand?" Mary asked.

"What do you think?" He reached for her hand and kept it over his on the wheel. Didn't plan to stay more than six months," he added. "Just long enough to get an office opened and started. But now I don't care if I never get transferred back to New York."

"It still seems a little funny . . ." Mary paused, patting his hand. "that this gentleman from Virginia is in the advertising business—and married to a farmer's daughter."

"As a matter of fact, my good woman, it's all been more or less deliberate. Remember, I was raised by my good but rigid Aunt Sophia, who was determined that I go into a bank and marry one of my numerous cousins. It was just about inevitable that I should be driven into advertising and then marry a fascinating little wench who used to ride bareback on her father's farm horses and once, at the age of five, superintended the birth of a litter of pigs."

"Rand, did Mother tell you that?"

"Yes, five minutes before you came downstairs to marry me. She said that at least I was marrying a woman who knew the facts of life, even if you were timid about trying to make a pig."

"Well, you know the worst, anyway," Mary said in a small voice. "I've been trying all week to find courage to tell you I can't make pies like Mother's. Look, darling—here we are. Dad will be so glad when I tell him it was you who thought of coming home this way."

The farm stretched out to their right, welcoming. Marguerite came out on the

back porch, waving her apron as they parked the car near the barn door.

"We didn't think you were coming," she called.

"I beat Mary this morning," Rand explained. "So she's come running home to mother."

"Oh, I'm so glad you've started in right," Marguerite lifted her cheek to her son-in-law. "She never got half enough spankings when she was little. Baby, how marvellous you're looking!" She held Mary close for a minute and then studied her at arm's length. "You are still too thin, but six months from now you'll probably be a butter ball."

"I can already feel a second chin coming on," Mary smiled.

Marguerite led them into the kitchen, fragrant with baking ham and spice cookies. "Mary, do you know what I forgot at the wedding? I had a real point lace handkerchief for the something old you should have carried. I've been saving it for you ever since Rufus and I were married."

"It was right nice of you to think of me at such a time, Maggie," Mary said. "Maybe you could give it to me now and I'll save it for my eldest daughter's wedding."

Marguerite stooped to peer into the oven, her coiled yellow braids gleaming in the late afternoon sun. "How many daughters are you going to have?"

"Three, I think," Mary replied. "And at least four sons. Here come Dad and Yond' Cassius, Rand. They don't know we're here, do they?"

She whistled through the open door and the old dog lumbered clumsily across the barnyard, frantic with joy.

"You have a nice daughter, Mrs. Radisson," Rand said, watching Mary go to meet her father.

"Yes, she's a sweet child," Marguerite nodded, her eyes bright with sudden tears. "I'm so glad she's yours, Rand. Even if you are such a good-looking brute, I think you're very nice too."

Rufus Radisson was washing his hands in the blue granite pan on the back porch. "You're happy, Mary?" He looked down at his daughter, searching her face, his own grave.

"Yes," Mary's voice was breathless. "Yes, I'm happy. Dad, but it's a little terrifying. I've come back with the feeling that I've had a little more than my share already."

Rufus pulled her ear. "A pretty speech, but I'll bet you can hardly wait to get back to the city and start making a home of your own."

Mary stuck out her tongue at him, and arm in arm they went into the kitchen.

On that one hectic morning of searching the day before their wedding, Rand and Mary had found an ideal place to live. It was an immense house, grown mellow with age, which had been made into apartments without benefit of tile or kalsomine, holding proudly to its original design in spite of the fact that ten families would now be living under its lordly roof where a single family once had lived.

"It's even nicer than I remembered," Mary sighed happily, as they unwrapped wedding presents on their first night at home. "Look, darling, Cora has sent us rock crystal goblets."

"I can hardly wait to start buying lamps and pictures and things," Mary went on, folding a white satin ribbon carefully around her forefinger. "And have you noticed the kitchen linoleum, Rand? I'm so thankful about the design on it—looks like some sort of kelp having fits. I know it won't expect so much from me—as a housewife."

"Speaking of becoming a housewife . . ." Rand paused and lit a cigarette. "How long do you think it will take Hugh Wright to find somebody to take your place on 'The Wasp'?"

"He ought to have a girl by the end of the week. Why, Rand?"

"Just a notion I have that I want you home when I leave in the morning and hovering around the doorstep when I get back at night."

"Then I won't go back, darling," Mary reached for his hand and held it in both hers. "I'll phone Hugh to-night and tell him he'll have to get along without me."

"Let's not do that," Rand laughed. "I'd look like a first-class heel demanding that you stay home and scrape carrots this first week."

"Then you don't really mind if I go back to-morrow?"

"Of course not."

The phone rang and they both started to answer it. "Our first call," Mary smiled.

"You take it," Rand handed the receiver to her, but they ended up by holding it between their ears while they shouted to Erling Lind at the other end. Erling shouted back that he was going to give a party—a party for Rand and Mary and for Cora Wells' niece.

Rand grinned. "You just had a party. I remember because I proposed to Mary that night."

"But I must give another," Erling explained loudly. "Two causes for celebration this time and last time we didn't have any. Saturday night, Rand. Mary, are you there Saturday night, remember. No, not supper. I cannot afford to feed you so soon again. Nine or ten o'clock, make it."

Rand put the telephone back on the floor in a little pile of plaster dust that made its recent installation significant. "Our phone," Mary said. "I'll get a stand for it to-morrow. Rand, isn't it dear of Erling to give a party for us?" Crispin Standish would be the third guest of honor, but to-night the thought didn't disturb her. She could smile now over the foolish fears that had tormented her yesterday.

"You look cute in those pyjamas," Rand told her as they went back to the dining fire. "I wish Alice and Edward weren't coming to-night."

"So do I sort of," Mary put a thumb between her teeth and held it there for a moment in silence. "Rand, what do you think about those two?"

He smiled. "Do you suspect a romance?"

She nodded. "I loathe matchmaking, but it would be lovely . . ." Mary paused, frowning a little. "Except for David Collins."

"That chap who has the tulip farm next to your father's place?"

"Yes, he's loved Alice since the first time he saw her. But she—"

The door bell rang and there were Alice and Edward, loaded with packages.

"I knew you'd forget to order things," Alice filled Mary's arms with brown paper bags. "Here's enough for Rand's breakfast."

"Begins to look as if you'd married the wrong girl, my man," Edward laughed. "But you look a very contented bridegroom."

"I'm beginning to think I am," Rand said.

Mary watched Alice's face as she made a brief inspection of their rooms. She had never seen her look so pretty and so tranquil. A woman usually looks like that, Mary thought, only when she believes the man she loves is beginning to love her. And nothing must happen, she said to herself with sudden tenderness, to take that look out of Alice's eyes. Not ever.

Rand and Edward came through the swinging door. And Mary said, hastily, "Alice, did you see the stunning goblets Cora sent us?"

"Speaking of Cora—and stunning sights. . . ." Alice took off her hat and twirled it on a finger. "Have you seen her niece?"

"Yes, we have seen Cora's niece," Rand replied. "We have seen and were knocked breathless."

"Seen who?" Edward said, and Mary noticed that his eyes rested on Alice, absorbed in her for the moment.

"We're talking about Crispin Standish," she smiled.

"Sounds like a radish," Edward remarked. "Who is she?"

"She's the most beautiful girl we've ever seen," Mary explained in a level voice.

Mary stood on the landing, looking down at the big crowded hall. Crispin and Cora hadn't come yet. Mary was sure of that. She had looked for Cora's coat on the bed upstairs, already piled high with evening wraps. Cora wore her old polo coat everywhere, to the radio station and the theatre and even to Erling's gay parties.

Mary paused for another minute, her hand on the banister. She could see Rand's head and broad shoulders, as he stood talking with Hugh Wright. She must find out to-night if that woman Hugh had interviewed to-day was going to take her place.

Mary's gaze went past Hugh and Rand to Cynthia Lawton, standing beside her husband, who was Hugh's best friend. She was dressed in gold tissue which turned to silver when the light struck it. Where on earth had she found material that so exactly matched her hair? How strange that Hugh's silent, tragic love for her should fetter his whole life, Mary thought, yet not affect his friendship with Stanley Lawton. Perhaps it was because his wife accepted Hugh's devotion as casually as her monthly allowance cheque, which was probably as large as Hugh's annual income. Cynthia's high, clear laugh rose above the babble of voices as Erling called to her across the crowd.

He looked up then, caught sight of Mary and came bounding up the stairs, looking like a shaggy old lion as he stood puffing beside her.

"No need to ask if you are happy," he boomed. "One look is enough to tell me. Come down, child. Everybody is asking for you."

Mary laid a hand on his arm. "Erling, tell me first how the picture came out."

He scowled. "Months wasted. But I will do it yet—I will paint something fine again one day."

Mary's hand tightened on his arm. Five years ago his paintings had almost reached greatness, then when his wife died suddenly, leaving him a comfortable income and a terrible loneliness, his hands were bereft of their skill and power.

Rand, searching for her, felt a swift stab of jealousy when he saw Mary on the stairs, talking earnestly with Erling as if the two of them were completely alone. Her eyes were gentle as she looked up at the old man. It wasn't Erling whom Rand envied, but Mary's absorption in what he was saying.

"You're a fool, Rand told himself. Every man Mary knows probably lays all his burdens at her feet."

But he was still annoyed when she passed him with a quick smile and went straight to Hugh Wright.

The talk went on about them for a few minutes, then one man and another and another saw Crispin, and an almost complete silence fell.

Chester Rattray, standing beside Mary, said softly. "Who on earth is she?"

The whole tableau stood out distinctly before Mary's eyes, with the men she knew best in highlight. Edward Sands, beside Alice, was staring with his mouth wide open. Stanley Lawton turned a little pale as he studied Crispin. Chester grinned like a stupid satyr. Erling beamed as if he had just unveiled the Venus, made whole and without a blemish. And Rand went forward, took Cora's coat and laid Crispin's thin cape across his arm.

"She would come late, Mary told herself, and make an entrance. She makes all the rest of us look like cactus plants, even Mrs. Lawton."

She was hardly aware of Chester's curious "What do you think of her, Mary?"

"I think she's very—exciting," Mary said lightly.

"A carefully-chosen word," he chuckled. "Nothing makes a woman quite so wary as having a beauty like that one about."

"Perhaps you're right," she admitted, laughing a little.

She paused for a moment, seeing Cynthia Lawton go by. Her high, clear voice rose above the steady sound of general conversation. "Erling, have you seen Stanley? Yes, we must be going. Stan has an early-morning golf date. Oh, there you are, darling! Miss Standish, you'll forgive me for dragging a very reluctant husband home? He'd be terribly cross with me to-morrow if I weren't firm about getting him away early to-night." She stood with a hand on her husband's arm, looking down at Crispin with a shallow smile.

"I'm sorry you're leaving so early," Crispin said, "but I understand perfectly. I'm sure I saw Mr. Lawton smothering a yawn a few minutes ago."

Mary heard Chester chuckle again. "Listen to that menace in white satin. She knows darned well there's been no yawning within fifty feet of her to-night."

Mary looked up at him quickly. "Is she very clever, do you think, Chester?"

"No, I wouldn't say clever. A woman who looks like that doesn't have to be." He looked towards Crispin through narrowed lids, suddenly grave in his self-appointed wisdom. "If you want Grandpa's opinion . . . He paused, turning back to Mary. "I'd say look out for her. I wouldn't trust that sweet, gentle manner for one minute. She's going to get just about what she wants out of life—and if she ever failed . . . she'd not stop at anything—not even murder."

Crispin's laughter, low and sweet, floated across the room, and Mary shivered. With how little justification Chester and she had already condemned her. And yet . . . Mary locked her fingers together, trying to beat down her fright. Beneath Crispin's superficial simplicity, Mary was certain there lurked a ruthlessness bound to lead to disaster, that might, in fact, destroy security, happiness, and life itself.

"Nice party," Rand commented, buttoning his pyjama coat.

"Elegant party," Mary agreed, opening the windows.

"I'm just beginning to realise," Rand went on, "that Cora was right about my marrying a little mother confessor."

"I don't know quite what you mean, Rand," Mary sat down on the edge of the bed and kicked off her mules.

Rand sat down on the suitcase they had been forgetting all the week to take down to the locker room. "The snatches of conversation I couldn't help overhearing were enough to wring any strong man's heart . . . Erling Lund, the unsung genius. Chester

Rattray, the unappreciated journalist. Hugh Wright—not being an eavesdropper by instinct, I didn't quite get what Hugh's particular trouble was."

Mary stuck out her chin. "Rand, I've known all those men for years. It's perfectly natural that they should want to tell me a little about themselves. As for you, darling, I didn't notice you putting in a dull moment."

"I considered it," Rand said. "I considered putting in several dull moments. Even began to wish I'd brought along some tea towels or napkins to hem or that I'd practised my scales when I was a child so I could play the piano."

Suddenly they were laughing—silently, because it was two o'clock. Rand doubled up on the suitcase and Mary held on to the doorknob, a flat stuffed into her mouth.

"How awful to have a post-mortem after our first married party," she said at last, closing the door and getting into bed.

"It's the one thing we mustn't do," Rand said.

"Never," Mary agreed and they shook hands solemnly.

Everything was almost right again. Not quite. Because Mary had not yet told Rand that just before they had left the party she had found Hugh Wright and said hurriedly, "If that girl you saw to-day isn't sure she wants my job, let's not make any decision right away, Hugh. I think I'd rather like to keep on for a few more weeks."

It was an impulse she regretted now, and at the same time it filled her with a chilly triumph.

Already Rand possessed so much of her. She had felt to-night that she didn't dare break this one last tie to a small portion of her life in which he had no part. Her work wasn't important in itself. Hugh always referred to "The Wasp" as a "mild-mannered little weekly that everybody in town subscribes to and nobody reads." And her contributions were the least important part of the magazine. But this work, which had absorbed her since she left college, was completely detached from Rand.

When they had decided to be married, Mary thought she could give it up without regret. That was before Crispin Standish had come, before Mary had seen Rand's delight in her beauty.

Now the thought of giving her entire life to him terrified her.

We've known each other such a little while, Mary told herself. I'll keep my job until I am sure I'm as much a part of Rand as he is of me. And when I'm sure, my darling . . .

AUGUST sunshine poured through the window, making bright patterns on the bedroom floor.

Mary drew a stocking over her knee, discovered the beginning of a run and stopped it with a dab of liquid nail polish.

"Going to be another warm day," Rand called from the bathroom where he was shaving.

"Hot," Mary corrected. "Eighty is hot in this part of the country, Mr. Beveridge. By the way, we are having breakfast at home this morning. Iced melons and strawberries and Rachel left a loaf of home-made bread yesterday. How does that sound to you?"

"Fine. But I've got an audition with Cora at nine."

Mary pulled a yellow linen frock over her head and flew to the kitchen, wishing as she always wished when she tried to get a good meal, that she had spent more time in the kitchen at the farm and less in the barn.

Rand came in, brushed and shaved and ready to eat. "Can I help, darling?"

"You cannot help," Mary sugared the berries and began slicing bread, three thick slices for Rand, two thin ones for herself.

"I might start the toast," Rand suggested.

"All right, if you want to." He glanced at his watch as he sat down in the breakfast nook. He didn't enjoy breakfasts downtown at a coffee shop nor these hurried meals at home with no time to read the paper and the dishes left in the sink for Rachel to wash.

He was thankful for Rachel, of course. No woman in his family had ever been without a servant. But he didn't like having Mary start off with him in the morning, as if he weren't capable of supporting them both.

"Toast's burning," she called, and came across the kitchen with the coffee pot. "Rand, I've got to work to-night."

He didn't reply for a minute, holding in sudden hot anger, letting it burn itself out before he spoke. "Hugh's orders, Mary?"

"Of course not, darling. It just has to be done. It was so hot yesterday we loafed all day, and we must get the magazine to the printer's by to-morrow morning. 'The Wasp' has never failed to reach its eager subscribers on Friday morning." She tried to laugh, ignoring with determination the uncompromising set of Rand's mouth. "If we don't work to-night, it will be a day late."

"Hugh hasn't found anybody yet to take your place?" he asked out of a bleak silence.

"Not anybody who would quite do," Mary replied. "Rand, the coffee is pretty good this morning, isn't it?"

"It's perfect, dear," he assured her absently. No, there wasn't time this morning to ask Mary when she planned to give up her job. There never had been time during these three months of their marriage. Breakfasts were too hurried and dinner too pleasant to be spoiled by argument. And these precious evenings and Sundays when they were home alone together mustn't be marred by the discussion of an issue Mary so pointedly avoided. But some day, Rand promised himself, I am going to put my foot down on it, and I'm going to put it down hard.

"Where shall we meet for dinner?" From the patient way Mary spoke, Rand knew she was asking the question for a second time.

"Oh, sorry." He glanced at the headlines in the paper and looked at his watch again. "Why don't I pick up a bite somewhere with Edward? Then you wouldn't have to plan on leaving the office at any special time." No, this wouldn't do. A cheery, martyred note had crept into his voice and Mary didn't rate that, looking so sweet in her yellow dress, across the table.

"Tell you what let's do," Rand went to her, clasping his hands under her chin and lifting her face to his. "I'll suggest to Edward that the four of us have dinner together—you and Alice and Edward and I."

"You're such a satisfactory person!" Mary slid into his arms and laid her face against his coat lapel. "Rand, does Edward ever say anything to you about Alice? I mean—"

"You mean, does he ever say whether he is considering marrying Alice? No, old lady. That is the kind of thing men don't discuss with each other."

"I know," Mary nibbled the end of her thumb. "Sometimes I get so mad at Edward I would gladly feed him into a meat chopper. Alice has become nothing but a habit with him. He can always depend on her for the odd date, but if he happens to prefer doing something else . . ."

"Look here," Rand laughed. "I thought you said you liked the idea of our all meeting for dinner."

"Oh, I do!" Mary said quickly. "I think it's a marvellous idea."

"A woman's mind," Rand remarked, "is the most bewildering piece of mechanism ever created. Get on your bonnet and shawl, Mrs. Beveridge. We have to step on it."

It was ten minutes after nine when Rand reached the radio station. He was annoyed with himself at being late. Prospective sponsors might wander in any time they pleased, but the advertising agent trying to sell the account was supposed to be there on time eager and waiting.

"We're not having the audition until tomorrow," Cora told him when he came into her office. "Somebody's cousin died and they put it off."

Rand sat down with a sigh. "That's good news to me. I couldn't sell Fred Astaire to a tap shoe manufacturer this morning."

"There ought to be a law," Cora said "against working in nice weather like this. What are you and Mary doing to-night? How about some bridge at my place?"

Rand's mouth tightened. Then he forced himself to smile. "Mary is going to work. How about a snappy round of double Canfield—just you and me?"

"Crispin is free to-night. That's why I suggested bridge."

"I shouldn't think that piece of yours would ever have a free evening," Rand smiled.

Cora shrugged. "She's so used to having men fall in love with her that she finds most of them pretty boring. I wish the child would meet some nice lad and marry him and settle down. Anybody as devastating as that one is liable to drift into deep water if she isn't anchored young."

"I wouldn't worry about her," Rand said. "She has a pretty level head, hasn't she?"

Cora nodded. "Very. But the effect she has on men doesn't leave them very level-headed. You're about the only male I know who keeps me breathing easy when you're near her. And you're so crazy about Mary you'd be safe week-ending with Helen of Troy."

Rand knew it was true, but this morning he was in no mood to admit it.

"Why don't I bring Edward Sands over for bridge?" he suggested. "We're meeting Mary for dinner, but we'll be through early."

"All right," Cora agreed. "Of course Edward has reached the moon stage over Crispin, but it may not be bad enough to spoil his bridge game."

"I'll see if I can get him," Rand reached for the phone. "What time shall we come?"

"Eight-ish," Cora pushed back her hair. "Edward would be a good steady person for Crispin to fall in love with. But she's no more interested in him than the postman."

Rand was looking across to her over the telephone. "Edward is turning handspins of joy," he reported. "All right, old man. Oh, wait a minute. How about dinner first with Mary and me. . . . All right, then, that's set."

Cora reached for a pile of continuity and Rand picked up his hat.

"Have Hugh bring Mary out when they're through work," she said. "They ought to be ready for a Tom Collins by then."

The phone rang and it was Mary asking for Rand. "Darling. . . ." Her voice was hurried. "I just wanted to know if Edward is meeting us to-night. I was going to phone Alice."

"I just talked to him," Rand told her. "We'll meet you at Tony's at six-thirty. How are you coming with your work?"

"We're not!" she wailed. "I'm beginning to think we'll be here all night."

A minute later she was calling Alice.

"I have something nice to tell you. Rand and I want you to meet us for dinner and Edward is coming along."

"I'd rather not see him," Alice's voice came faintly.

"Shall I bully you?"

"It isn't bullying I need. It's fortitude, I think. Or a new face or a henna pack or something."

Mary glanced at the pile of work on her desk. "I haven't time to argue with you, mule. We'll be expecting you at Tony's at six-thirty."

Edward and Rand were there when Mary arrived and Alice came a few minutes later, looking like a child in dark blue dotted swiss and a little round hat.

"Couple of good dates we picked up to-night," Rand said, waving a bread stick. "Oh, you bet!" Edward agreed.

Mary watched hopefully. Perhaps Edward wasn't as infatuated with Crispin Standish as she had thought. He had been so close to being desperately in love with Alice until he had seen Crispin.

If I could only signal Rand, Mary thought, to fade out of the picture and leave those two alone for the rest of the evening.

Mary put her heel against Rand's ankle and asked, "What are you doing with yourself to-night?"

"Playing bridge at Cora's," Rand was unaware of Mary's heel. "If you two start dallying over your food, you are going to find yourselves eating alone. We're due at eight o'clock."

Mary hit her lip. Alice was looking like a blown-out candle, trying to laugh at something amusing Edward had said. Mary's own smile froze stiffly on her lips.

Well, it was her own fault that Rand was going to be with Crispin to-night. But he might have told her so this morning. If he had, Alice would have been spared this ordeal of realising that Edward was only marking time until he and Rand left for Cora's.

Mary laughed with the others and talked and nibbled breadsticks until the hour was gone. Then Rand picked up the cheque and looked at his watch. "We've got to go, children. Mary, you and Alice stay and finish your coffee. By the way, Cora is expecting you and Hugh to come out when you're through."

She nodded, the smile still stiff on her mouth.

"Well," Alice said slowly when they were alone, "that seems to be that."

"I dislike hating anybody," Mary remarked. "But it's going to be a chronic state with me as long as Crispin Standish is here."

Alice stood up. "I'll walk to your office with you. . . . About Crispin, I wish I could make up my mind. Hating her would make it so much simpler."

"Don't tell me you like her!"

"Oh, no!" Alice shook her head vehemently. "I don't know Crispin well enough to like her. . . . But, you see, that keeps me from hating her, too. I can be perfectly detached about her because I don't know whether she deliberately took Edward away from me—or whether she is so beautiful she couldn't help it."

"I admire the broad view," Mary said, "but I can't quite see it."

Alice turned towards her, her gentle voice firm. "I'm not trying to champion Crispin. I'm only wondering what she is really like. You and I have no right to judge her, knowing as little about her as we do. For instance, Edward says she has a splendid mind."

"Oh, he does, does he?" Mary's laugh was brittle.

"Yes, and Mrs. Lawton's husband talked to her all during the Horse Show the other night—and a man doesn't just talk on and on to a girl no matter how pretty she is unless he finds something else in her that

interests him. Erling enjoys her because she makes such a picture. Don't you see, Mary, that we all judge her by what she does to us—not by what she really is?"

"I still hate her," Mary's husky voice was little more than a whisper.

"Yes—and why?" Alice paused and went on doggedly, "You hate Crispin Standish because every time Rand sees her he looks as if she's too good to be true."

"I never realised before what a clever little girl you are," Mary remarked.

"Of course," Alice added, "I think you are rather an idiot to mind. Rand is so wrapped up in you he never looks twice at another woman, but I admit there is that first glance."

Mary was silent as they walked on, too absorbed with her own troubled thoughts to be wholly aware of what Alice was saying.

"I wonder if it would be all right to ask your parents if I could come up to the farm this week-end," Alice said suddenly.

"Of course it would," Mary's face lightened. "They'd love having you. I wish I could go, too. I'd like to lie in a haystack all day and pretend I was a ladybug."

"I got a letter from David Collins this morning," Alice said. "He has been wanting all summer to come down for a week-end, but his tulips seem to keep him busy even after they stop blooming."

Tall buildings loomed up on either side of them and the pavements were almost deserted. Mary spoke at last.

"How long has David been in love with you?"

"I don't know. . . . let's see—I met him when we were sophomores in college. And that would be five years ago. We went up to the farm and David came for Sunday dinner."

"And he had made up his mind about you that day. Remember how Mother herded Dad and me off somewhere and made you take David out to show him the garden?"

"Or David was supposed to show me the garden," Alice laughed and abruptly put a tight fist against her mouth. "Mary, he has been so splendid, and I'm such a fool."

Mary stooped to tighten the white shoe-lace that was fastened around her ankle. "Wish I didn't have to work to-night. We should be doing something desperate like going to the zoo or drinking three ice cream sodas apiece."

"I'm going to do something much more reckless," Alice said firmly. "I am going home and write your blessed that I'm descending on them Saturday, and then I'm going to write David and tell him I'll spend all day Sunday helping him with the tulips."

Mary looked at her levelly. "Sure you don't want to think it over before you write those letters?"

Alice shook her head. "No, I'm going to mail them to-night." She walked away swiftly, her head held high.

She put her thumb down hard on the elevator button. This job of hers took more time than it should, she reflected, and yet. . . . I can't face staying home all day every day, with nothing to do but dust and cook and worry about things. Next month, next week. . . . to-night even, Rand might fall in love with Crispin. If I didn't have my job to help me from thinking about it, I would go crazy."

She found herself tiptoeing down the hall, discovering that the stillness was a relief she had no wish to destroy. Silently she put her office key into the lock and opened the door without a sound. Through the next door she saw Hugh sitting at the desk in his office, head buried in his arms.

"Asleep at the switch!" Mary sang out, wondering if her voice sounded too hearty.

and if Hugh would realise she knew he hadn't been asleep but going through some little hell of his own.

He looked up, his face white, a forced smile deepening the lines about his mouth. "Stan just phoned that Cynthia is going to the hospital in the morning," he said abruptly. "It rather knocked me out for a minute."

"Oh, I am so sorry, Hugh. Is it something serious?" she asked.

"Stan didn't seem to think so." He ran bent fingers through his hair. "But it means an operation and you never know how things are going to come out."

"I wouldn't worry too much." Mary gave his shoulders a reassuring pat. "Doctors perform such miracles these days. I got thrown off a horse once when I was fifteen and had everything inside me jostled out of place. Mother was sure I was going to die, but I was out riding again in two weeks and it was mother who had to be kept in bed just from worrying."

Hugh looked up at her gratefully. "You're a good person to have around, Mary Radisson—Beveridge. When you leave, I think 'The Wasp' better cease buzzing. Might be smart for me to go off somewhere and marry some bovine woman who would love me with all her heart and soul."

Mary looked at him with deep pity. He never said more than this about his devotion to Cynthia Lawton. And Mary could find no words of comfort now.

She took off her hat, sat down at her desk. "Speaking of 'The Wasp,' what shall I do next?"

"What about the swim suit ad?"

"They didn't renew," Mary said. "We won't get another penny out of them until next year."

"Then that leaves a hole on page twenty-five. Do you have anything to fill in?"

Mary pushed a damp curl off her forehead.

"We might use a poem from that old book of English verses. Nothing in it was published after 1800, so we don't have to worry about copyright."

"All right, you find it." Hugh came back for the paste pot. "I have to get Mrs. Budlow's garden pictures arranged in a delicately artistic manner if it takes all night."

Mary read the two verses and then read a second time. This was the thing Alice had been trying to say to her about Crispin Standish, and the words on the yellowed page seemed to taunt her, as if they were speaking from a past which mocked the present because they were, after all, exactly alike.

"Mistress Polly Wittenhouse
Lived on Whetstone Alley,
And she was like an angel
To little orphan Sally,
And she was like a viper
To the lass across the way.
A 'good un' to the slavery
Who made her bed each day.
And she was like a siren
With the devil in her eye
To any roving sailor man
As he was passing by."
Mary's hands were trembling as she read the second verse again.

"So Mistress Polly Wittenhouse
Was either good or bad,
According to the need or greed
Each of her judges had.
According as her living
Threw a shadow on their own
The sailors hung her kisses
And the lass she cast a stone.
And Sally and the slavery
They prayed for her each night."

And all of them that judged her
Knew that they judged her right."

"According as her living threw a shadow on their own..." Mary read the line over a third time and her eyes dragged down the page.

"How is it?" Hugh's voice was impatient. "Will it do?"

"Yes," Mary said slowly. "Yes, I think it will do nicely."

"Well," Hugh said two hours later, "I guess we're finished."

Mary looked down at the mused linen of her dress. "I'd like to go swimming in the bay," she said, "with a cake of soap and all night to get cleaned up in."

"We might go somewhere and get a glass of beer," Hugh suggested.

"Cora is expecting us to drop in. Rand is there with Edward Sands playing bridge."

Hugh groaned. "How long would we have to stay?"

"Not long—if I have anything to say about it. I'm so tired I feel cottony inside, don't you?"

He nodded. "I told Stan I'd go up to the hospital with him in the morning. Cynthia is due at the surgery at ten. But I'll take you up to Cora's."

When they stopped in front of Cora's small, neat house Rand came down the walk to meet them.

"It's six spades doubled and redoubled," he reported. "Crispin will be through in a minute."

"Let us pray," Mary murmured.

Rand kissed the top of her head absently. "Well, we finally finished," Hugh told him, taking Rand's outstretched hand.

"I would say it's about time," Rand said pleasantly. "Hope your subscribers appreciate the effort you two put on that sheet."

They heard Cora shout, "You made it, Crispin! That was beautifully played. Now we're game and game, aren't we?" She came out on the porch. "Hello, Hugh. Glad to see you. Mary, you must be dead. You'll find everything in the kitchen. We are fighting over a deadly rubber, so you'll excuse me if I don't go out with you?"

Mary was sure her nose was shining when she saw Crispin, cool and serene under a shaded lamp. Her hair glistened like polished wood, dark and fine, and her eyes were luminous pools.

"Hello, Mary!" Crispin smiled. "Do take my hand, won't you? I'll get you and Hugh a drink."

"Thanks, but I couldn't even shuffle the cards to-night," Mary tried to sound gracious then turned abruptly. "Come on, Hugh. Let's see if we have strength enough left to squeeze lemons."

In the kitchen she sat down, leaning an arm against the cool enamel of the stove while Hugh squeezed the lemons.

"I wonder if Crispin Standish ever looks anything but perfect," Mary said at last.

"Good-looking girl!" Hugh agreed.

"Do you suppose," Mary went on slowly, "that her beauty creates an aura of mystery around her, or is she as baffling as she seems?"

Hugh smiled crookedly. "I would suspect still waters there. Still—and muddy."

"Why, Hugh? What makes you think that?"

"Cynthia doesn't like her," he replied with a short laugh. "I hardly know the girl, but when Stan suggested that I bring her over to dinner the other night, Cynthia refused pointblank." He tasted the drink he was stirring and handed it to Mary.

"I rather hoped you would have an opinion of your own," she sighed. "Although perhaps no one can—when Crispin's living casts a shadow on our own."

Hugh looked down at her, puzzled. "When her what?"

"Nothing. The heat has affected me 'ead. Come on—let's see who won the rubber."

Rand was adding up scores when Hugh and Mary came in, and Crispin said, getting up from the table, "Rand and I held all the cards. We couldn't help winning."

Beautiful sportsmanship, Mary thought, trying to see Crispin as Cora saw her. Trying to forget her own dislike and Cynthia Lawton's, which amazed and somehow comforted her.

Edward was looking at Crispin with a famous smile which gave him an expression close to imbecility.

"Play something, Crispin," he begged. "I've been enduring bridge for two hours—hoping for a song."

She smiled up at him and went to the piano, her long fingers graceful on the keys. Her voice came sweet and clear across the room. She was singing some simple French song, sad and filled with melody. Her head was thrown back, her eyes fathomless.

Mary was overwhelmed for a moment by the sheer loveliness of the heart-shaped face.

She can't help looking the way she does, Mary told herself, but she needn't be so utterly seductive. Edward is completely lost. Alice is wise to face it—she'll probably marry David Collins, but Crispin robbed her of her right to a choice. I'll never forgive her for it. Never!

She rested her head in a hand, wondering why Cynthia Lawton, Hugh and even Chester Rattray shared her distrust of Crispin. Perhaps Mrs. Lawton and I are worried about our husbands, she thought, and possibly Chester condemns her because he's an ugly little man of whose existence she is hardly aware.

If I could only talk about it to Rand. But I can't... there he stands, spell-bound, as if no woman had ever sung before. And Edward is madly in love with her, and Cora simply bursting with maternal pride. They all see Crispin as something rare and fine, while to me she is frightening and malevolent. I'm panicky every time I am with her, and it gets worse all the time.

Her mind groped for the concluding line of the poem which had so unnerved her earlier that evening. "All of them that judged her knew that they judged her right."

Rand bent over the piano as the song ended and she heard him say, "Just one more, Crispin. Then we'll go."

Mary closed her eyes tightly, wondering what would happen if she suddenly got up and began to scream.

Rand stooped to button the legs of his breeches. "When Stan mentioned our coming out at lunch the other day, it sounded too good to be true. You know, Mary, you are the only woman I've ever seen who looks as if she were built for a riding habit."

She flashed him a smile as she knotted her tie. They were closer this morning than they had ever been before. Last night they had spent alone, dawdling over a late dinner, sitting before the fire. And after the fire had turned to coals, they had found unbelievable rapture in each other's company. A new depth which left them a little awed and filled with exquisite contentment.

"To think the day turned out like this," Mary chanted, "after two weeks of rain."

"Hope it will be just the four of us," Rand said. "I hate to ride with a mob."

DEVIL IN HER EYE

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

She kissed him swiftly. "I wish we were going to ride alone this morning."

"Let's phone the Lawtons," Rand said, "and tell them you and I will take the horses out two by two. And the others needn't bother about coming."

Mary nodded. "Yes, we'll say something tactful about how we think they are charming people but we'd rather be by ourselves to-day. Come on, darling. We've got to go or we won't get any ride at all."

"I tell you what we really can do," Rand suggested as they neared the stables. "We'll let the others go on ahead—that will be almost as good as spending the whole morning alone."

He had conquered the resentment he had experienced when Mary told him Hugh Wright was coming this morning. Hugh reminded him of Mary's job, and the tenacious way she clung to it, evading his careful inquiries about when she planned to give it up.

She was still an enigma to him, Rand reflected, even in to-day's happy mood. Oh, but women were a puzzle, and Mary the most bewildering of all. Did he love her because of her inconsistencies—or in spite of them? Not that it mattered. Enough that they had ecstasy and companionship. And soon he was going to ask her point-blank to stop working so that he would have the satisfaction of taking care of her entirely. But not to-day, which must be unspoiled and without perplexities.

They were, after all, the first to reach the stables.

"You like that sound, don't you?" Rand smiled, hearing the muffled stamp of hooves against bare boards and seeing Mary's steps quicken.

"Nicest sound in the world," she nodded. Just outside the stable door five horses stood saddled. A groom walked the sixth back and forth across the gravel beyond, speaking to him gently.

Mary went up to them and said, "Oh, you pretty!" cupping the horse's quivering nose in the palm of her hand. Rand wished he might keep the picture, Mary's head close to the beautiful head of the horse, the two of them meeting on equal ground, the small lithe girl and the big lithe animal. Thoroughbreds, understanding each other. "Kaiser don't always take to strangers," the groom said, gravely. "I'll speak to Mr. Lawton about you riding him if you like."

Rand stood by, smiling at his own pride. That was real tribute from a stable boy. "He's the best horsetot you have," Mary said, looking over the others. "Perhaps Mr. Lawton would like him for his own mount. Let's wait and see."

The Lawtons' big car came up the road. Crispin and Hugh were with them.

Just stop hating her this one day, Mary told herself. You can afford to be charitable with Rand so completely yours this morning.

"Mrs. Lawton doesn't look well, does she?" he remarked.

"She looks very ill," Mary said. "I've never seen such a change in anybody in such a little time."

It was apparent in the way that Cynthia walked and carried her head. Her face was thin, sharpening the regular features and bringing out fine lines about her eyes and mouth. Her pale gold hair was newly tinted. It made her white skin look sallow and gave to her wide-eyed childish expression an immature hardness, like a very small girl who has just discovered that the world is sometimes an unrelenting place in which to live.

"Hope you haven't been waiting long," she called.

"Just here this minute," Mary told her.

"Hello, you two!" Crispin waved, coming toward them swiftly. Youth lay about her shoulders like a shining mantle. Stanley Lawton was beside her. "Rand, did you order this sunshine," he smiled, "or is it a real gift from heaven?" Mrs. Beveridge, matrimony is evidently agreeing with you splendidly. I like the looks of those well-worn boots," he added. "Always means a competent horsewoman."

Mrs. Lawton smothered a yawn. "Such a dreadfully early hour for people to get up. You were so nice to make it on time. I thought I should never get my eyes open."

Hugh was looking down at her, a worried frown between his brows.

"I still think Cynthia is crazy to ride this morning, don't you, Stan?" he asked.

Mr. Lawton laughed easily. "I told her she shouldn't try it but she phoned the doctor and he said it would be the best thing in the world for her." He turned to the groom. "Good-morning, Jim. We're taking Kaiser, are we?"

"Yes, sir. He's in need of a good canter. And if you don't have any special preference—"

He looked sideways at Mary. Stanley Lawton wasn't listening. "I think Lillie for Mrs. Beveridge," he said, and Mary found herself mounting a small, docile mare with Rand beside her on a rainy roan.

"We'll give you old Betty, my dear," Stan told his wife. "You and Hugh lag along, and if you get tired, you can come back and wait for the rest of us here. Miss Standish—"

Mary saw a queer spasm distort Cynthia Lawton's face as Stan lifted Crispin into Kaiser's saddle. Their eyes met, Mary's and Cynthia's, and held for an instant of perfect comprehension, acknowledging a mutual foe and a formidable one.

Cynthia was the first to look away. "I do hope Miss Standish won't have any difficulty handling him." Her voice was sharp and high. "Kaiser can be a perfect brute if he isn't managed right."

"Perhaps," Crispin said, "if you think it's not wise . . . I haven't ridden for months, Mr. Lawton."

"Nonsense!" He took the last mount and started off at a walk. "Of course you can handle him."

It would solve a great many problems, Mary reflected, if Crispin would fall off that horse and break her neck—but she won't.

Rand looked across at her and smiled. Mary was a picture on a horse. The sun turned her hair to bright copper, brought out the tiny freckles on her nose and emphasised the fineness of her thin hands as they held the reins.

"There are several paths through the woods yonder," Stanley Lawton called over his shoulder. "If we should get separated suppose we all plan on getting back in two hours."

He started off at a canter, Crispin's horse beside him. Mary and Rand passed Hugh and Cynthia, who still rode at a walk. Mary caught one more glimpse of Cynthia's drawn face.

"Mary, this is luck!" Rand came up beside her. "We're going to be riding alone. Let's take the road for a mile or so and then blaze our own trails."

She nodded quickly. "You lead. My little Lillie will follow right along."

The wind sang past their ears as they sped through the fresh cold air. At the cross roads they found a path through the woods. The air itself seemed gold with sunshine and green with the glistening needles of fir and spruce and cedar. They

rode in silence—it was too beautiful to talk about—the quiet aliveness of the little forest, their own awareness of its purity.

"Some day," Rand broke the silence finally, "let's make a million dollars and lose it all breeding horses."

"A right good idea," Mary said. "I do believe you and I would make the most efficient loafers in the world. Yet working is fun," she added quickly, and Rand knew that her chin would be coming out, as it always did, when she referred even indirectly to her own work.

"You are a funny little mutt," he laughed, but his voice wasn't entirely amused.

They had reached a clearing, as green and gold and silent as the woods. Stanley Lawton and Crispin were there. Crispin with her head thrown back, looking at the sky. The man was staring at her, entranced.

Rand quickened his horse's pace and passed them with a casual word. Mary rode by waving, as they galloped on down the trail without speaking until they reached an open road beyond.

"I'm beginning to think we should have gone the other way," Mary remarked, coming up beside Rand.

He looked at her curiously. "There wasn't anything particularly surprising in that scene, was there, darling? Stan Lawton isn't a boy—there is nothing furtive in the way he looks at an attractive woman. And I don't blame him for wanting a little harmless refreshment now and then. I imagine being married to his Cynthia would be like living on a diet of pink ice cream."

"You are probably right," Mary agreed, but pity for Stan Lawton's wife surged over her. Now she could understand the reason for including Crispin in this morning's plan. Horses that must be exercised . . . a husband's too casual mention of the fact—and that he might find one or two people to ride with him. Mary could imagine Cynthia's consulting her doctor, then making quick, decisive arrangements for the party. She probably didn't love her husband deeply—perhaps not at all. But here was a mortal blow to her vanity which had sent her out to have her hair done over in a new shade and left that fine tracing of lines of her face. She was obviously small souled and selfish, and yet . . . Mary's hands tightened on the reins. Crispin might have waited until Cynthia was completely well again before she started weaving her spell around this attractive, middle-aged man who was Cynthia's husband.

Hugh and Cynthia were waiting at the stables when Rand and Mary rode up, Cynthia walking nervously up and down, clapping a riding crop against her bootleg, her mouth a straight line. Hugh looked almost like a husband, Mary thought, sitting on the running board of the car, absorbed in the Sunday papers. He handed Rand the news section without speaking, and Mary went to Cynthia.

"I know just how you are feeling," she smiled. "I had to spend a week in the hospital once. It does leave one with a gone-in-the-middle feeling for months. Let's sit down, shall we?"

"It's after ten," Cynthia complained, allowing Mary to lead her to Rand's car where she sank down trembling, wiping the palms of her hands with an absurd lacy handkerchief. "I told cook to start broiling the kidneys at ten-thirty. If Stan doesn't come soon they will be ruined."

"Broiled kidneys?" Rand looked up from the paper. "I shall go after Stan and bring him back immediately if that's what we have waiting for us. Mary and I passed them as we were coming back, Mrs. Law-

ton," he added seriously. "They ought to be here before long."

The minutes went by. Mary glanced from time to time at the clock on the dashboard. Cynthia took a diminutive diamond and platinum watch out of her bag, wound it, listened to its ticking and then brushed a hand across her eyes. "I shan't wait much longer. I'm beginning to feel quite ill."

"Tell you what let's do," Mary put her hands on the wheel impulsively. "I'll drive you back and the others can come on in your car when Crispin and Mr. Lawton get back."

"No, that won't do," Cynthia pressed the handkerchief to her lips. "Yes, perhaps it will . . . I don't know. I'm feeling quite faint."

Mary put her foot on the starter. "Rand," she called, "Mrs. Lawton and I are going on. You and Hugh drive back with Mr. Lawton."

"Yes, dear," Rand spoke absently, absorbed now in the funny paper.

"Cynthia, you're all right?" Hugh came toward the car, a worried frown between his brows.

"I'm not all right," she snapped. "I feel perfectly dreadful."

Mary saw Hugh standing by, helpless, as they drove off.

"No one realises how ill I am," Cynthia said querulously.

"I've never been sick a day in my life—before this happened to me," she went on. "But one doesn't have an illness and recover from it in a day. I don't believe . . ." Her voice had risen to a wail. "I don't believe I shall ever be well again. I think I am going to die! They just aren't telling me—the doctor and Stan have decided to keep it from me as long as possible. But I know!"

"This is going to be awful, Mary told herself. Cynthia, my good woman, if I could only tell you that you are using the weakest weapon in the world to try to distract your husband's attention from Crispin Standish."

"I think," she said gently, "that we'd better put you to bed when we get home, and we'll have our breakfast together another day."

"Only everything is really—," Cynthia told her earnestly. "But perhaps I could go to bed and we might have a party in my room. That would be fun, wouldn't it? Quite like Du Barry—or was it Madame Pompadour?"

Mary protested weakly, but Cynthia was delighted with her new plans, seeing herself once more in the centre of the stage, with a little court around her.

They had reached the big, pretentious house which was Cynthia's home. She slipped an arm through Mary's as they crossed the ornate little porch.

A maid opened the door and stared at Cynthia, wide-eyed. "Oh, Mrs. Lawton, you do look just terrible. You never should have gone out this morning."

"I know it, Annie," Cynthia leaned heavily on Mary's arm. "Has cook started breakfast yet? Go tell her to wait until Mr. Lawton comes in. And then come up to my room. Do come with me, won't you, Mrs. Beveridge?"

There was something pathetic in the way she was counting on Mary to see her through the rest of the morning, but Mary was a reluctant ally. With an effort she smiled pleasantly and followed Cynthia upstairs.

"I do want you to see my room," Cynthia said over her shoulder. "I had Hugo Renwick do it over last spring. He is so clever, don't you think?"

"Very clever," Mary agreed mechanically. Cynthia opened the door and waited ex-

pectantly. Mary saw an enormous room with a canopied bed, filmy in point d'esprit with a dozen lace pillows piled high at its head.

The tall windows were curtained in lace and the carpet was deep piled and snowy. A white marble fireplace dominated one side of the room. It was like Cynthia Lawton, Mary thought, seeing the artificial flames of gas logs instead of a crackling wood fire.

It was a completely feminine room. There was no trace of a husband's belongings on the satinwood tallboy or glittering dressing-table. If a man were to enter this retreat, it would be on sufferance and his stay would necessarily be brief.

"How do you like it?" Cynthia asked. "It's very lovely," Mary replied. "A perfect room for you, Mrs. Lawton."

Cynthia took off her hat and smoothed her hair with white fingers. For the moment she had apparently forgotten everything but the room and its decorations. "I had it done year before last in yellow and crystal, with black furniture, but I do believe this suits me better, doesn't it?"

She sat down on the end of a long chair and began struggling with her boots. "Where is that girl? Oh, there you are, Annie. Get the jack, will you, and help me off with these miserable things."

Mary started to leave when she saw Cynthia fling off her shirt, revealing a lace and satin chemise.

"Do stay and visit with me," she urged. Mary smothered an exasperated sigh and came back.

Annie was on her knees, pulling off Mrs. Lawton's boots. Mary saw adoration in her eyes as she labored.

"Annie and I are the greatest friends," Cynthia confided. "She's been with me three years, and I don't know what I would do without her."

The dull face lightened. "Mrs. Lawton gives me all her nice clothes," the girl told Mary. "I tell her she's an angel."

Cynthia looked anything but angelic in her scant underthings, with silver mules on her feet, the crossed straps revealing tiny feet with the toenails stained crimson. But Annie had very evidently put a halo around her head and would keep it there if she had to kneel before her personally sainted mistress for the rest of her life.

"Doesn't the fire feel nice?" Cynthia pulled a chiffon nightgown over her head. "I simply have to have gas logs. I can't bear ashes on my carpet."

The blue flames crept around the artificial logs, silent and scorching. Annie turned back the lace cover on the bed and Cynthia settled between silk sheets, resting against her pillows with a contented sigh.

"I think that white bed jacket, Annie. The quilted one I got yesterday. And my lipstick and mirror. Did you tell cook about breakfast?"

Mary was beginning to feel stifled in her flannel shirt and riding breeches, but Cynthia obviously delighted in the heat of the room. She looked quite happy now, applying lipstick, brushing powder over her face with a swansdown puff. Annie combed her hair into a flattering fluff and when she had finished, Cynthia looked as fragilely pretty as ever under the shadow of her canopy.

"Yes, I think we will have breakfast here," she said, smiling into the mirror. "Annie, bring up card tables and I will have mine on a tray. This is going to be fun after all, isn't it?" she added naively, looking over at Mary. "Oh, I do believe they are coming at last. Annie, downstairs quick and tell cook to start the kidneys. Have Mr. Lawton bring the others up here."

Her husband came in and crossed quickly to Cynthia's side. "Well, my dear, it did do you up a bit, didn't it?" He took her hand and his eyes were patient, but there was no tenderness in them.

Crispin and Hugh and Rand were at the door, Rand looking uncomfortable. Hugh still anxious and Crispin completely in command of the situation.

She came to the other side of the bed and spoke with smiling finality. "Mrs. Lawton, I do think we'd better not stay. If you have overdone a little this morning you will want to be by yourself for the rest of the day. It was kind of you to ask us, but—"

"I won't hear of your not staying," Cynthia said, her hand still in Stanley's. "And we are going to have our breakfast right here. Come in, Hugh, and find chairs for everybody."

Mary and Rand exchanged an instant's look of amusement and resignation.

Cynthia was still staring at Crispin. "Wouldn't you like to go and freshen up a bit, Miss Standish? You will find powder and things in the dressing-room."

Crispin's hair was immaculate, her face as exquisitely fresh as it had been early in the morning, but she thanked Cynthia and went into the other room.

Stan Lawton's eyes followed her and Cynthia looked up at him, biting her lip.

"Stan, what on earth kept you so long?"

"Kaiser went lame," he explained. "Jim found a stone in his foot when we got back."

She regarded him through narrowed lids. "I knew something would happen if we let Miss Standish ride that horse."

"My dear girl, she had nothing whatever to do with Kaiser's getting a stone in his foot," Standish said a little sharply. Mary was relieved when Annie came in with a tea-wagon, the cook behind her, glowering over a big tray.

The men stood about ill at ease, as Crispin came back, poised and radiant. She stopped before the tray. "How very tempting this looks! Is everybody as famished as I am?"

She started to sit down on the long chair and Cynthia said icily, "I think you will be more comfortable in the little straight one, Miss Standish. Stan tells me you had trouble with Kaiser after all. I am so sorry it happened. Of course, if the horse had belonged to us . . ."

It was shocking rudeness, but Crispin's voice was even. "I'm sorry that it happened, too, Mrs. Lawton. But I don't know any way to prevent a horse from getting a stone in his foot."

Stan's face had gone white. "Cynthia, this is quite absurd."

"Yes, quite absurd!" Her shrill laughter pierced the silence. "Absurd that you should expect any of us to believe Kaiser's lameness really delayed you."

Her husband's voice was so quiet that it was like the thrust of a sharp blade. "We'll have to have an apology for that, my dear."

"You ask me to apologise!"

It was a cry of fury and terror. Fury for the girl who stood before her, menacing the pretty order of her life. Terror at her own inability to do anything about it.

"Can't you see that I am ill?" She was huddled against the lace pillows.

They heard Stanley Lawton speaking with the calm of fright. "She has fainted, Annie, call Dr. Lowe."

"Well," Rand said as he and Mary drove away. "I hope we never have to live through a scene like that again."

"It was pretty awful. But I feel sorry for her, Rand. She is obviously a very sick woman."

He laughed shortly. "She put on a very thorough show of being one."

Mary stiffened. "Do you think that faint was put on?"

"No, my darling, but any woman can faint if she tries hard enough."

"I still think," Mary said, "that the story about Kaiser's getting a stone in his foot was pretty thin."

"Great Scott, Mary, you don't think Crispin deliberately kept Mr. Lawton out all that time, do you?"

"I don't think she quite follows the rules of the game," Mary replied.

"And that," Rand remarked, "is where your little claws start showing. I have never known a girl who was more unaware of her charm."

Because you are a stupid man, Mary thought wildly. Everything Crispin does is studied—the way she uses her eyelashes and lifts her chin and walks and speaks. Oh, hang . . . hang! Here we are almost quarrelling about her when it is the very thing I wanted not to do.

Mary drew a deep breath. At the moment all her fears seemed wholly justified. Already Crispin had won Edward away from Alice. Now it was Cynthia Lawton's husband. . . . And Rand might be next. In time marriage was bound to dull the sharp sweetness of their intimacy, and when it came about, what assurance did she have that Crispin's beauty wouldn't overwhelm Rand—as it had Edward and Stanley Lawton?

"Well, old lady, it's good to be home, isn't it?" Rand had apparently forgotten the controversy about Crispin.

Alice let them in. "We tried to get you on the phone," she said, "and when you didn't answer we came over to wait. Nice of you to leave your door so conveniently unlocked."

"We?" Rand looked past her and saw David Collins. "Hello, fella."

"Alice has news," David said gravely, as he took Rand's hand and gripped it.

"Darling!" Mary went to Alice. "Are you and David—?"

"Yes, we are." Alice's smile was calm as it rested on David. "We are going to be married—next month."

Marguerite looked out of the window and frowned at the dull grey sky. "Oh, I do hope it will clear up to-morrow. Alice must have sunshine on her wedding day."

Mary picked up a spoon and polished its bowl vigorously. "I don't think David would be conscious of a cyclone to-morrow," she said. "He's so much in love he won't know there's anything in the world but Alice."

Marguerite nodded. "You and Rand were like that on your wedding day. Mercy! It doesn't seem like six months, does it?" She surveyed her daughter with merciless scrutiny. "You should be having a baby."

"You don't think I wouldn't be wanting one?"

"Well, then?"

"It seems to be one of those things I have to wait for." Mary's voice was muffled.

Marguerite wiped her hands and poured lotion into the palms. "It won't help any—working yourself to death down at that stuffy office."

Mary put the toe of her brogue against Yond' Cassius and rubbed him gently behind his ear. "Mother, there's a little more to it than that. It's something I have to work out for myself."

"Every wife always has to work out something for herself," Marguerite remarked. "But she usually spends most of her working hours making a mountain out of a molehill."

Mary's mouth twitched in a smile as she climbed down off the stool. "Probably very sage words, Maggie."

She pulled an old sweater over her shoulders and went out to the back steps and lit a cigarette. Yond' Cassius was beside her. Mary sat on the steps, loving the farm with such deep intensity that for the moment she forgot the fact that Rand would be here to-day.

Last night he had phoned her from Cora's where he was playing poker with Cora, Crispin, Erling and Chester Rattray. He had hoped to get away earlier in the week, but he was unusually busy, so he would wait and drive Alice up.

Perhaps, Mary thought, I am making one of those mountains out of a molehill. But Rand didn't come last night. He was with Crispin . . . and I will not give up my job—as long as Crispin is here. Not until I have a baby. . . . When am I going to have a baby?

Marguerite opened the door. "Mary, I'm going to bake the cake now. You said you wanted to help me."

"You bet I want to help you," Mary smiled. "I can at least beat eggs and grease the tins for Alice's wedding cake."

She separated the eggs lovingly. Alice's wedding cake. . . . Alice and David Collins. The expectant look had gone out of her eyes these last few weeks, but Mary knew that she was happy in David's happiness, and here in the shelter of the tulip farm there would be security.

Rufus stamped across the porch, stopped to wipe his muddy shoes on the mat outside the door, and came in.

"I've the ceremonial has begun," he said glancing towards Marguerite.

"Yes, and when it's finished," Mary grinned, "don't expect you are going to get all the likings. How is Molly, Dad?"

"Molly just dropped a pretty little bull calf," Rufus said.

"I want to see!" Mary was pulling the sweater over her shoulders again. "I'll be back in two minutes, mother."

"I never could keep you in the kitchen," Marguerite laughed.

Mary went through the barn beside her father on up to the house. Molly was resting, tired but triumphant. The hired man bent over a small wet animal beside her.

"He's a fine one, isn't he, Chris?" Mary felt a lightness in her throat and said no more. Birth was a tremendous thing, even in the barn. She looked at Molly, feeling a sudden surge of envy, absurd but overwhelming.

She was hardly aware of Marguerite's voice, calling from the kitchen door, until Rufus spoke. "Mary, aren't you coming, child? Your mother says Rand and Alice are here."

"Darling, hello." Rand's arms were about her, his lips on hers. It could still make her dizzy, being so close to him, and she drew away, laughing shakily.

"Alice, did you get everything done?" She kissed Alice's cheek. "Did you find the pyjamas I told you about at Tindall's?"

"Yes, come upstairs with me and I'll show you."

Rand reached out a hand and pulled Mary towards him, kissing the top of her head. "Go along, dear. I'm going over and get David."

"Dearly beloved . . ."

The old minister had begun the ceremony and Rand looked over at Mary on the other side of Alice, trying to make her see him. He was thinking of their own ceremony, a memory which had grown a little dim until this moment. Now it had come back to him so vividly that he longed to share it with her in one quick, comprehensive glance.

He was puzzled when he saw a faint line

between Mary's brows. She was looking straight into Dr. Mason's face, her expression a baffling mask.

Why, Rand pondered, did she look like that so often these days? Well, not often, perhaps—but every now and then when he turned to her, wanting and expecting a flash of understanding—he found this.

Mary looked across at him at last and smiled, but the moment Rand had wanted was lost, buried in eternity.

Rand drew a hand wearily down the length of his face. Perhaps, he thought, the thing I am missing with Mary is plain, homely comfort.

He leaned back in his chair, pleased that he had defined the problem that was troubling him, wondering if after all its solution would be a simple one.

It was Mary's job that made things difficult for both of them. It wasn't a career—it was simply drudgery, a constant strain that got her nowhere.

To-night there would have to be a show-down. He would tell her flatly that she would have to leave "The Wasp." He'd do it, with a box of flowers under one arm and a new portable typewriter under the other—twin proofs that he still adored her and had no notion of trying to turn her into a house frau.

Rand reached for the phone. Better tell her they were going to have dinner at home.

"Mary's not here, old man," Hugh Wright was saying. "No, I don't know where she is."

Rand hurried down to the garage and got his car. Quaker Mary hadn't told him she was going out. Better go home now and wait for her.

Rand swung his car through an intersection a fraction of a second before the light turned red. Traffic was heavy and a policeman shook his head warningly, but Rand was obsessed by an overwhelming desire to get home.

Anxiety lashed him into a resentment close to fury as he let himself into the apartment. Mary was standing at the window.

"Where in heaven's name have you been?" Rand demanded.

She came towards him, started to speak and sat down on the edge of the chair.

"Dear, what is it?" Rand was thoroughly frightened now.

"Rand, I've been to see a doctor this afternoon. He says I can never have a baby. That time I fell off a horse when I was a kid . . ."

Rand was sick with relief. "Is that all, Mary? Good heavens! Is that all?"

Her mouth twisted in a dreadful smile. "Yes. That's all."

He came to her and took her in his arms, holding her close as he sat down in the big chair. Rand felt the shaking of her body and something within him wept with her. He had never before seen Mary cry.

She stopped as suddenly as she had begun, and wiped her eyes, like a child, on the cuff of her dress.

"Rand, it makes me feel so—so inadequate," she whispered.

"Funny thing," Rand said gently, "you and I have had such swell times by ourselves, I'd never given much thought to enlarging the family."

Mary looked up at him. "Are you saying that to be polite, darling?"

His arms tightened around her. "Oh, you funny little fool! Mary, are you all right except for that?"

"Yes. I'm a very healthy specimen . . . except that I can't share in carrying on the Beveridge line."

Mary reached into his pocket for a handkerchief and wiped his forehead gently.

"Why were you frightened, dear? Did it seem too funny to find me here when you came in?"

"It would have seemed darned nice if I hadn't been so worried."

"Meaning," Mary said, taking his hand and holding it against her cheek, "that that is the place you'd like to find me every night—waiting for you."

"Yes," Rand nodded, "meaning exactly that."

Her breath caught and she put a hand to her throat. "Rand, don't ask that of me—to-night." She paused and went on hurriedly. "Now that I know I can't have a baby, don't ask me to stay home and think about it all day, every day—while you are gone."

"All right, dear. All right," Rand felt helpless against the blank wall of resistance.

"Then I tell you what we'll do," Rand kissed her. "You have a new hat, haven't you? A very becoming little model that you planned to take back—"

"Because it cost too much."

"Well, that's the very hat you must wear to-night. We shall go somewhere expensive for dinner. Then we'll go see 'The Wild Duck' at the Little Theatre."

"That sounds like fun," Mary stood up, her eyes tender. "Come in and see if you really like the hat well enough for us to pay eighteen dollars for it."

It was a gay little hat, green velour with an ostrich pom-pom on either side, one high on the crown, the other fastened close to the brim. Mary pulled it over one eye, looking up at Rand. "What do you think?"

"I think it makes you look like a little alien."

"How lovely," Mary sighed. "Then I'll keep it."

Their dinner was perfect and they lingered so long over the coffee that the little auditorium of the theatre was almost filled when they reached their seats. Cynthia Lawton and Stanley were sitting two rows ahead.

"I see we've struggled out of bed again," Rand remarked.

"Have—we been in bed lately?" Mary asked.

Rand nodded. "Didn't I tell you? Stan and I had lunch together the other day and he said Mrs. Lawton wasn't at all well."

Mary studied the golden head intently. "Should I have gone to see her after that disastrous Sunday morning? I did send flowers the next day with our card and a dreadfully cheery little message."

"Which was quite enough," Rand said as the lights went out.

"I love this play," Mary said when the curtain came down on the first act. "It's so utterly melancholy... the Little Theatre's hardly perennial but it always seems new to me. Think, Rand—I saw it last year before I even knew you."

"Who brought you then, young woman?"

"Let's see... I came with Cora and Erling and Chester Rattray. There they are, Rand... and Crispin. They're all going out for cigarettes."

"And so are the Lawtons," he smiled. "Come on, darling. Here's where we see some real drama."

When they reached the foyer it was already blue with smoke, noisy with greetings. Cora waved to Rand and Mary across the crowd. Crispin smiled and Erling elbowed his way towards them, leaving Chester between the two women.

"Hello, Mrs. Beveridge!" Cynthia caught Mary's hand. "Stan, here are the Beveridges... Stan!"

He had seen Crispin and was looking at her intently. With an effort he turned

towards Mary and Rand. "Oh, Mrs. Beveridge, nice to see you. How are you, Rand?" He spoke absently and made some casual remark about the play.

There was an awkward pause and Mary sighed with relief when she found Erling at her side.

"How is the new picture coming?" she asked quickly.

"It gives me indigestion, working so hard," Erling grumbled. "But I am fortunate in having an excellent model. Crispin is helping me out."

"Oh, really?" Cynthia's eyebrows went up.

Mary said, "How splendid, Erling."

Stanley Lawton was making no effort to take part in the conversation. He was looking at Crispin like a man bewitched, as if there were no one else in the emptying foyer. "Excuse me a minute, will you?"

He bowed to Mary, his eyes avoiding Cynthia's. "I'm going to speak to Cora Wells."

No one stood now between the two groups. Mary talked on frantically, about Erling's picture and how fortunate he was to have so perfect a model, while Rand watched with half-concealed amusement and Cynthia twisted the rings on her fingers.

"There's the bell!" Mary said with almost hysterical relief.

They were all at the door leading into the auditorium and Crispin said clearly, "Good-evening, Mrs. Lawton."

Cynthia looked up and through her. Crispin hesitated, then went before the others into the darkened room. Mary caught sight of Cora's face, bewildered, then furious as she hurried down the aisle.

Before the tragic climax of the play, Rand whispered, "I've had enough stark drummer to-night, haven't you? Let's go."

They tiptoed out and stood for a moment in the clean night breathing deeply.

"How about a cup of coffee?" Rand said, stopping before a brightly-lighted hamburger stand.

Mary nodded, still wrapped in her thoughts.

"You know," Rand said, lighting a cigarette at the counter, "this thing is developing fast—"

"You mean Stan and Crispin?"

"Yes... A man like Stan is very likely to rush off the deep end once he begins to regard his wife as a tiresome woman and discovers somebody else who—"

"What does the wife do in such a case?" Mary asked in a small voice.

Rand shrugged. "There's very little Cynthia Lawton can do."

"Yes, very little," Mary agreed, feeling taut nerves suddenly relax as Rand admitted for the first time that Crispin Standish might play havoc with another woman's life. Certainly if Rand recognised Crispin as a menace he could never be attracted to her.

"The worst part of it is," Rand was saying, "she's the type of woman who wouldn't stop at anything."

"I'm glad you feel that way about her, too," Mary confessed. "I wish Crispin would go a long way off—and never come back."

"Crispin?" Rand looked down at her, puzzled. "Why should she? She can't help it if Stan Lawton is so crazy about her that his wife insults her every time they meet."

"Then—it was Mrs. Lawton you meant who wouldn't stop at anything?"

"Of course. I think she's capable of working herself into a state of real mental

unbalance to chain Stan to her side. There will be another scene when they get home to-night. More hysterics."

"While Crispin sleeps peacefully under Cora's roof," Mary's voice was ironic.

"I don't see any particular reason why she shouldn't," Rand laughed. "After all, did her behaviour to-night warrant Mrs. Lawton's rudeness?"

She was herself, Mary thought wearily. She knows her power and she uses it wherever she goes. It's Stan Lawton she is bewitching now. But it might be Rand next...

His hand was on hers. "You've had a tough day, dear. And you look tired. But we still have a pretty good time, don't we?" He smiled down at her, his eyes filled with compassion. "Even if we haven't a little junior to drag around with us everywhere we go?"

Mary forced herself to laugh. "I don't suppose," she said, "that little junior would have enjoyed 'The Wild Duck' very much to-night."

Spring came without warning. One day it was winter, which held on stubbornly through March and April. Then a yellow crocus appeared, and it was spring.

Mary turned a leaf on her desk calendar and saw with surprise that another month had passed.

Ever since January she had worked with desperate intensity. At first it was like a drug, stilling the torturing thought: I can never give Rand a child. Then she began to take a timid pride in her writing, for now something of herself went into it.

Hugh was frankly delighted by the results. "The Wasp" had fifty new subscribers and one woman had written a letter to "M.R.B." saying that she was putting some of Mary's commentaries into her scrapbook.

Mary crumpled the month of April into a small hard ball and threw it into the wastebasket, and turned to her mail. There was a letter from her mother, written in a delicate scrawl.

"My darling," Marguerite wrote, "if this one is interrupted you will know I am getting dinner and there's a pudding which has to be watched."

"Last night was the Sorensens' golden wedding anniversary and I was so glad David and Alice were invited, though Alice wasn't feeling too well and almost said no, but they haven't been anywhere for so long. I was asked to be on the 'program' and sang Mrs. Sorensen's favorite, 'Silver Threads Among the Gold.' I thought I remembered how it went, but in the middle of it I got off from the right tune and ended up with that doleful thing of Tschalkowsky's about the lonely heart, but I don't think Mrs. S. noticed as she has arthritis and they say it often affects the ears."

"Anyway, Rufus got up and went out for a coughing spell before I had finished, but Alice said it sounded lovely and I was thankful for that. She says she knows it's going to be a girl because they both want a boy so badly. I hope you are still trying to knit the husband because Alice will like something you've made even if she can't tell what it's supposed to be when it is finished."

"Love from Rufus and Chris and Molly and me,"

"Mother."

When Mary finished reading the letter her eyes were blurred with tears.

She dashed the tears away as Hugh came in, took his share of the mail and went into his own office. Half an hour

later he came back, a queer smile on his face.

"Mary," he began, "do you remember my speaking of this friend of mine who is on the editorial staff of 'Twentieth Century' in New York? I've been sending him recent copies of our efforts." Hugh went on. "Thought he might give us some suggestions. And this morning I get this. He unfolded a letter, and read aloud, 'Who is your M.R.B.? Man, woman or puppy?'"

Mary stiffened. "Hugh, if it's a slap at what I've been writing lately, I can't face hearing it this morning."

He grinned. "Patience, young woman. Listen to this. . . . 'I am not interested in gender or personal history, but I am interested in the stuff your silent partner is turning out. If you ever feel inclined to help along a deserving assistant, pack it up and ship it east C.O.D.'"

"I'm that flustered," Mary murmured, "that I don't rightly know what to say."

"Just smile pretty," Hugh smiled, "and get back to your typewriter." He turned to go and came back. "Rand isn't planning to stay out here indefinitely, is he? I'd like to write Joe that there's some chance of your going east within the next year."

Mary put the end of a thumb between her teeth. "Rand didn't intend to stay when he first came out."

Hugh's generous enthusiasm carried him away. "Let me talk to Rand, Mary. He might be able to wangle a transfer right away if he knew about this chance for you. . . . Let's call him up now and break the news."

"Oh, no, Hugh. No!" Mary put her hand over the telephone. "After all, Rand's work is the important thing." She laughed suddenly. "That sounds dreadfully trite, doesn't it? But I—I don't think I'll tell him about this at all. It's not so very important, except to me."

"Okay, I get it," Hugh shrugged, patted her shoulder and went out.

She had said it wasn't important, but it was. The very thought of this offer from a big eastern magazine made her heart pound madly. Suppose . . . just suppose Rand should want to go back to New York. She regarded her typewriter with affection, found a fresh piece of paper and began to write.

An hour later she was so absorbed that she was scarcely aware of the phone ringing insistently at her elbow. Finally Hugh answered on his extension and called to her, "Come down out of the clouds, Mary. That's for you."

"This is Annie," a small frightened voice told her.

"Annie?"

"Annie at Mrs. Lawton's," the girl explained. "She asked me to call you, Mrs. Beveridge, and ask if you'd come out and see her right away."

"Why, I—" Mary frowned. "Is she ill, Annie?"

"She's not feeling too good. She said she'd send the car for you and that I was to tell you it was urgent."

"All right," Mary shoved the pad away. "Never mind sending the car. I'll be there in half an hour."

Hugh was at the door. "Mary, I couldn't help hearing. What's the matter with Cynthia?"

"I don't know," Mary was still frowning. "Hugh, I've a good notion to call and say I can't come."

"I wish you'd go," Hugh's voice was casual but his eyes pleaded. "I'm worried about her, Mary. She's had two or three fainting spells lately and she spends whole days in bed."

"But how could I possibly do her any good, Hugh?"

He looked away. "I think Cynthia is lonely for the first time in her life. All her friends are beginning to worry about sagging chins—and wandering husbands. She needs somebody normal and young and happy."

Mary put on her hat. "You flatter me, but I'll go if you want me to."

"Good girl." He smiled his gratitude. "I'll call a cab for you. And take some flowers for me, will you?"

By the time Mary had stopped at the florist's she was wholly sorry she had said she would go. What could she possibly say to Cynthia Lawton that would reconcile her to the fact that she was on the brink of middle age and was swift, surely losing whatever attraction she had had for her husband?

Annie was opening the front door as Mary paid the taxi-driver.

"Go right upstairs, Mrs. Beveridge," she whispered. "My, but I'm glad you've come. She's feeling terribly blue this morning, poor little thing!"

Cynthia's exquisite room was stifling. Mary drew a deep breath before she closed the door and crossed to the canopied bed.

"My dear, this was sweet of you. Cynthia pressed her hand in a tiny hot one. "Do take off your coat. Annie says I like to live in an oven, but I can't bear open windows, can you?"

"I'm really quite comfortable, Mary lied sweetly. If she kept on her coat, Cynthia would surely understand that she meant to stay only a few minutes. "Hugh sent you the flowers. Aren't they lovely?"

Cynthia peered at the blossoms. "Columbine, isn't it? And iris and maiden hair fern. How quaint! Dear Hugh . . . just the kind of flowers he would choose." Mary refrained from explaining that the choice had been her own.

Cynthia talked on in her high, thin voice, complaining of the weather, her insomnia, and the callousness of a modern physician. Mary decided that an immediate discussion of Cynthia's ailments would be the best way to bring the visit to an end.

"How pretty your hair looks," she said, sitting down beside the bed. "Now tell me, what does the doctor say about you? Is he depressingly firm about eating lots and exercising and getting some outside interest?"

Cynthia nodded. "But I have no appetite and why should I exercise when I'm too thin now and what on earth could I do with myself when I'm feeling so utterly miserable?"

"Why not a trip?" Mary suggested brightly. "Honolulu or Europe?"

"I don't dare go away," Cynthia said flatly. "Mrs. Beveridge, I may as well be frank with you. I was so desperately anxious to see you this morning because I want to talk about Stan and that girl."

Oh, dear; Mary shuddered inwardly. This is going to be worse than I expected.

"I'm afraid," Mary said politely, "that I don't know quite what you are talking about."

"Of course you know what I'm talking about!" Cynthia's voice was sharp. "You know he's making a perfect fool of himself over this Standish person."

Mary laughed. "Then he isn't at all a unique husband, Mrs. Lawton. She is so lovely to look at that my husband can't keep his eyes off her the minute she comes into a room. But we can't take that too seriously, can we? After all, there should be safety in numbers." How casual she

was sounding, as if she considered Crispin and her beauty as incidental as a dinner menu.

Cynthia was staring into the bright flames of the gas logs that burned silently, suffocatingly, beneath the white marble mantelpiece. "Stan has never looked at another woman before—" she said slowly. "And now he has reached that age—he'll be forty next month, and she's clever enough to realise it's the most susceptible time in a man's life."

Mary unfastened her coat, thinking of the cool world full of air outside. "Those things can be so harmless," she said carefully. "If you can just see it as a small boy phase—a mild little crush . . ."

"Then you do admit Stan is infatuated!" Cynthia said triumphantly. "Mrs. Beveridge . . . there is nobody else I can talk to. And I must find out just how far this affair has gone before I decide what to do."

"But I'm afraid—" Mary protested.

Cynthia leaned forward. "You know this aunt so well—what's her name? Miss Wells. And you see a great deal of Erling Lund. And the girl is posing for him . . . doesn't that show what kind of woman she is? An artist's model!"

Mary felt her face growing stiff with the determined smile she was trying to keep on her lips. "I'm quite sure Crispin is fully clothed when she sits for Erling, Mrs. Lawton." Queer that she should be forced into defending Crispin to a woman whom she pitied and whose suffering she understood so well.

Cynthia looked up quickly as Mary started involuntarily to draw on her gloves. "Please, my dear—you mustn't leave me now. I've got to know whether Stan is seeing Crispin Standish and you are the only person I can ask to find out for me!"

"I couldn't possibly," Mary said.

Cynthia sank back against the pillow, her hands over her face. "Then what am I to do? Must I sit quietly by and allow that girl to take my husband away from me?"

Mary drew back, seeing the small, weak figure huddled against the lace pillows. "I'm terribly sorry I can't help," she said briskly. "But there isn't anything I can do. I'm going to put Hugh's flowers over here, right by your bed. And now I must be going. Do you want me to call Annie?"

Cynthia didn't reply. She had gone white and rigid. Mary touched a cold hand and then went to find Annie, who was coming upstairs with a bromide and a glass of water.

"Is she having one of her spells?" the girl asked anxiously. "I thought she would. She got so excited this morning over something she'd had on her mind all night. No, Mrs. Beveridge. There isn't any use calling the doctor. He told me what to do when she gets like this."

Mary waited downstairs, watching the big hall clock, hearing it chime the quarter hour and the half. Her desolation sharpened into fear, nameless and intangible.

Annie came back finally, hurrying downstairs on tiptoe. "She's out of it," she told Mary in a whisper. "She says I can take care of her better than a trained nurse," she added with pride. "Why, I've waited on her hand and foot."

Mary hurried out before she could be burdened with more confidences. She found herself almost running down the street, filling her lungs with cool air.

Now two things had happened to her this morning which she must keep from Rand. The letter from New York about her work and this talk with Cynthia Lawton.

When we were first married, Mary thought, I would have told him. But now she couldn't, for both things were strangely wrapped around her own secret fear of losing him. Rand must not know how desperately she wanted that place on "Twentieth Century." Because it meant explaining that the job would justify her own reason for existence . . . and it would put a whole continent between herself—with Rand, away from Crispin Standish.

Mary's cheeks flamed as she realised that just now, in Cynthia Lawton's room, she had seen something of herself in this woman she despised.

Erling's picture was finished. Its completion was as abrupt as the signing of an armistice after a war.

"He's cross as a bear," Cora had told Rand that morning. "Not even Crispin has been allowed to see it. Erling says it's the worst thing he has ever painted and he's going to put it in the garbage can. Anyhow, I'm thankful he's through. He's worked like a fiend and Crispin is quite ready for a good long rest."

She had laughed over Erling's despair and had taken Crispin and Mary to lunch and a Saturday matinee.

Rand sat alone in his office, wondering what to do. Queer how he missed Mary when they didn't spend a Saturday afternoon together. Yet this morning, Rand told himself grimly, I could have wrung her neck.

How had their quarrel started? Mary had been in the shower when Cora phoned. Rand, sticking his head in the bathroom door, relayed the message. Cora wanted Mary to join her and Crispin for lunch, to celebrate the completion of Erling's picture.

"Tell Cora I have to work," Mary called. "I've already told her you'd come." Rand said and went out to put the coffee on. When he came back Mary was at her dressing table putting on her hat. Mary always put on her hat at this juncture and Rand loved the picture she made with slim legs crossed at the ankle and her head bent forward, arms high. If she had stayed there a minute longer he would have taken her in his arms and told her how enchanting she looked. But just then Mary got up in stormy silence.

"Rand," she said finally, "I thought you and I were going to do something together this afternoon."

"So did I, darling. But Cora said this was a special occasion."

Mary stood in the middle of the room, fastening her dress. "I really should work this afternoon."

"Now you listen to me!" Rand said. "If you don't want to meet Cora and Crispin, call Cora and say you have made other plans. But you are not going back to that office after lunch."

Mary's eyes blazed. "Rand, don't you say 'you're not' to me."

At that moment the coffee had boiled over and they both rushed to the kitchen, but their quarrel had gone too far for them to laugh now over the ruin on the stove.

At the table Rand inquired, "Have you some objection to seeing Cora and Crispin to-day?"

"Only that Crispin is thrown at my head every time I turn around," Mary replied stiffly.

"Why didn't you say that in the first place?" Rand demanded. "You'd better call Cora and tell her you aren't coming."

Mary's eyes were on her plate. "I'll go," she said at last. "I know when I'm licked."

Well, it had been an empty victory, Rand told himself. It was the first time he had ever been high-handed with Mary and he had gained his point, but there was a definite chasm between them when they parted at Mary's office.

Rand leaned his arms on the desk. What had been Mary's difficulties since their marriage? What had made her so frosty this morning? Did she dislike Crispin or was she disappointed because she and Rand weren't going to spend the afternoon together?

"I give up," he muttered, reaching for his hat.

He'd go out and see Erling Lund—there would be an entirely masculine atmosphere which he badly needed to-day.

He was relieved to find that Erling was alone. "Ah, Rand, I am glad you have come," the old man said. "This is a bad day for me."

"Sure you want company?" Rand asked him. "I'm in no cheery frame of mind myself."

Erling threw back his head and laughed. "We shall sit and be miserable together, eh? Come in."

He led the way to his big untidy studio. A battered bathrobe was flung over the big canvas on the easel. Rand sat down in an old Morris chair and looked past it deliberately.

"Crispin must have made an excellent model," he said, as Erling slouched down on a wide couch under the skylight. "I don't suppose you find beauty like that often."

Erling yawned loudly. "She was a good model and that is hard to find."

Rand leaned forward. "You aren't thinking of throwing your picture away before anybody has seen it?"

"Why not?" Erling picked up his pipe and fumbled with a match. "Why sit and endure all the pretty speeches my friends would make, when they know nothing of what I tried to do?"

"Look here," Rand's own voice was strange in his ears, tense with excitement. "It seems to me you're suffering from the violent reaction that is bound to come after a big job is done. Before you destroy it, Erling, do yourself the justice of letting somebody else see what you have done."

"Meaning you, my friend?" Erling smiled. "All right," Rand sprang to his feet.

"Why not me?"

Erling got up with an effort. "Very well," he grumbled.

At first Rand saw nothing but afternoon sunshine flowing through a high window, ending in a bright pool on the dull boards of the floor. Then he became conscious of a figure in the shadow beyond. A girl in a white gown lay sleeping on the low couch, her face half hidden in the curve of a bare arm. The other hand almost touched the floor, its fingers loosely curved like the petals of a half-opened pond lily. There was nothing in the picture but the sunlight and the sleeping girl whose repose was so absolute that seeing her, Rand felt rest flooding through his own body. His taut muscles slowly relaxed, quivering nerve ends grew quiet.

Finally one thought took form, clear and well-defined.

It is Crispin, Rand told himself, I have only just realised that this girl is Crispin.

Erling was at his side, his voice trembling, tears running down his cheeks. "Well, my friend," he said, "I have been watching you and I see that I have done it after all."

Rand nodded, still hypnotised by the beauty of the picture. It's serenity was centred in the sleeping figure on the couch,

in Crispin, whom he had seen before only as something pretty to look at. Now he remembered her soft laughter, the slow lifting of her head, the calm with which she seemed to meet life and accept it. He had come to Erling's, baffled and distraught by his quarrel with Mary this morning. Now he was rested and refreshed, happy in the discovery of a Crispin who might be filled with the simplicity he had wanted so much to find in a woman.

"Well," Erling boomed, "perhaps we should have a party." He tossed his pipe into the air and caught its stem. "Yes, a party here in this room, with champagne and Mary and Chester Rattray and Crispin and Cora and more champagne. Come, Rand, help me get the place cleaned up."

They were all there by six drinking a toast to Erling, to Crispin and the picture.

When she saw it, she said, "Oh, Erling, I am so glad!"

Mary took Erling's hand and tried to speak but couldn't, her eyes shining.

Bless her! Rand thought and then remembered their quarrel and the fact that to-night Mary had almost ignored him when she came in with Cora and Crispin. His nerves were raw again with the excitement of the afternoon and his efforts to make Erling's party a success.

It had been accomplished at any rate. The party was complete and he would enjoy the evening, even if Mary were still angry with him for some incomprehensible reason.

He saw Crispin standing by the picture, a half smile on her lips. Seeing her there, he felt again that his life was emptied of complexities and he went to her, looking down at the black cloud of her hair.

"I was thinking," Crispin said, "how proud I am."

Her voice stirred him, and Rand wondered without caring whether she or the picture had brought back the repose of the afternoon.

They were all in the kitchen when Stanley Lawton came.

"I'm on my way home from a banquet," he explained. "Erling, will you forgive me for inviting myself to your party? I saw the lights and couldn't resist the temptation of stopping."

"If you hadn't stopped you would never have been forgiven," Erling laughed. "But for the love of heaven don't offer to help out here. We are too many already. Crispin, you come with me and we will show Stanley our picture."

Rand watched the three of them go out, Crispin between the carelessly-dressed old artist and Stan Lawton, immaculate in dinner clothes.

"How bath the mighty fallen—in love," Chester Rattray grinned, following Rand's glance. "It does me good to see a well-upholstered heart like that one caught in the clutches of a gaily-plumed bird of paradise."

Rand tried to speak pleasantly. "Your metaphor is a little far fetched, isn't it?"

"Well, I don't mind admitting," Chester muttered, "that the whole business burns me up. I wasn't allowed near this place while Erling was working. But Lawton was here when he pleased. Erling seems to think it is one of the world's greatest loves. I hear Stanley has shipped his wife off to a dude ranch for a month, so that the romance can spring into full bloom."

"Stan Lawton is a very good friend of Erling's," Rand said shortly. "He's bought a number of his pictures. There isn't any reason why he shouldn't have come now and then during these last months—"

"As a benign patron of the arts!" Chester fibed.

"Exactly," Rand replied. He wanted to believe that Chester was mistaken. He must maintain this one conviction to-night. To-morrow he could find out what had happened to himself.

"Everything is ready," Mary called. "Come in, you two, before it gets cold."

Rand found himself sitting between Cora and Chester. He wished he could be alone for a few minutes, away from the conversation which pelted down on him in an annoying shower.

"More coffee, Rand?" Crispin asked from her end of the table.

He shook his head and with an effort he took his eyes off her face.

Stan's hand rested on the table, holding his fragrant cigar. Queer, Rand thought, that a man of his type should wear a ring, particularly a ring like that one. It was a milky stone, polished smooth and set in silver.

"That's an interesting ring," Rand said. Stanley reached his hand across the table, but made no move to take the ring off his finger.

Rand looked at the stone more closely. "Odd," he said, "I've seen a moonstone almost exactly like this one. I can't remember where."

He heard Mary's voice like a signal. "I wonder what gives so many of those—beach stones the same mould, like little half-melted pyramids. It would be easy, wouldn't it, to make a whole necklace of them . . . like matched pearls." Her words came swiftly focusing the attention of the others on herself while Stanley withdrew his hand.

Rand understood now the warning note in Mary's voice and he flushed, thinking of the blunder he had made. He remembered vividly the day they had met Crispin on the beach during their honeymoon. How she had showed them the moonstone she had found. They had examined it closely, while Crispin held it lightly in the palm of her hand.

"More coffee, anybody?" Mary was clearing the table. "Don't anybody else be noble and offer to help us with the dishes. Crispin and I are going to do them alone."

Little thoroughbred, Rand thought. She can make the most awful row about spending an afternoon with Crispin, but when it comes to making a fine gesture, she is right there.

"Didn't you think it was a good party, Rand?" Mary said later, sitting on the bed, brushing her hair.

He nodded, taking off his shoes. "But I very nearly wrecked it, didn't I? I know now why Aunt Sophia used to tell me it was bad manners to make remarks about other people's jewellery."

The brush poised in mid-air. "I feel a little sorry for Mr. Lawton," Mary said. "I don't think the man quite knows what's his him."

"What do you mean, darling?"

"Why, I imagine he was getting along very nicely in his safe, comfortable groove until his pretty wife started fading. It was the most propitious time for Crispin to appear and make him lose his head over her."

Rand put his second shoe down neatly beside the first. "So you think Crispin did it deliberately?"

"Of course," Mary's brush was flying now across her hair. "You can't very well deny it now, can you, Rand?"

"It seems to me," he said slowly, "that they've fallen in love with each other in spite of themselves." He wondered why he was defending them. Was it some perverse impulse which made him want to

argue with Mary on any subject? Or was he determined to defend the Crispin he had discovered this afternoon, to keep the thought of her unspooled?

"Rand, you aren't serious, are you?" Mary's voice was hard. "You can't really believe all this simply—happened to Crispin?"

"I do believe it," he replied. "Mary, I thought you would see it as I do—that these two people have a right to whatever happiness they have found with each other. What other reason did you have for stopping my stupid questions about that ring and then asking Crispin to help you with the dishes?"

"I did it for Cora. If you could have seen her face when you were talking to Stan . . . Oh, Rand, for Cora's sake I do think Crispin might have found herself a wealthy man who wasn't married. If that's her game she might at least have followed the rules!"

"Sometimes," Rand remarked after a deep silence, "I believe you almost hate Crispin and I'll be damned if I can see why. She's genuine and sweet-tempered and considerate . . ."

"And she's the most beautiful girl in the world," Mary whispered.

Rand scarcely heard her. He was tired and perplexed. He needed assurance from Mary to-night more than he ever had before. If he could know that her happiness and her security depended upon him, then nothing else would matter, not even the fact that Crispin, who had seemed so restfully desirable this afternoon, should love another man.

"Mary . . ." He started towards her. She was carefully folding back the candle-wick spread and spoke without looking up. "I'm terribly sorry, dear. I did forget the toothpaste to-day. Could you use salt and soda, and I'll call the chemist first thing in the morning."

"Cynthia is home." Hugh couldn't wait to get his hat off before he made the announcement.

"How nice that she's back," Mary said. "Did the dude ranch do her a lot of good, Hugh?"

He nodded. "She's gained five pounds. Stan went over to get her and they had a week together before she came back. Cynthia said it was like a second honeymoon."

"How nice," Mary repeated mechanically, while she thought merry hell will be popping now with a new hopeful Cynthia who won't face the fact that she's already lost her husband.

Hugh sat down on one corner of her desk. His face was serious. "Mary, Cynthia told me before she left for Montana that Stan was infatuated with Crispin Standish. She went away as a last resort, to see if it would bring him to his senses."

"Perhaps it did," Mary said. "If he and Mrs. Lawton had a pleasant week together, then isn't it a cue for everybody to forget the whole thing?"

"It isn't quite as simple as that," Hugh thrust his hands into his pockets. "If Stan were thinking of divorcing Cynthia, that would be his way of doing it. He would make one last gesture . . . Mary, should I talk to Stan about it?"

"And lose the best friend you have?"

"That's the heck of it. But I can't stand by and see Cynthia's life wrecked."

Mary stood staring before her as she left the room, brooding over the misery that was engulfing so many lives.

"Brine Street," she said aloud. She would stand by no longer, waiting for things to happen; awaiting for Rand's love

to become ardent and demanding again; waiting for Crispin to go out of their lives and for Alice's baby to be born. She could still write . . . it was a small, peaceful haven where she could flee.

"Brine Street" she wrote at the top of a blank yellow page, and went on falteringly, then faster and faster until the story was complete and she stopped exhausted, her aching hands limp in her lap.

Mary sighed as she and Cora Wells sat down at a remote table in a new tearoom where they were sure they would see nobody they knew. She was still a little distraught from her morning's work, reluctant to be faced again with the problem of this triangle which was Cynthia Lawton and Stanley and Crispin, and in which she had no part.

But she knew that Cora, when she had called her for lunch, would want to talk about it and now she must seem interested and sympathetic. Particularly as deep blue hollows under Cora's eyes evidenced her concern.

"What about Swedish meatballs?" Mary suggested.

"Head colds or heartaches," Cora said grimly, "you and I always seem to manage Swedish meatballs."

"Swedish," Mary corrected and they laughed, clinging to the one faintly amusing thing on a bleak horizon.

Cora's face crumpled then into a pitiful mask of anxiety. "Mary, I'm frantic about Crispin."

"You would be."

"She's so terribly young to be going through an experience like this," Cora went on. "Not in years—she's just about your age. And men have always been mad about her, but she's never been in love before, and she's cutting her eye-teeth very painfully."

"What's going to happen?" Mary asked through stiff lips.

Cora looked away. "Stan is going to ask Cynthia for a divorce. He'd planned to do it when he went to get her at the ranch, but he's a moral coward like all men—"

"Like all human beings, my dear," Mary put in.

"Well, maybe. But it was twice as difficult to have Cynthia get home thinking everything was perfectly normal again, and then have Stan come out with it last night right in the midst of getting settled and unpacked."

"What a beastly cruel way to do it!" Mary cried out. "What fools some women can make of men!"

Cora spoke sharply. "It wasn't what Crispin would have chosen, Mary."

"I didn't mean it that way," Mary remembered almost too late that Cora would keep on loving Crispin no matter how much tragedy she caused. "And now that Cynthia knows," Mary asked with forced calm, "what is she going to do?"

"She flatly refuses to divorce him," Cora said. "He called Crispin this morning and the child came right down to talk it over with me. Mary, she's marvellous—so calm, so determined to shield Stan."

Marvellous Crispin! Mary felt anger rise within her, choking her until she could scarcely breathe. Couldn't Cora see through Crispin's calm and determination? Couldn't she realise that Crispin would stop at nothing to gain her own desires?

"And now do you know what she is going to do?" Cora laid a hand heavily on the table. "She's going out to see Cynthia to-night. Stan was called out of town this morning—some labor trouble at one of his mills. And Crispin has the courage to

face that woman and tell her there can be no possible happiness for any of them unless she gives Stan his freedom."

Mary tried to keep the irony out of her voice. "Then what are you worrying about, Cora—if Crispin is handling the situation so admirably?"

Cora's hand doubled into a fist on the table. "I'm afraid of Cynthia Lawton. A woman like that wouldn't stop at anything. Crispin is too young to realise what she's up against. She's so terribly in love, so sure she and Stan have a right to each other."

"Is she just going to appear at the Lawtons—unannounced?"

"Oh, no, she called Cynthia this morning. The woman was in bed, enjoying another breakdown, but she seemed quite eager to see Crispin, so she'll be there tonight at seven-thirty. I'm scared about this business—scared half to death. Crispin's been left in my care and look what I've let happen to her!"

"Now that's just plain nonsense," Mary said firmly. "You can't put Crispin into a glass case and lock the door."

"Only I wish to-night were over," Cora muttered. "Mary, will you and Rand come and have dinner with me, I can't face going into that house alone and having a watch party all by myself."

"Of course we'll come," Mary patted her hand.

They were all very cheery and laughed too much over feeble jokes during that long evening. Cora's eyes wandered constantly to the clock, to her wrist-watch and the front door.

At ten o'clock Crispin came. Mary saw Rand get up, his whole attention focused on Crispin's entrance. Then she saw Cora look across the room, questioning, fearful. Crispin's white-faced smile was forced. Violet shadows around her eyes made them enormous.

"Hello, Crispin," Mary spoke first, thinking how beautiful Crispin looked—even to-night.

Crispin was stooping to kiss Cora's forehead.

"You're cold," Cora took her hand and rubbed it between her own. "Let me make you a toddy."

"I really don't want one," Crispin sat down in the chair Rand had left for her, staring at the hands clasped on her knees. She began talking swiftly, like one in a trance. "Cora," she said softly, "I rather think I'll go east for a few weeks."

"I think it would do you a world of good," Cora's face lightened with relief.

Crispin pressed the corners of her mouth with a handkerchief and looked up at Rand. (Whatever she and Cynthia Lawton had said to each other to-night, the result had evidently been devastating). "I'm—I'm thinking of going right away," she said. "There isn't an eastbound train to-night, is there?"

Rand shook his head.

"You don't want to leave that soon, darling!" Cora cried.

"I'd like to very much," Crispin's voice was toneless. "I can't see any particular reason for waiting."

"I know exactly how you feel," Mary said quickly. "Nobody ever packs until the last minute anyway, Cora."

Crispin was still looking at Rand. "Do you know about planes? Could I get one to-morrow morning, do you think?"

"I could call and find out for you," Rand said.

"Would you? I'd be so grateful," Crispin got up with one like, graceful movement. "Cora, what did we do with my bags?"

"Let me go with you," Cora looked over her shoulder at Mary as she left the room. "You'll excuse us a minute, won't you?"

Mary was left alone. No matter what she mused, this is going to be more difficult for Cynthia Lawton than it is for Crispin. Cynthia would be alone now in her great canopied bed, with her gas logs burning brightly and her husband a hundred miles away, loving another woman.

And I still can't believe, Mary told herself, that Crispin's heart could be broken over Stan Lawton—or any man.

Cora came back, her eyes wide with anxiety. Rand followed her into the living-room and Cora slipped an arm through his. "I appreciate the masculine presence to-night," she said. "Is this the plane schedule? Thanks, Rand."

She laid a hand on Mary's head. "Crispin wanted me to tell you good-night for her. She isn't coming down again." Cora sighed heavily. "Cynthia was pretty awful to-night—so bad, in fact, with her hysterics and accusations, that Crispin promised she'd go away for a couple of months and see how things worked themselves out. Poor child. She's determined to leave before Stan gets back to-morrow. Says she can't face going if she sees him again."

Mary was still awake when the doorbell rang at three o'clock. She had just looked at the illuminated hands of the clock on the bedstand and wondered if Rand would wake if she went into the other room to read.

The sharp ringing in the hall stopped her heart from beating for a moment as she sprang out of bed. "It's the telephone," Rand said from the depth of his pillow.

"No, it's the doorbell," Mary slipped on a dressing gown and hurried barefoot across the floor, while Rand was still groping for his slippers.

Something wrong at the farm...? Alice...? Oh, it must not be anything dreadful to-night. Not with Rand so remote that she wouldn't dare turn to him for comfort and strength.

Mary opened the door with hands that shook.

It was Chester Rattray. "Hallo, Mary. You and Rand home?"

Mary leaned weakly against the wall. "Well, no we're not, Chester. We've gone fishing and we won't be back until next week."

Rand was beside her in the dark. "Mary, who in heaven's name is R?"

Mary shook her head as Rand switched on the light. "Chester, what has happened?"

He tiptoed in, elaborately quiet, a finger to his lips. He was very drunk. "Merry Christmas everybody," he whispered. "I've got the choicest news of the decade. Gotta drink, Rand? Must have a drink."

"Look here," Rand said quietly, "you wouldn't be thinking this is April first, would you, my friend?"

"No, sir, I wouldn't," Chester regarded him earnestly. "I never did like April Fool jokes."

Rand took him by the arm and helped him to a chair. "You sit here and I'll try to find you a drink."

"Good stiff one," Chester whispered. "I need it, I can tell you."

"This one is plenty stiff," Rand said, handing Chester a tall glass. "Now let's have it."

Chester took a deep drink and set the glass down carefully.

"I was over at Erling's to-night. We were sort of celebrating, you might call it." He brushed a vague hand across his eyes. "Well, anyway, we had two of three drinks—and then Erling got sleepy so

I shoved... I was walking along, maybe five or six blocks—"

"Chester, what happened?" Mary clenched her hands, wanting to choke the words out of him.

"Well, as I was saying," Chester went on, "I didn't know it was the Lawtons' house the girl came running out of. I just happened to be passing by and I heard the door open. It must have been about midnight. Well, this girl came running out—a maid in a uniform and she was so scared she couldn't talk. Just grabbed me and opened her mouth and shut it like a fish. Well, she finally got her breath and then she peered up at me and whispered, 'For pity sake, come quick.'"

He picked up the highball glass, looked at it and set it down. "Cynthia Lawton is dead," he said flatly. Mary and Rand accepted the bald statement calmly, unbelieving. "When I got into the house," Chester went on, "the whole place was reeking with gas. This girl took me up to Mrs. Lawton's room and there she was, dead."

"Those gas logs," Mary said from a throat that had gone dry.

Chester nodded. "She was on the floor, between the bed and the fireplace, her hands on the hearth. The girl had been too scared to touch her, fortunately, and I called the police as soon as I got sense enough to turn off the gas." He shuddered, slumping in his chair. "Lord, it was awful at the police station."

Rand tried to speak, lit a cigarette, and tried again. "Look here, Chester. They aren't trying to drag anybody else into it, are they?"

Chester studied a thin spot on the cuff of his overcoat. "Annie told the police that Crispin Standish was there to-night, and that Mrs. Lawton gave strict instructions she wasn't to be disturbed until she rang. So Annie goes up to her room and she's tired and falls asleep. Doesn't wake up again till the middle of the night, wonders if Mrs. Lawton has rung and she hasn't heard, goes to Mrs. Lawton's room, calls her, gets no answer... and opens the door."

"The door wasn't locked?" Mary asked.

"No, it wasn't locked," Chester replied.

"But that doesn't mean a whole lot—either way."

"What do you mean—either way?" Rand demanded. "It's possible, isn't it, that the wind might have blown the gas out?"

"It would have taken a pretty strong wind to blow the flames out of those gas logs," Chester said slowly. "If there had been a wind to-night. But there wasn't, and the windows were closed."

The clock on the mantelpiece ticked softly. Chester got up with an effort.

"I'm afraid it's going to be tough on Crispin. This Annie says it was murder. Annie says Mrs. Lawton must have had one of those fainting spells and while she was unconscious, Crispin turns on the gas without lighting it. When Cynthia comes to, the room is filled with the fumes, she tries to get to the fireplace and doesn't quite make it."

"It doesn't make sense," Mary said.

"Well, she's dead," Chester reminded her with finality. "And that's all anybody knows. The cook had gone out for the evening, came in early and went to bed. Stanley was out of town. There's only two ways to look at it. Cynthia was in poor health—decided to commit suicide and then got scared—too late. Or Crispin did it."

Rand took the cover off a cigarette box, found it empty and went into the other

room for a fresh package. Chester turned to Mary and whispered, "Well, Rand doesn't seem willing yet to admit what you and I can see pretty clearly, eh, Mary? We never did trust that girl, did we?"

Mary looked away, relieved that Rand came back just then. She was unwilling that Chester should crystallise her own suspicion that Crispin had killed Cynthia Lawton. But conviction was already there, overpowering her.

Chester stood turning his battered hat in his hands. "Sorry I got you kids up. Only after the police and reporters got through with me I went to a beer joint and stayed till they closed the place up. Couldn't stand going home just then."

Rand stood at the door, watching Chester walk with careful steadiness down the hall.

When he came back, Mary was standing in the middle of the room, her hands limp at her sides.

"Good Lord, how awful!" Rand said at last. "They won't hold Crispin, of course. It's a clear case of suicide. Isn't that what they call it—a clear case?"

"I don't know," Mary replied. "But I do know it's going to be damning when they find that Crispin was packing to leave to-night."

"Lord, I'd forgotten!" Rand's voice was uneasy for the first time since Chester had come. "But perhaps it's the very thing that would clear Crispin. Nobody but a moron would kill somebody, come home and calmly announce that she was leaving."

"But Crispin wasn't calm," Mary reminded him.

They were both trying to keep their voices matter-of-fact, avoiding each other's eyes, lighting one cigarette after another.

Mary sat down on the edge of a chair, one elbow on her knee. "Rand, we're going to have to pretend to everybody else from now on, and it will be easier if we are frank with each other."

"I don't see quite what you are driving at," he said.

"Just this. Cynthia Lawton isn't the type of woman who would take her own life. In the first place, she hadn't the courage. And in the second place, it's the last thing any wife who was fighting to keep her husband from another woman would have done. Why not admit that and go on from there? We've got to decide how we can help Crispin out of it—for Cora's sake."

"For Cora's sake!" Rand's voice was hard. "Mary, you can't think Crispin did it? It isn't in her, no matter how much she loves Stan Lawton. Simply because Cynthia Lawton became mentally unbalanced a few hours ago and regained her sanity too late. . . . He went to Mary and shook her roughly. "I would as soon think you could do a thing like that as accuse Crispin Standish."

Mary got up, the back of her hand across her mouth, as if Rand had struck her. She had thought, if Rand and I stand together, pretending we believe Crispin is innocent, we may be able to help.

But Rand was defending Crispin, saying that she was fine and valiant. Saying it to-night, after what had happened in Cynthia Lawton's room.

"Mary, understand this," Rand stood before her, his arms folded. "As sure as I'm alive I know Cynthia Lawton killed herself."

Mary faced him, trembling. "And as sure as Cynthia is dead," she whispered, "I know Crispin Standish murdered her."

For one long, dreadful minute Rand and Mary stood facing each other, appalled

by what they had said and what it meant to them both.

Rand felt loneliness creep through his whole being like a dull pain and Mary turned sick with fear and dread.

"Rand, I'm sorry," she said at last. "I shouldn't have told—even you that I'm so sure Crispin killed Mrs. Lawton. Of course, I'll defend her for Cora's sake, and we've both got to keep calm and wise, and remember that we have our own lives to live. Mr. Lawton is probably here by now," Mary went on. "He has money and influence. If there's any doubt about Crispin's innocence, he can convince the police."

Rand brushed a hand across his eyes. He suddenly saw Crispin as clearly as if she were there before him; saw her as she had been in Erling's picture—sleeping, reposed, with sunshine flooding the room.

The picture faded and was just. A sickly grey light had crept through the window, paling the steady glow of a table lamp, intensifying the shadows.

"Come on, we'd better turn in," Rand found that his voice was hoarse. "If we're going to get any sleep at all . . ."

They slept, thoroughly exhausted, until a newsboy's cry came through the window.

Rand had an overcoat over his pyjamas and Mary heard him call to the newsboy who was half-way down the block.

When he came back with the paper, Mary was waiting with a hand against her mouth. "Well, it's happened," Rand said. "Crispin has been arrested for murder."

It was queer how life kept moving along. Still twenty-four hours in each day, three meals to be eaten between morning and night, and work which must be done.

Hugh was a ghost with dull eyes and listless voice.

"Cynthia was so little, you know," he would tell Mary when they were alone. And on one rare occasion his eyes brightened with anger. "Stan expects me—me to believe that she took her own life. As if any fool wouldn't know that Crispin killed her."

Mary gave him silent sympathy, but because of her promise to Rand she must keep on pretending that she believed in Crispin's innocence.

Marguerite's letters came often these days, troubled letters that asked questions which expected no answers.

"I can't believe you actually know these people so intimately, my dears. I do hope you won't have to testify at the trial. The papers don't seem to know whether Mrs. Lawton committed suicide or not. But of course, she did. Crispin Standish is your Cora's niece, isn't she?"

There were letters from Alice, sending bracing messages to Cora, barely mentioning the fact that she wasn't well. David was insisting that she come down to the city to have the baby, because the village hospital was without proper equipment.

"Rand, I was thinking—Alice might come and stay with us the last week or so. Would you mind?" Mary said one rare night when she and Rand were at home alone.

"Of course I wouldn't mind. But I can't think the atmosphere we are living in now would be particularly good for her."

"I was hoping Crispin's trial would be over by then," Mary explained.

"I don't see how it could," Rand told her. "Alice says the baby is due early in November, doesn't she? And the trial starts next week. It's begun to look like a long, hard fight."

"But David can't get away until the last minute, and Alice couldn't very well wait

down here alone. Why don't I write her to-night and leave the decision to them?"

"That might be the best way," Rand agreed. "Send Alice my love."

Mary got up and went to the little desk by the window.

She picked up a pen and wrote, "Alice darling, Rand sends you his love." Then she put down the pen and stared hard at the words. Was she actually losing her mind? This was the thing you said at the end of a letter, not the beginning.

The pen snapped between Mary's teeth. How hopeless it was for them to wait for a rescue! No matter how Crispin's trial came out, they would still be left stranded, she and Rand. Slowly, relentlessly the gulf between them had deepened, a separation so devastating that it was fast becoming irrevocable. And to-night, for one absurd minute, she had clung to the hope that they were close again.

With determination Mary wrote Alice a long letter. Alice who had made her own life secure in spite of Crispin Standish. Her love for David was growing with the child in her body. There was deep contentment in all her letters, a wonder that there could be so much happiness in the world.

Mary was sealing her letter when Rand called across to her, "Listen, dear—I've just thought of something."

"Yes?" She came and sat down beside him before the fire.

"Cora's not satisfied with the defence witnesses," Rand said. "Stan Lawton is in a ghastly position. Anything he would say in Crispin's defence might be used by the prosecution to weaken it. There's Erling, of course, but he is an artist and a maudlin jury might be prejudiced against him because Crispin was his model. I can't do much because I never knew Cynthia Lawton well . . ."

Mary said politely, "We have been over this so many times, haven't we?"

"Yes, but here's a new angle. Can you think of any time you and Cynthia Lawton were alone—except for that little while before the rest of us came in the Sunday we went riding together?"

"I did see her another time," Mary admitted. "She called me one morning—it was months ago, and I went to see her because Hugh was so anxious that I should."

"There!" Rand exclaimed. "That's the very thing I wanted. I wish you had told me about it before. What did she want to see you about, Mary?"

Mary stiffened. "She was lonely and frightened and she wanted to talk about Crispin."

"That's perfect." Rand's face shone with relief. Mary felt as if she were already a witness on the stand, and Rand an attorney for the defence. "I wish," he repeated, "that you'd told me about it before. But it's going to be valuable now. Having her ask you to come to see her might establish you as more than a casual acquaintance."

Mary bit her lip. "I can't quite see just what you are trying to get at, Rand."

"This is what I have in mind," he explained eagerly. "Cynthia's doctor says that Cynthia's hysteria might very easily have unbalanced her mind. But a doctor can't help using technical terms on the witness stand, and the jury is very likely to lose interest before he's through. They'll be much more impressed by Annie's violent accusations."

"I suppose that's true," Mary agreed mechanically.

"Then it seems to me," Rand said slowly, "that it's up to you. You're another woman—an attractive woman with more than your share of personality."

"Oh, Rand, please!" Mary's voice shook. "Let's have it, whatever you're going to say, without any build-up."

"But I've already said it. Can't you see, dear, how valuable your testimony would be if you told about the two times you had seen Mrs. Lawton working herself into one of these spells? You must remember how meanly she acted—and with how little provocation."

"Was it?" Mary's eyes met Rand's and held them. "Didn't she realise that her husband was falling in love with Crispin?" He turned from her. "Does that mean you are going to stand—publicly—with the prosecution?"

Mary beat her fists against a sofa pillow. "You listen to me, Rand Beveridge. Every time I go out that front door I carry the banner for Crispin. I deny and defend until I'm sick with the effort. But I will not take the witness stand and swear on a Bible and lie in her defence."

She got up swiftly, went into the bedroom and closed the door.

In the living-room Rand sat looking at the closed door for a long time before he got up, found a cover and decided to spend the night on the couch.

He'd been a fool to hope that Mary had begun to believe in Crispin's innocence. They might have worked out something together that would have helped in the defence.

What if she were made to realise that the verdict might depend on her testimony? He wouldn't dare put her to the test, for if she refused then he could never forgive her.

Rand reached for a sofa pillow and stuffed it under his head. Mary would still be awake . . . and Crispin. Lord, it didn't bear thinking about—Crispin in that awful place, waiting. He had seen her for a few minutes this afternoon, had gone with Cora who had said he was a relative. Crispin had been so gallant, grateful for his coming, assuring him that she was all right. She asked for nothing, Rand reflected, and accepted what comfort he had been able to give her with splendid simplicity.

And Mary thought she was guilty. Her dogged holding to that belief appalled him to-night more than it ever had before.

Rand sighed and closed his eyes. That was another thing that didn't bear thinking about. He went to sleep at last, remembering Crispin's smile when they parted in the afternoon.

There was another day to be faced. Mary dressed carefully, as if she were buckling on an armor; the soft green wool frock, her high-heeled pumps and the straight squirrel coat Rand had given her the Christmas before. She had her hat on when he came in, pale and heavy-eyed from his restless night in the living-room.

"Mary, please don't think I was angry last night," Rand said stiffly. "I only thought you might sleep better alone."

She smiled faintly. "How was the chesterfield? I was wondering if it would do for Alice if she came."

"Very comfortable," Rand told her. "My feet dangled over the end a bit, but as long as Alice is about half my size, it ought to do nicely for her. If you'll wait fifteen minutes, I'll be ready."

Mary shook her head. "I think I'll go on, Rand. I left the heater on in the bathroom so you can take your shower right away. Your brown suit came back from the cleaner's yesterday and you'd better wear your heavy overcoat. I think winter is upon us."

"Thanks, dear." He went into the bathroom and closed the door.

Mary greeted Hugh cheerfully, when she arrived at the office. "I spent last night with Stan," he told her. "First time we've been able to face an evening together." He paused and shook his head. "Mary, Stan still thinks Cynthia killed herself."

She looked at him steadily. "Don't we all?"

"No, I do not! If you could realise how afraid she always was of Crispin Standish, you would see now as I do, that she had some premonition of what that girl was capable of doing."

Mary wanted to cry out that she did see, but each word she uttered now was held on a strong leash. "And does Mr. Lawton still love Crispin?" she asked at last.

"He's too stunned to feel anything," Hugh said. "He told me last night that all he wanted was to get away by himself for a year or two after the trial is over, but he still says that if I knew Crispin as well as he does, I would know that she couldn't have killed Cynthia."

"And yet you won't take Stan's knowledge? Don't you think it would be a great deal easier for you both if you simply accepted that?"

"I cannot," Hugh said grimly. "Perhaps I have seen Crispin too vividly through Cynthia's eyes, but that is how I have always seen her, Mary, and now I'm more sure than ever that Cynthia's judgment of the girl was right. Can't you see how, to me, that judgment is justified?"

"Oh, Hugh, stop it!" Mary buried her face in her hands. "I can't stand any more of this to-day."

"Lord, now what have I done," Hugh put a gentle arm about her. "Mary, I swear I came down this morning resolved not to mention one word of this ghastly business to you. Look here, my dear. Look what I have for you. Another letter from Joe Rillstown—"

Mary looked at the typewritten sheet duly.

"Dear M.R.B.,

"Your 'Brine Street' is the best thing you've done yet. Not the sort of stuff we are using in 'Twentieth Century,' but your style is right for our magazine. Frankly, I've been watching your work with interest, and I am convinced that you aren't a one-shot writer, but one who can be depended on to turn out consistently good copy."

"Hugh writes me that there is a possibility of your coming to New York within the next year or so. If you are interested in a place on our staff, please write me and we'll see if we can get together on a fair salary and plans for what seem to me might work into a very bright future for you."

"Sincerely,

"Joseph Rillstown."

Mary folded the letter and laid it on her desk. "How very remote a thing like this seems to-day, doesn't it, Hugh?"

"Mary, you can't let what has happened—Cynthia's death and Crispin's trial—make everything else seem trivial to you. It isn't your life—"

"I don't seem to be able to escape it," she burst out bitterly.

"Why isn't this your escape? If Rand put in a request for a transfer, they couldn't very well turn him down. He's done brilliant work here—he has every right to ask for bigger things. Now, you sit down and answer Joseph's letter. Go on, be smart about it."

"All right," Mary agreed. She read the letter again and began her reply.

When she had finished she took it in for Hugh's inspection. "Not a masterpiece," he said, "but I guess it will do."

Mary put her hands behind her and backed towards the door. "You give it to the postman. If I did it would seem so—final."

Hugh laughed. "I don't see anything final about it. You've been as indefinite as anybody could be."

"I know, but just the same you give it to the postman."

When he came in at eleven, Hugh had gone out on an errand and it was Mary, after all, who handed him the envelope, her heart beating fast.

The papers were filled with the trial, glaring headlines and merciless photographs. They told of what Crispin wore on the witness-stand and what she said; of Annie's damning accusations and the defence's steady, determined testimony. There was column after column of questions and answers, followed by feature stories with pen sketches. An inevitable sob-sister called Crispin "a modern Jean d'Arc," burned at the stake of circumstantial evidence." A rival paper dwelt at length on Cynthia's connections with various charitable organisations and the fact that the city had "lost one of its loveliest and most prominent citizens in the very prime of her life, through a death that was as cruel as it was unbelievable."

The news accounts were almost identical, but already the papers had begun to take sides. Everybody had an opinion but nobody knew what the verdict would be.

Cora refused to miss an hour in the courtroom. She did what work she could at the radio station during the evening, when most of the staff was gone. Erling and Mary and Rand tacitly agreed to arrange their own time so that one of them could be with her each day.

Rand's and Mary's brief and insignificant testimony came early in the trial. Erling's difficult morning on the witness stand was twisted into a definite victory for the prosecution and that same afternoon Crispin's attorney shot merciless, skilful holes through Annie's faltering story and scored a triumph for the defence.

The trial had lasted a week when Alice came. She was like a breath of cool fresh air in the sultry quiet of the apartment.

Rand brought her flowers and ice-cream and one day an absurd furry dog which could be wound up and made to hop about on the floor.

One night Rand stayed at his office to go through the work which had been accumulating on his desk. Mary and Alice were alone, earnestly toasting marshmallows. Mary had found an unopened package on a high shelf in the kitchen, and now they sat with long forks before the fire, giggling like two schoolgirls.

Suddenly Mary cried out, "Oh, Alice, it is so heavenly having you here! It almost makes me believe the world is still turning around. I've felt so long that it had come to a complete standstill."

"Mary, what's wrong?" Alice pulled her blazing marshmallow out of the fire and blew on it violently. "I know this trial is being dreadfully difficult for you and Rand, but it doesn't seem to me it should be doing such disastrous things to you both."

"Is it so apparent that things are happening to us both?" Mary asked lightly.

Alice laid down her fork. "If they are . . . I won't have it."

"Sometimes things are rather—thrown upon one," Mary said in a small, hard voice. Straightening her drooping shoulders, she

asked suddenly, "Alice, did I tell you about the letter I got from one of the editors of 'Twentieth Century'?"

Alice turned, her face lightening. "No, darling! What is it about?"

"He says I can have a job any time I come to New York."

"How perfectly marvellous! Isn't Rand terribly proud?"

"I haven't told Rand about it," Mary said. "You haven't told Rand?"

"No."

"But, Mary, he should know. Don't you want to accept this man's offer?"

"I wouldn't know," Mary shook her head slowly from side to side. "Right at the moment it only seems dreadful to realise that if I did, I'd be that far away from the farm. I've reached the point where that place is a perfect obsession with me. I lie awake at night and think how the kitchen looks and my room and the dining table and Mother's apron hung by the stove. All peace and loveliness. It's—" Mary paused. "I don't believe I could say this to anybody but you, but it's almost sacred to me. The one perfect place in a cockeyed world. The one place that can never be touched by the thing I hate."

Alice looked at her searchingly. "Are you talking about Crispin?"

Mary nodded. "He's so wrapped up in her that he doesn't even see what it's doing to me."

"Doesn't that mean," Alice asked carefully, "that it is the trial that's absorbing him? Don't you think you and Rand will be two perfectly normal, happy married people when it is over?"

Mary shook her head. "Alice, I've been afraid of Crispin Standish since the first day I saw her—and whatever fears I had were pretty well justified. I don't know when it began, but Rand is terribly, helplessly attracted to her now. He says it's her courage—her valiant spirit that he admires." Mary's smile was a spasm of pain. "How much courage would a man find in her to cherish if she were cross-eyed and bow-legged?"

"Not as much as you or I might see," Alice admitted. "We'd be much more likely to defend Crispin if she were ugly, but can we be sure she lacks these sterling qualities, simply because she's a beautiful woman?"

Mary turned on her furiously. "Alice, don't tell me you are going to defend Crispin to me? Don't tell me you think Cynthia Lawton killed herself."

Alice picked up the hearth broom and brushed ashes into the fire. "I have no way of knowing whether she did or not. What do you say if we have another marsh-mallow?"

"Smith's here," Rand told Mary over the phone next day. "He wants us to have lunch with him."

"Smith?" Mary asked, bewildered.

"Tod Smith." Rand's voice was determinedly patient. "My boss, darling. He's here from New York and he wants us to lunch with him."

"I'd like that," Mary said quickly. Anything—anybody to change the scene. It would be a blessed relief to talk with a man who knew nothing about the trial and would have no interest in it if he were told.

"Can you meet us at one?" Rand asked. "All right. One o'clock."

Mary was glad she had worn the green frock again and her squirrel coat. Rand hadn't sounded enthusiastic about the prospect of their lunching with Tod Smith, but she looked forward to it eagerly.

She liked the man immediately. He was pleasant and forceful, and by the time

dessert came Mary felt as if she had known him all her life.

"Well," Tod Smith said, smiling across the table, "I usually discuss matters of this kind with a man alone and let him talk it over with his wife later. But in this particular instance—" he bowed a little in Mary's direction, "I believe I'd rather talk to the two of you together. Rand, there's a good opening in the New York office if you want it."

Mary felt as if her heart had turned over completely. Here was escape for them both, a chance to build their lives over again together in a new setting. I'd like to leave to-morrow morning, she told herself jubilantly. I could even bear being that far away from the farm, because it would mean that we'd be that same safe distance from Crispin.

Rand was frowning. "I do appreciate the offer, Tod, but I've enjoyed the work out here and I can't feel that I've quite finished the job."

Tod Smith got up briskly. "We'd rather have you out here another few months, of course, if you'd be willing to stay. But I felt you deserved first chance at this opening if you want it. Why don't you stay and talk it over before you make a decision? I'm sorry, but we'll have to know right away."

"I understand," Rand nodded. "I'll let you know within the hour."

Mary sat very still, pulling at a loose thread on her napkin. When they were alone she said, "Well, Rand, what about it?"

Rand said, "We can't go, possibly."

Mary's fingers twisted about the white thread. "Why not?"

"We can't leave before the trial is over," Rand said abruptly. "No telling how much longer it will last."

Mary felt her cheeks grow hot with anger and disappointment. "But we've already testified. We've done all we can for Cora and Crispin."

"We can't leave now, Mary," Rand's jaw was set. "It would be letting them down too badly. Cora counts on having one of us with her every day for a little while, and Crispin—except for Cora she's entirely alone. Stan is near a nervous collapse, and Erling is old and can't stand the strain of the trial much longer. We're the only ones left. We can't go."

"Meaning that you don't want to," Mary spoke through lips that had gone dry. Then she began talking with gentle persuasion. "Rand, I haven't told you before, but this offer of Tod Smith's means a great deal to me for two reasons. First, because it would be a promotion for you and then . . . I've been offered a place on the 'Twentieth Century' staff."

"You've what?"

"This friend of Hugh's, one of the editors, has liked the things I've been writing lately for 'The Wasp.' He says I can have a job any time I come to New York."

"When did all this happen?"

"It's been—happening for quite a little while."

"And you didn't mention it before, Mary."

"There seemed so much else to think about. And I wasn't sure you'd be particularly interested."

There was a little white line around Rand's mouth. "You could talk it over with Hugh Wright and carry on a correspondence with this fellow who's so sold on your work, but you felt you must wait for a propitious time to tell me."

"Rand, you're not being quite fair. I didn't tell you because I didn't want it to make any difference in your own plans for the future."

He was silent, motionless, looking through her as if she were not there.

"But I'm telling you now, dear. Because this seems like such a big chance for both of us. I—I want to go very badly, Rand. I am asking you to say yes." She waited in racking suspense for his reply. She had made an issue which Rand could not evade. He must choose between her need and Crispin's.

"We seem to have reached the point," Rand said at last, "where we can't help each other in making our decisions. Please don't think, Mary, that I don't realise what this new work would mean to you. If I'd known about it before . . . but your announcement was so sudden and unexpected. And I'd already made up my mind, you see. I'm going back to the office now to tell Tod I'm staying here."

"Oh . . ." Mary thought her voice would crack, but it sounded like a stranger's calm voice to her own ears. "All right, Rand. I see."

It seemed as if the trial would last forever. The jury of ten men and two women was getting bored, the lawyers exhausted and irritable.

Mary was sleeping so badly that she lay one night wishing it were time to get up. She was glad when she heard Alice moving about in the next room. They might build a fire and talk for a while. If Alice were wakeful—

Mary sat up suddenly. Alice's being up at this hour of the night must mean just one thing.

She found Alice struggling into her dress.

"Darling, no!" Mary whispered.

Alice nodded, her lips drawn in against her teeth. "Yes," she gasped. "I've already called the hospital."

"I'm scared," Mary said through chattering teeth. "Is it awful?"

"Not very soothing," Alice laughed weakly. "I'll be glad when it's this time to-morrow. Wasn't it nice of young Davie to wait until the day his father planned to come?"

Mary nodded. "Shall I wire David?"

"No use," Alice smiled. "I'll leave a note for him here." She gripped the back of a chair. "You'll—come with me?"

"I'll be there all the way," Mary promised. She saw Rand's tired face in the shadow of the door. "You little girls wait just two minutes," he said gently, "and I'll be ready. I take it this is the day?"

"Not a doubt about it," Alice told him through clenched teeth. "But I could phone for a taxi, Rand."

"Just mention that idea once more—" he glared. "Mary, you're coming along, of course? And I'd suggest that you get into some clothes." She felt his hand on her shoulder, heard his firm, "Snap out of it, old lady. You can't let Alice see how scared you are."

At the hospital Mary was with him for only one brief instant alone. "I'm staying here until it's over, Rand," she said. "I'll call you when there's news."

"I'd better call you," he said. "Crispin's attorney thinks there is a possibility . . ." Mary didn't hear any more. Rand was gone, and Alice was here, just beyond a mysterious blank, white door.

After that time stopped altogether. There were the sterilised hospital smells and the muffled hospital noises. Mary stayed with Alice until David came and in a little while he joined her at the end of the corridor, where there was a waiting-room with three wicker chairs and a flourishing fern.

"She wants to fight it out alone," David said. "I'm afraid it's going to be a long siege. Are you sure you want to wait?"

"I'd go crazy anywhere else," Mary replied. "It won't bother you—having me here?"

David took her hand and held it hard. Noon came. There was the rattle of lunch trays and happy, casual laughter from the four-bed ward at the end of the hall. At two a nurse wheeled a load of small, wailing, hungry humanity down the corridor, depositing a bundle or two in each room.

Mary and David walked back and forth, sat down and smoked, walked again. Alice's nurse was bland and noncommittal, her doctor busy with another case.

An early twilight fell and the lights came on. At five the floor nurse came to Mary. "Mrs. Beveridge? Your husband is on the phone. You can take it at my desk."

Rand's voice was strained. "Hello, Mary. What news?"

"No news," Mary felt her throat tighten as if it had been pulled together with a drawstring.

There was a slight pause. Then Rand said abruptly, "The case has gone to the jury."

"Oh . . ." She had found her voice again at last. "How is everything?"

"We don't know. I'm going to wait here, of course, till we get the verdict. Thought I'd better let you know."

"Yes, thanks. I'm glad you did."

She went back to David, feeling as if her whole body had turned to stone. Alice was fighting for her life. . . . Alice who was so dear to them both. And Rand was scarcely aware of it, because Crispin was fighting for her freedom, and he had chosen to stay with her. . . . this day of all days Mary needed him most.

By eight o'clock Alice's doctor was visibly concerned. Her night nurse was young and gentle, and she made no effort to hide the fact that Alice might die before her child was born.

"She wants to see you, Mr. Collins," she told David an hour later, and Mary was left alone.

"What if she does?" Mary whispered, sitting taut in the wicker chair.

"I can't bear it. I can't. I can't."

Then a thought crossed her mind like a shadow. If Alice dies and the baby lives, David must let me have him.

For an instant it was a savage, primitive desire—that she should have the baby, even if it meant Alice's death.

This thought was gone as suddenly as it had come, leaving her faint and sick when she realised the awfulness of her desire.

She was hardly aware of a new activity in the corridor, of the doctor's tired voice and David's reply. Mary got up slowly and went towards them. When she saw David's face it became blurred for a minute before she realised that he was smiling. "Not a bad looking boy," he said shakily. "I thought they were always red and wrinkled but look at this one before they take him to the nursery."

Mary saw the bundle in the nurse's arms and looked down at the small beautiful face of Alice's son.

"She's going to be all right," David told her. "Perhaps she can see you to-morrow, Mary. I'd be a raving maniac by now if you hadn't stayed with me to-day."

They didn't need her any longer, Alice and David didn't. She was alone on the street, with the night closing in on her. Her weariness flogged her into activity. She found herself taking long strides which tortured her tired muscles and made the throbbing in her head almost unbearable. But she couldn't go home yet. It was only ten o'clock and if the jury hadn't

reached its verdict, no telling when Rand would come home.

And when he came—what then? Mary turned down a dark street and realised that a full white moon was shining in the cloudless sky. Well, the moon and the glittering stars—all that celestial beauty—were for Alice to-night.

Life still had to be met—all the to-morrows . . . What the jury decided to-night would make no difference in her life and Rand's. He had nothing left to give her but the affection born of propinquity, of their shared lives that had started so shakily and had become dulled until there was no beauty left.

And she could not accept that. It would be so easy to tell Rand that she still wanted very much to go to New York, and as long as he had decided to stay here . . .

She shut her eyes tightly for a minute. So easy . . . to tell him that. No, she mustn't pretend. It was going to be like cutting her heart out, but even that would be easier to bear than holding Rand now.

His thoughts were so entirely with Crispin that it wouldn't be difficult to make him think she was leaving him because she wanted a career of her own.

She'd go right away—to-morrow, perhaps. No, not to-morrow. She must have a little time at the farm before she left. There she was sure to find the wisdom and strength that she was going to need to carry her through.

I'll never have the courage to give Rand up, Mary told her stricken soul, unless I can have a little while at the farm.

Why, she wondered, do I always need something outside myself to help me bear things?

It had been her fear of Crispin Standish that had driven her to keeping her job, when Rand had been so eager to have her give it up. She had wanted to keep it until she had a baby, and then there wasn't any baby. So she had gone blindly on, frightened, searching for something to fortify her, and it had led to this.

If only Rand could have seen Crispin as I see her, Mary thought helplessly. What hope is there for any of us when no two people can see another, exactly as she is? Whatever we think about Crispin, we think because of what she has done to each of our lives.

Alice had said that a long time ago and to-night, for the first time, Mary understood what she meant.

But Alice hadn't allowed Crispin to spoil her life. She had faced the threat to her happiness fearlessly, had acknowledged defeat and gone on to win another victory.

And it was because of Cynthia Lawton's fear, Mary reflected, that she was dead. Cynthia had used weak, useless weapons, striking out in blind terror. It was those weapons which had destroyed her. "Even if she did put them into Crispin's hands . . ." Mary said half aloud.

She had reached the crest of the hill. The stars seemed closer up here and she felt a sudden joy in her solitude. Her mind was working with a new clarity. It was as if the very brightness of the moon illuminated her thoughts.

What I was about to do, Mary told herself, was neither win nor die. I was going to run away. But I've got to go on living with me, Mary Beveridge, no matter what. And I can't face that unless I prove to myself that I am no longer afraid.

She had come this far in her thinking and moved forward with cautious determination. Crispin will be released to-night, Mary told herself steadily. It is bound to be a verdict of not guilty, because when

all the other arguments are stacked up against each other her beauty will be her real defence. Now I must go on from there.

"Taxi!" she shouted to a passing cab. "Take me to the courthouse, driver. And hurry!"

THE harsh lights glared mercilessly, flinging deep shadows across the walls and tables before the judge's bench, casting bright reflections on the empty chairs of the jury box.

"They'll be out in a few minutes," Crispin's attorney had assured her when the trial came to its abrupt end. That had been a little before five, and they were still waiting.

Rand looked at Crispin, wondering how long her endurance could last. She seemed drained of all emotion. Almost indifferent to anything that might happen between now and midnight.

They spoke now and then, he and Cora, to distract her attention from the closed door of the jury room and from the hands of the clock which moved with merciless speed.

The reporters who had been waiting for the verdict were beginning to yawn. They had whispered at first, considerate of the fact that a human life was being stretched on the rack of uncertainty. But the long hours of tedious inactivity were making them careless now. Their remarks came distinctly across the courtroom.

"Looks as if they'll hold over until to-morrow."

"Thought they'd be out before this."

"Almost twelve. Guess we might as well begin to call it a day."

Good Lord, this is awful, Rand thought. Crispin's mouth had become a thin line. Her dark eyes were void of all expression. It was as if laughter and anguish and hope and despair had all burned out in a flame so intense that not even their ashes remained.

And perhaps I have failed again, Rand reflected. He had felt sometimes, during those last few weeks, as if he would have sacrificed anything to be able to lift this dark threat from Crispin's life. He was conscious of her unspoken gratitude for the little he had been able to do, had seen her look towards him at times during the trial for support and it had made him glad.

But the jury had come to no decision yet. They had seen Crispin only as the prosecution and the defence described her to them. They had no way of seeing her as she really was. And what is she? Rand pondered . . . Valor and simplicity. Yes, those two things which the jury could never understand.

And now there was nothing left but this waiting. If only something would happen. How much longer could Crispin endure the hideous suspense?

The door at the back of the courtroom opened. He heard Mary's husky voice speaking to an attendant. "Thank you," she said. "I do appreciate your letting me come in."

He turned and saw her coming towards them. Her face was a white blur between the dark outlines of her hat and coat. But as she came nearer their eyes met and she smiled. It was the dear smile he loved so well.

She sat down in Rand's place beside Crispin. "I had such a hard time getting in," she said breathlessly. "Finally thought of my Press card. Yes, Cora, Alice is all right. It's a boy. Isn't that lovely? Crispin . . ."

Rand looked down wonderingly. Why had she come?

"Crispin," Mary was saying, "I've just had a splendid idea. You see, I feel so sure that it is all going to be over with now in just a little while. Then there will be nothing more important to do than start forgetting." She paused and went on steadily, "When I realised how sure I was of that, I—"

None of them realised for an instant that the jury-room door had opened. It was the bailiff's words that paralyzed Mary's urgent voice. And the world rocked.

"Are you ready?" the bailiff asked. "We are ready."

The jury filed out. The judge came from his chambers and the small, waiting court rose and was silent. The clock's tick was like a drum-beat. They were all aware of the steady, relentless sound in the agonising silence that followed each preliminary procedure which must come before the verdict was given.

Finally there was the judge's question and the foreman of the jury spoke. "Not guilty."

Soundlessly Crispin crumpled up and Rand caught her in his arms just before she reached the floor. It was Mary who found ammonia and brought a small flask of brandy from Crispin's perspiring lawyer.

He insisted on taking them in his car to Cora's, making feeble attempts to be jovial, treating Crispin as if she were a patient and he the doctor who had just pulled her through an almost fatal illness. They were thankful when he was gone. Now there could be silence.

Mary got an afghan and wrapped it around Cora, found a pillow to put behind Crispin's head and went to the kitchen to make coffee.

Rand still wondered about her as he laid a fire. Why had she come to the courtroom to-night? He was more conscious of her now than of Crispin, shivering in the wing chair, her dark hair and lovely white mask of a face so close to his own.

Cora was crying silently when Mary brought in the percolator and four cups on a tray. "Cry for hours," Mary said gently. "Cry all night if you want to, darling, but don't spill too many tears in your coffee. They say a touch of salt brings out the flavor, but just a touch, you know."

Cora laughed weakly, and Rand watched intently as Mary went to Crispin and sat down on the footstool at her feet.

"Crispin, this is my idea," she said. "If you'd like . . ." She was drawing a pattern with her forefinger, a slow careful pattern on her bent knee. "If you'd like Crispin, I know Mother and Dad would be so glad to have you come and spend a few weeks with them at the farm. You could have my room and Mother gives such lovely private concerts while she's frying doughnuts and Dad is the kind who doesn't talk when there's nothing to say. I think," Mary concluded, looking up at Crispin, "that it's the kind of place where you might like to be for a while."

"Oh, Mary, that is sweet," Crispin said.

"I couldn't go—I've never even met your mother. It would be asking too much of them. But I do appreciate your thinking of it."

"We won't decide to-night," Cora said quickly. "Mary, you're a blessed angel and it's going to make us both sleep better, knowing Crispin has a refuge like that waiting for her if she finds she needs it."

Rand stood speechless, wondering if what he just heard actually happened, or if it were some strange fabrication of his over-tired mind. Mary had been so merciless in her attitude towards Crispin. And now she was offering her all the treasures at the farm—a gesture so fine and selfless it was almost beyond belief.

On the way home he could find no words to express his thoughts and the questions which he must have answered to-night.

It wasn't until they were in the familiar surroundings of their own home that he spoke. He had stood watching Mary as she moved about, straightening a pillow, closing a book, folding a little yellow sweater of Alice's that had lain all day in a heap on the floor.

Finally he came to her and laid a hand on her shoulder. "Why did you do it?" he asked at last.

Mary's eyes met his. "You mean, what made me offer Crispin all my—most prized possessions?"

"Yes."

"It was just something I wanted to do," Mary said slowly.

Rand had hoped that he was going to reach her, and now he was baffled again.

"Don't you think," Mary said, "that we could do with a good, long talk?"

"We've got to have it," Rand agreed. "There are so many things I want to ask you. So many questions you have evaded ever since—"

"Ever since when, my dear?"

"Well, almost from the beginning. From the very first week we were married."

"Starting with what?"

"First and most important . . ." Rand's mouth hardened. "Mary, you've never told me why I failed you so badly that you had to shut a part of yourself away from me."

"Meaning that you must know why I kept my futile little job when you wanted so much to have me give it up?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Because I was scared," Mary admitted in a small voice. "While we were still at the ocean, believing life was so perfect and love so flawless, Crispin came. That day on the beach you stood looking after her and you said . . . you said, Rand, that she was the most beautiful woman you had ever seen. I could understand it and yet, hearing you say it, forgetting me for a minute, suddenly made me feel as if all my security was gone."

"You idiot!" Rand's laugh was incredulous. "You little fool! Didn't you realise that I might have said the same thing if I had been looking at a particularly fancy sunset or the Taj Mahal?"

"Yes, I realise that now. But I didn't then. And so I felt as if I didn't dare give myself entirely to you—not all my life, as I had planned. So I clung to my work and tried to make it important. And all the time I was bracing myself for disaster."

"Why didn't you tell me about it then, darling?"

Mary's smile was like a timid child's. "I don't believe I knew you well enough. Or perhaps I didn't know myself. I knew I wasn't beautiful, so I tried to be very clever."

He took her hand and laid it against his cheek. "And while you were being clever, I was growing more and more bewildered. I thought I had married a

woman I understood and who understood me, and the first thing I knew, you were turning into a baffling mystery, about as restful and as much fun to live with as a couple of billiards."

"And so," Mary mused, "I drove you to the very thing I have been fighting against all this time."

His eyes could not quite meet hers now. "To what, Mary?" he asked finally.

"To Crispin . . . I can see that plainly now."

He pushed her gently into a chair and stood looking down at her. "I wonder if I can make you understand that what I found in her was the thing I thought I had lost in you."

"Could you tell me exactly what you mean?"

"I'm not quite sure," Rand thought for a moment in deep silence and when he spoke the words came hesitantly. "Mary, men are such simple creatures, but what they need they need very badly. Physical desire can drive a man to the altar, but having that satisfied isn't enough to make him entirely sold on matrimony. What he wants . . ." he paused, "what he wants is spiritual carpet slippers waiting for him by the fire. And he wants to sit there and be warm, watching his wife stoop to put them on his feet. And then he wants to see her on a pedestal in a very private shrine, where he can worship—and feel superior at the same time."

"Yes," Mary whispered. "Yes, I'm beginning to see."

Rand leaned towards her. "But a husband isn't all we have to consider to-night. What about you, Mary? How much has your work come to mean to you—now that you have the chance to make something big out of it?"

"More than I thought it could," she confessed. "But only because I was trying to fill an empty space in my life." She got up and lifted her face to his. "You see I didn't understand about—the carpet slippers. But now I think I do. And whatever is offered to me, that will come first."

Rand's eyes were still searching, his face had gone white. "That's a big promise, Mary."

"If you only knew," she whispered, "what a sweet promise it is to make."

Much later, when she thought he was asleep in her arms, Rand said, "Dearest, just one more thing. What was it that finally convinced you that Crispin was innocent?"

"You mean, what made me feel so sure the jury would bring in its verdict to-night, and that it would be 'Not guilty'?"

"Yes, dear, why were you so sure?"

"We can call it feminine intuition," Mary said. She knew he had fallen asleep, satisfied with her answer.

Mary pulled the cover over his shoulder and closed her eyes. Faintly, then louder and louder, came the voice of a newsboy calling his extra. He was almost under the window now. Mary could just distinguish the words of his wailing chant. "Crispin . . . Standish . . . innocent!"

She smiled a little in the darkness. Crispin Standish innocent? Mary laid her lips on Rand's forehead and sank into a deep untroubled sleep.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press, Limited, 155-175 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.